PHOTOPLAY

OLLYWOOD'S
FASHION
AUTHORITY

25¢

MAY



DEANNA DURBIN
By Paul Hesse

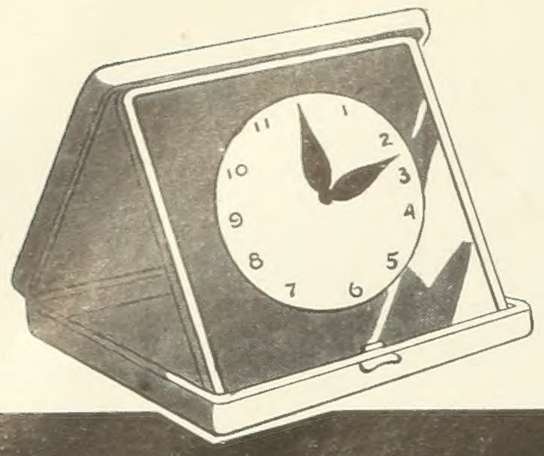
HICH STAR ROMANCES ARE FAKES?

An unvarnished report on all the latest love affairs
By RUTH WATERBURY

mous best seller
plete in this issue

MY SON, MY SON! By HOWARD SPRING

condensed to 2 hours
of fascinating reading



WAS THIS THE MAN SHE HAD MARRIED?





ONLY a few short months ago—the excitement, the wonder, the surging happiness of walking beside him down the aisle . . . *his bride!* Weeks of glorious honeymooning . . . all music and laughter, dancing and gaiety. Then, at last, home to the shining new apartment they had planned and furnished together.

And now, so soon, this puzzling change. The precious words, the tiny acts of thoughtfulness, were becoming less and less frequent. Somehow, even the way he looked at her seemed different lately.

Tonight . . . or rather in the small, lonely hours of this *morning*...he was coming home after an evening without her. It was not the first time. There had been other such nights recently, vaguely explained away as "necessary for business."

Could he *really* be growing indifferent . . . this man she loved so much? What had she done? What could she do to hold him?

Why Risk Unhappiness?

Probably nothing can wreck romance so quickly as halitosis (bad breath). And the insidious thing about this offensive condition is that you yourself seldom know when you have it . . . or realize that you are offending. Why run that risk? Sometimes halitosis may be due to systemic conditions, but usually and fortunately it is caused, say some authorities, by the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts this food fermentation . . . then overcomes the odors it causes . . . leaves your breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

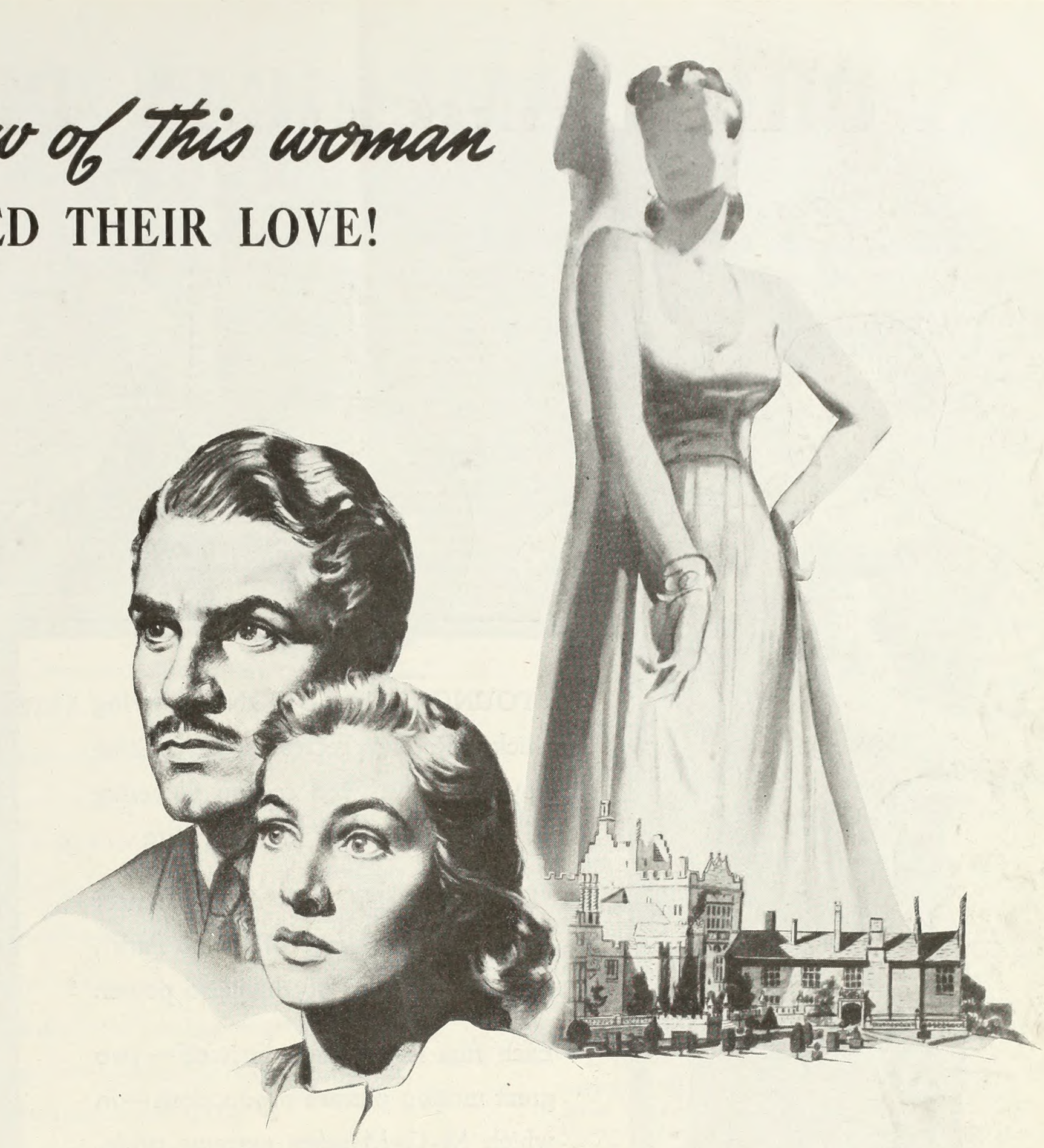
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starring

LAURENCE OLIVIER · JOAN FONTAINE

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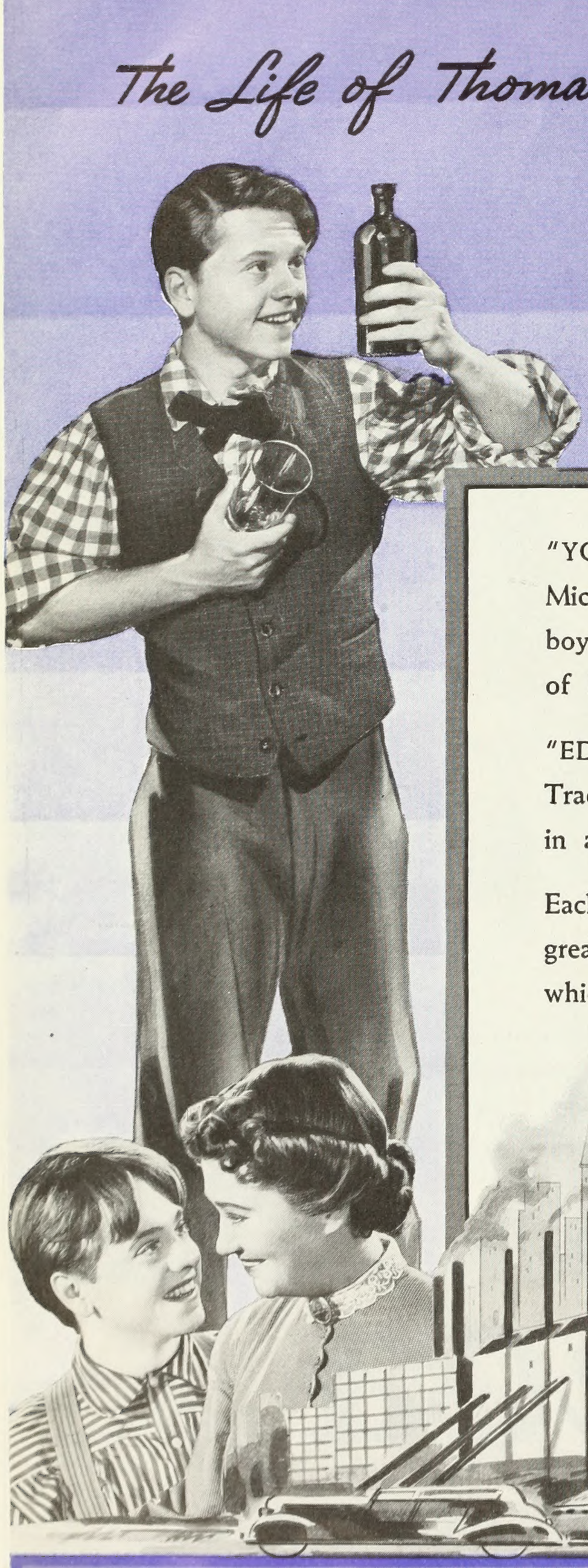
with GEORGE SANDERS · JUDITH ANDERSON · *Directed by* ALFRED HITCHCOCK

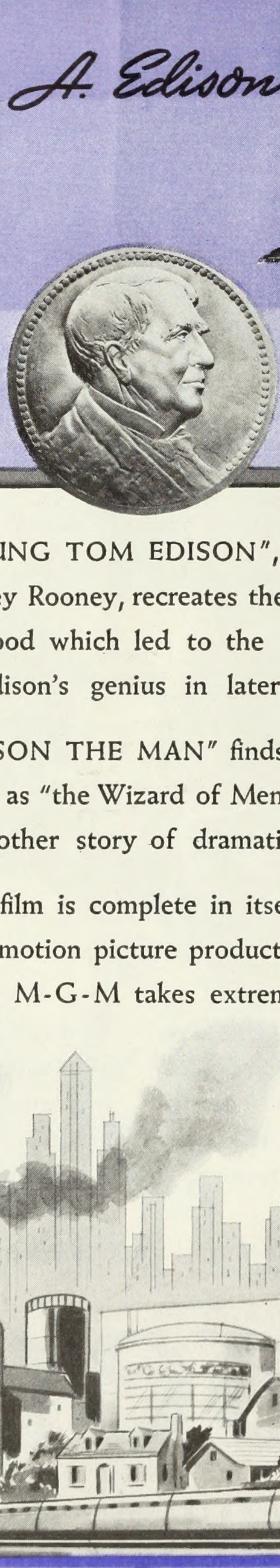
From the best-selling novel by DAPHNE DU MAURIER · *Released thru* UNITED ARTISTS

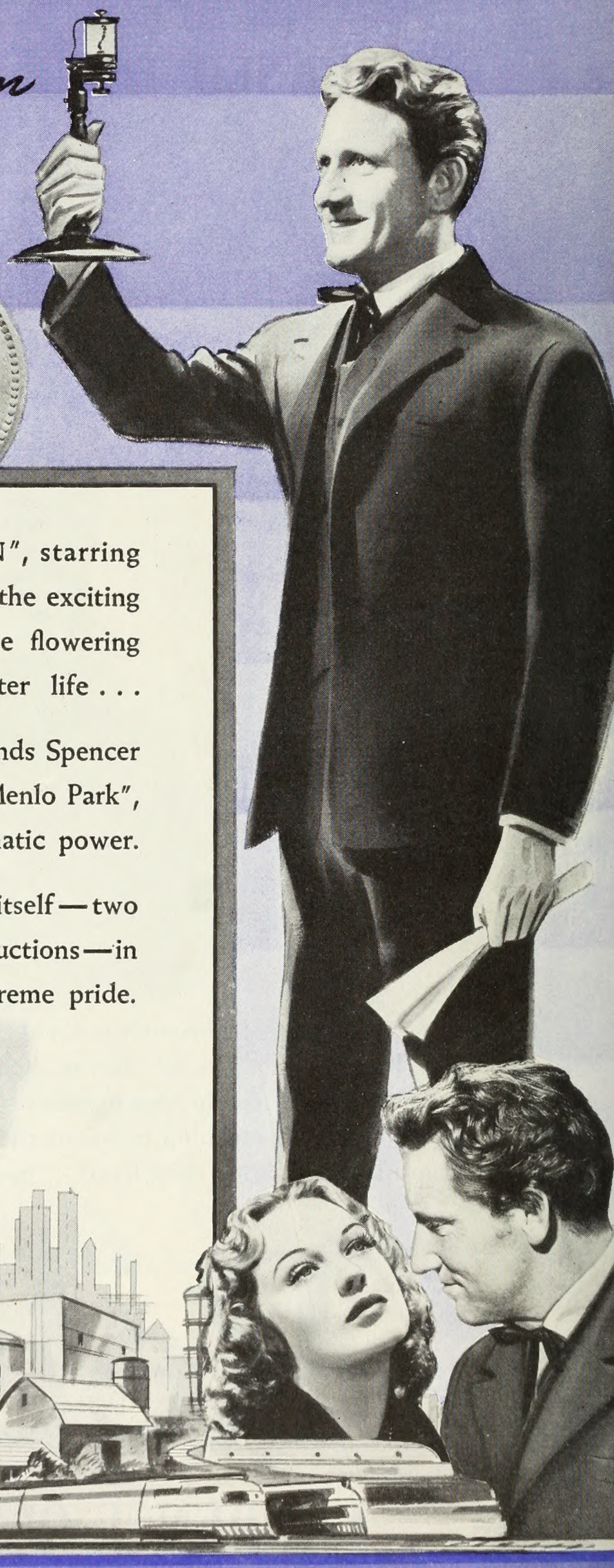
PRODUCED BY DAVID O. SELZNICK
WHO MADE "GONE WITH THE WIND"

A GREAT AMERICAN PROJECT

The Life of Thomas A. Edison



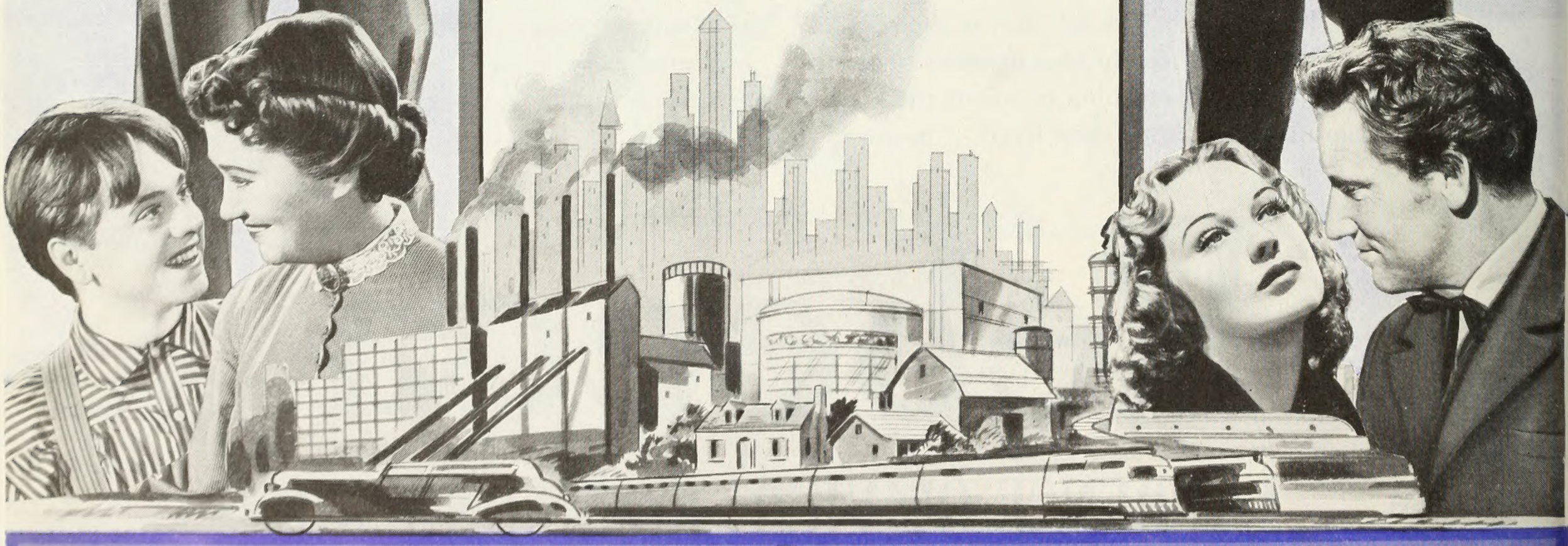




"YOUNG TOM EDISON", starring Mickey Rooney, recreates the exciting boyhood which led to the flowering of Edison's genius in later life . . .

"EDISON THE MAN" finds Spencer Tracy as "the Wizard of Menlo Park", in another story of dramatic power.

Each film is complete in itself—two great motion picture productions—in which M-G-M takes extreme pride.



MICKEY ROONEY as "YOUNG TOM EDISON"
with Fay Bainter, George Bancroft, Virginia Weidler, Eugene Pallette
Original Screen Play by Bradbury Foote, Dore Schary and Hugo Butler
Directed by Norman Taurog • Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

SPENCER TRACY as "EDISON THE MAN"
A **CLARENCE BROWN** Production with Rita Johnson
Lynne Overman • Charles Coburn • Gene Lockhart
Directed by CLARENCE BROWN
Produced by John W. Considine, Jr. *A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture*

PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

On the Cover—Deanna Durbin, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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Runners-up

I WISH the Academy could afford an extra series of Oscars this year for the runners-up in several of the classifications. If the famous statuette which Bette Davis so adroitly christened with that name some years ago could be cut in half, this year's awards would have been more satisfying.

No one will doubt that Vivien Leigh deserved ample recognition for fooling the skeptics in her portrayal of Scarlett O'Hara. But from the standpoint of technical skill and sheer acting genius, Bette Davis' performance in Dark Victory in my opinion has never been equaled by her or any other Hollywood actress. Her Judith Traherne still lives in my mind—and I daresay in yours—not as a character but as a woman. This simple cliché is the greatest possible compliment to an actress.

To my mind there were flaws in Robert Donat's brilliant portrayal of the schoolmaster in Goodbye, Mr. Chips (some of his more senile moments seemed to me to border on the burlesque), but I don't begrudge Mr. Donat the award for best-actor performance. But again I should have awarded that mythical half-an-Oscar to James Stewart for his fine portrayal of a real American in Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.

In this column I have previously raised an enthusiastic voice for Olivia de Havilland's portrayal of Melanie in this year's outstanding-picture winner. Hattie McDaniel definitely deserved the award for best supporting actress, but I wish there were some way that she could have divided it with Miss de Havilland.

Nor are the almost-Academy winners the only deserving runners-up.

One of the most startling examples is John Beal, who appeared in an experimental film called The Great Commandment. The picture was made on a "shoestring," and so impressed Twentieth Century-Fox that it was bought by Mr. Zanuck as a vehicle for Tyrone Power. So despite what I understand is a superb performance, Mr. Beal is not included in the remake. Many a great film has been made successful by runners-up.

Not every horse can win the race, but there are many fine horses "in the money."

A note of explanation on "Exposing Hollywood's Red Menace" by Morton Thompson, which appeared in March Photoplay appears on page 4, to which your attention is directed.

Ernest V. Heyn

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For the Girl of Your Choice
the Ring of HER Choice
a GENUINE REGISTERED Keepsake
DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING



IT'S a grand way to start life together . . . with the traditional symbol of the engagement . . . a lovely, genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Ring. How she loves its glorious color, its distinguished styling, its time-honored quality.

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BOOS AND Bouquets

A rootin'-tootin' saga of the West: With he-man Jack Benny to protect her, Ellen Drew's safe from any danger in Paramount's "Buck Benny Rides Again"

PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU *to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion.* PHOTOPLAY *reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in* PHOTOPLAY *become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets,* PHOTOPLAY, *122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.*

STAR REPORTING

SPEAKING for myself, I have often wondered why the fan magazines don't devote more thought and space to the production of motion pictures.

We who are close to Hollywood are constantly concerned with personalities, because it is such a highly personalized business. We forget that there are millions of people all over the world who have never seen the inside of a studio. A prop room or a make-up department may appear to be a commonplace thing to the average writer who visits the studios daily. Yet, there is just as much drama that goes on here every day, as there is on a sound stage where pictures are shooting.

Your readers are naturally concerned with everything pertaining to the movies and movie stars. Therefore, why not divide your copy and space? Or, at least, devote a little more effort toward covering the Hollywood scene from every point of interest. Wouldn't this give fan magazines an even wider reading appeal?

GEORGE BRENT,
Hollywood, Cal

SLIGHT CASE OF DISAGREEMENT

I AM writing you in reference to your book-length movie novel. I dislike having my favorite magazine half-filled with a story that I could easily get from the shelves of any public library.

I pay a hard-earned quarter for PHOTOPLAY, which I would expect to see filled with pictures and stories of the stars. I think many people will agree with me, so *please*—more pictures and NO novels.

ANNA BURBANO,
Detroit, Mich.

I'VE been taking PHOTOPLAY regularly for years and was just about to change to something else when your "movie book" made its debut and changed my mind. It's a grand idea, and now I wouldn't think of changing. Do you suppose you could possibly get the following books which are being made into pictures:

"Vigil in the Night."
"Escape."
"My Son, My Son!"

M. MORRISSEY,
Bronx, N. Y.

EXPLANATION

THE allusion to Ernest Hemingway in the article "Exposing Hollywood's Red Menace," by Morton Thompson, which appeared in March PHOTOPLAY, was not intended either by the author or the editors of this publication to question Mr. Hemingway's motives or integrity. If any other impression was given it is to be greatly regretted. It was the purpose, rather, to contrast a general situation with a specific case—Mr. Hemingway's—which was above reproach.

Mr. Hemingway reports that his Emergency Ambulance Committee, "which functioned by authority of the State Department, managed to raise $19,923.71 in voluntary contributions to the Spanish Loyalist cause. Of this sum $18,482.15 was used in the purchase of ambulances, twenty-two in all, which were sent to Spain; $1,396.33 was turned over to the Medical Bureau and North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy to be used for the same purpose; and $45.23 was the whole sum used in administering this fund and paying its incidental expenses."

The editors are most pleased to give this explanation of any seeming charge of irregularity as to Mr. Hemingway's collection of the fund or its distribution and feel that his Committee is to be commended for accomplishing its work at such trifling expense.

These then are the facts behind the scene. They tell their own story and we are happy to present them to our readers.

TEAM! TEAM! TEAM!

I'VE just seen "Broadway Melody of 1940," and I think you'll agree that M-G-M has something there—good story, good cast, good direction, fair music, and superb dancing. Eleanor Powell is far better suited to Fred Astaire, though it cuts me to the heart to say it, than Ginger Rogers was. Powell and Astaire are the best dancers on the screen, and they make a perfect team—their personalities fit.

But, and here's my point, so do George Murphy's and Ginger Rogers'. Why doesn't someone team *them*? I'm sure a lot of Ginger's fans would like to see her dance again. Leave Eleanor and Fred their laurels, but we'd kinda like to see the other two together, just once.

VIRGINIA HUNT,
San Francisco, Cal.

MAYBE SHE DIDN'T LIKE IT

RECENTLY, I had the misfortune to see "Destry Rides Again." I think Joe Pasternak ought to produce one more picture like that and call it quits. As for the cast, although Jimmy Stewart was good, it was a terrible and ridiculous part; he should leave Hollywood and take up knitting. Marlene Dietrich might have made a comeback in this picture, but she would have done better by not coming back. As a singer, she is a better hawg-caller, and as an actress, she is a better anything. Universal should be ashamed of such a picture. Considering all the other pictures credited to that company, I believe they must have been on a spree or something of the like. Even though Charles Winninger and Mischa Auer did their best to carry the picture, I am afraid it was past saving. Better luck next time—and stick to pictures such as "Tower of London" or "First Love."

RUTH KINSEY,
Chalfont, Pa.

(Continued on page 80)

"I'VE GOT ME OUT ON A LIMB" ★ ALICE BLUE GOWN ★ "I'VE GOT YOU, I'VE GOT



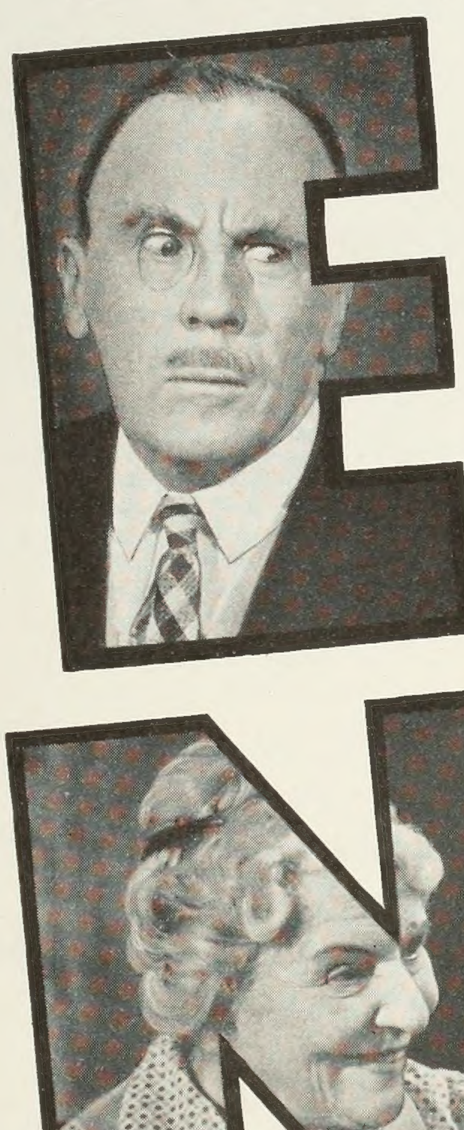
SHE'S DANCEABLE!...SHE'S ROMANCEABLE!

SHE'S ENTRANCEABLE!...





IRENE



MEET 1940'S GRANDEST
GLAMOUR GIRL IN 1940'S
GRANDEST MUSICAL ROMANCE!...

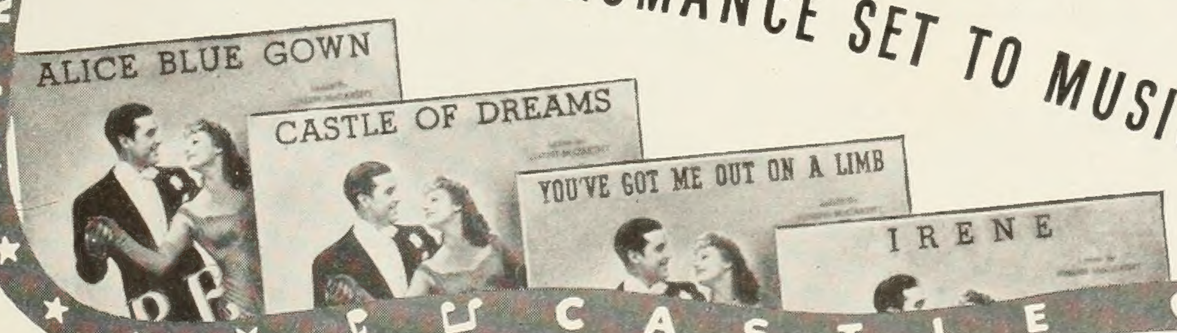
Featuring a galaxy of stars ...the most singable, swingable of melodies... the latest of springtime fashions and a love story that'll sing its way into your heart!





A SPRINGTIME ROMANCE SET TO MUSIC

Anna Neagle · Ray Milland
IN
"IRENE"
WITH
Roland Young · Alan Marshal
May Robson · Billie Burke
ARTHUR TREACHER · MARSHA HUNT · ISABEL JEWELL · DORIS NOLAN
AN RKO RADIO PICTURE
PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY HERBERT WILCOX
Screen Play by Alice Duer Miller from the Musical Comedy—"IRENE"
Book by James H. Montgomery · Music and Lyrics by Harry Tierney and Joseph McCarthy



"I'VE GOT ME OUT ON A LIMB" ★ "IRENE" ★ CASTLE OF DREAMS ★ ALICE BLUE GOWN ★



It's "Two Girls on Broadway" for George Murphy—and the girls are Lana Turner and Joan Blondell!

Brief Reviews

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

★ ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS—RKO-Radio

It would be hard to improve, technically or artistically, on this exceptional motion picture from Robert Sherwood's Pulitzer Prize play. Raymond Massey is extraordinary as the Lincoln of pre-presidential days, ably supported by Gene Lockhart as Stephen Douglas, Ruth Gordon as Mary Todd, Mary Howard as Ann Rutledge. (*Apr.*)

ADVENTURE IN DIAMONDS—Paramount

Superior jewel-thief story with South African mining background, in which the ingratiating George Brent and John Loder appear to advantage, but which doesn't offer much opportunity to Isa Miranda as the lady crook who goes straight against her will. (*Apr.*)

★ BAKER'S WIFE, THE—Marcel Pagnol

She ran away with a handsome shepherd, and the baker (Raimu) was so upset the villagers had to combine efforts to bring her back. It's farcical, but so true to type it seems a real slice of Provençal village life. It's French, with John Erskine's English subtitles. (*Apr.*)

BARRICADE—20th Century-Fox

A hodge-podge—but Alice Faye, Warner Baxter and Charles Winninger do beautiful jobs with their material. It's about a forgotten American consul in China whose station is used by brigands, a reporter and a girl evading a murder charge. (*March*)

BIG GUY, THE—Universal

Jackie Cooper, working on his inventions in a garage, manages to stay out of trouble until he gets involved in a jail break which uses warden Victor McLaglen as a shield. Power, emotional appeal and the Cooper-McLaglen teamwork raise this above the average prison picture. (*Feb.*)

★ BLUE BIRD, THE—20th Century-Fox

Shirley Temple reveals her maturing art in a genuine characterization, as the rather naughty Maeterlinck heroine who sets out on a search for the fabled bird of happiness. Little brother Johnny Russell accompanies her through a Technicolor dreamland which is, on the whole, conceived with imagination and taste. (*Apr.*)

★ BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940—M-G-M

It's a dancing field day for Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell and George Murphy—and it makes the best screen musical in some two years. Fred and George are a dance-hall team, until George gets a Broadway bid to co-star with Eleanor, and the fun—lots of it—begins. Frank Morgan provides much of the humor. (*Apr.*)

★ BROTHER RAT AND A BABY—Warners

This rib-cracker makes for delicious comedy. Wayne Morris, the "fixer," gets Eddie Albert a coaching job, but the baby (remember Eddie was secretly married to Jane Bryan) gums up everything. Priscilla Lane, Jane Wyman, Ronald Reagan and young Peter B. Good will have you yelling for more. (*March*)

CAFE HOSTESS—Columbia

There's a lot of action (including a fine brawl) in this rather sordid story, which presents Ann Dvorak as "hostess" who picks the pockets of her partners—until sailor Preston Foster catches her at it. Then the fun begins. (*Feb.*)

CALLING PHILO VANCE—Warners

Philo Vance's patriotism is surpassed only by his ingenuity in this mystery which has to do with selling secret airplane plans to foreign powers. Henry Stephenson lacks the suavity we've come to expect of *Vance*. Henry O'Neill, Margot Stevenson and Edward Brophy carry on in hackneyed roles. (*March*)

CHARLIE McCARTHY, DETECTIVE—Universal

You'll overlook this weak murder-mystery plot if you're a devotee of Charlie McCarthy. Edgar Bergen has his hands full with both Charlie and Mortimer Snerd going whimsical. (*March*)

CHILD IS BORN, A—Warners

A re-make of that maternity-ward drama, "Life Begins," with Geraldine Fitzgerald portraying the prospective mother who is released from prison to have her baby. Spring Byington, Jeffrey Lynn, Gladys George and many others are well cast. (*March*)

CISCO KID AND THE LADY, THE—20th Century-Fox

Cesar Romero fills Warner Baxter's boots as the *Cisco Kid* with grace and humor, Virginia Field is fine as a dance-hall girl, and Gloria Ann White is a pleasant child. But they didn't have much to work with in this story of how the *Kid* and his band save a mine for a little orphan. (*Feb.*)

CITY IN DARKNESS—20th Century-Fox

Just another *Charlie Chan* picture, with Sidney Toler solving mysteries in Paris during the blackouts. Lynn Bari is in it, too, but the result is only fairish. (*Feb.*)

★ CONGO MAISIE—M-G-M

Gorgeous comedy, with stars Ann Sothern and John Carroll capably backed up by Rita Johnson and Shepperd Strudwick. The scene is laid at the medical post of a rubber plantation, where a former surgeon gets mixed up with a stranded show girl who helps him subdue witch doctors. You'll like this. (*March*).

COVERED TRAILER, THE—Republic

The best *Higgins Family* film to date. *Pa* (James Gleason) wants to vacation in South America, but *Ma* (Lucile Gleason) bungles everything, as usual, and they have to sneak off in a trailer for their holiday, with exciting results. (*Feb.*)

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You'll LIVE this Romance...You'll LOVE its Stars!

MERLE
OBERON

Far more wonderful than ever before, as the girl with nothing to live for—but love!

GEORGE
BRENT

He's the man for Merle! The grandest role of all for the hero of 'The Fighting 69th'!



"Til we meet again"

PAT O'BRIEN

GERALDINE
FITZGERALD

BINNIE BARNES

FRANK McHUGH

Be sure
to learn where it's playing. If you want to see a *really* thrilling romance you'll want to

Be there!

A New WARNER BROS. Success

Directed by EDMUND GOULDING

Screen Play by Warren Duff • From an Original Story by Robert Lord

Just a Pretty Stranger —in her own Home Town



No girl need risk popularity! MUM every day prevents underarm odor—guards charm!

PEG couldn't help being envious—they were having such fun, and she was so lonely. So many girls who weren't as pretty as Peg, had dates. "I'll leave this old town, *then* I'll be popular," thought Peg. But Peg, others will neglect you wherever you go—if you neglect underarm odor.

Like Peg, we seldom know when we are guilty of underarm odor. How much wiser to play safe—each day—with Mum! Don't rely on a bath alone to guard your charm. A bath removes *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents *future* odor *before it starts.*

Wherever there is social life, popular girls use Mum. And *more* use Mum than any other deodorant.

MUM SAVES TIME! Just 30 seconds, and underarms are fresh all day.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The American Laundry Institute Seal tells you Mum won't harm any fabric. Safe for skin, too—even after underarm shaving!

MUM SAVES CHARM! Mum makes odor impossible—not by attempting to prevent perspiration—but by *neutralizing the odor before it starts.* Get Mum at your druggist's today. More women (and more men) make a habit of Mum because Mum keeps you "in right" everywhere—with *everyone!*

POPULAR GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM



For Sanitary Napkins, Too—
No need to worry about Sanitary Napkins if you remember Mum will keep you fresh. Mum is so safe...so gentle... thousands use it this way!

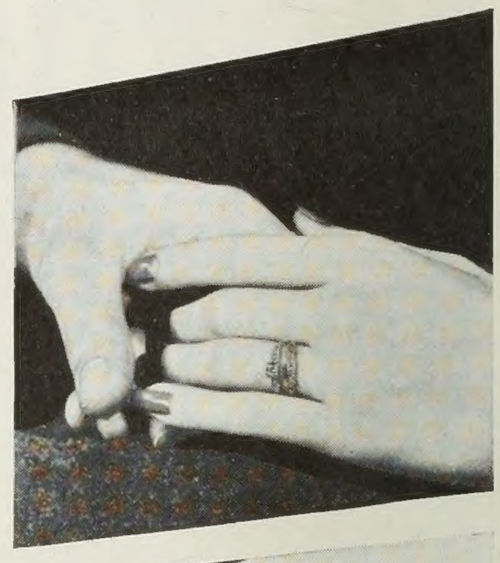
MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

SHOPPING FOR YOU

Come on, gals! Time to get out and do some serious Spring shopping. Your list probably stretches from here to here—headed by new clothes . . . hats . . . underpinnings. Then there's the comforting matter of cosmetics. New roses for your cheeks . . . new brightness for your lips . . . new health and sparkle for tired fingertips. We've found them all. Don't think we've neglected the young man's fancy, either! It's Leap Year, and in our quest for little things that suit the season, we've found THE engagement and wedding ring to tumble any girl into matrimony! If you want to know where—nearest you—you can find these treasures, write the Fashion Secretary, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

1. TEMPTATION TO MATRIMONY

What gal could resist Keepsake's Marlboro diamond engagement ring an wedding band to match? The gold engagement ring — Victorian flavor — boasts a blue-white square of diamond in the center, flanked on each side with three graduated diamonds. $125. The wedding band, with nine diamonds, is a shining complement. $39.75.



2. TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

Want your eyes to twinkle like stars? Set them in a perfect frame as the movie stars do by pointing up their lashes! Maybelline Cream Mascara is perfect for the trick and no water needed. In its rubberized kit that tucks into your tiniest purse or pocket, you can tote it around and have it right on tap! 75c—black, brown or blue.



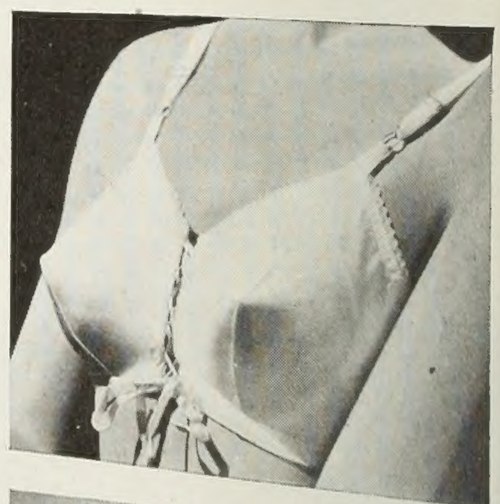
3. "FIRST LOVE"

Romance runs riot in a sweater with heart-shaped yoke . . . heart-shaped buttons . . . scallops . . . collar . . . all the sentiments of the season expressed by Helen Harper in a rabbit's-hair and zephyr cardigan that buttons like a little blouse from baby collar to snug-ribbed bottom. Wear it with summer skirts and slacks. $3.



4. ON THE BIAS

If there's a drop of dressmaker in you, you'll already know about bias-cut and its molding magic. If there isn't, then take OUR word for it—and Model's too—that this baby pink bias batiste bra has something! It features lacings to achieve a perfect fit, adjustable shoulder-straps, and scalloped edges of dainty lace. $1.



5. FIGURE IT OUT

Put your all into a Damsel of Hollywood pantie-girdle and be corseted but comfortable this Spring! There's a bias pull at work in the powerful though lacy Lastex sides, and a vertical pull in the satin Lastex panels fore and aft. Inviz-a-Grip garters, glove-silk crotch, and reinforcements for that destructive tug at the sides. Only $3.95.



AND THE STARS

BY FRANCES HUGHES



6. INTRODUCING THE "SLING SHOT"

Not a little boy's weapon, but a little boy's hat, developed by Chalfonte for not-so-little girls to wear with town and country tweeds. The shallow crown and the dip-front, back-rolled brim are new—borrowed from baby brother. Borrow his dapper way of snapping the brim, too, while you're about it. $5—in fifty-five colors.



7. THE COFFEE ROBOT

Farberware's electric coffee robot turns coffee-making into a magic trick. It does everything in fact except pour and drink it for you—brews automatically, stirs without a helping hand, turns itself off, and keeps the nectar hot until you drink it. $11 for this modern, magic ten-cup urn. Treat yourself and send another as a gift.



8. COFFEE OR COCKTAILS?

Duncan Phyfe himself would have wondered how Imperial does it—getting out this cosy coffee table for $14.75. The mellowed mahogany fits in anywhere, while the carved pedestal, carved legs and brass claw feet follow faithfully in the Duncan Phyfe tradition. You'll be grateful again and again for the convenience of the removable glass tray.



9. SO DECORATIVE!

And so sweet! Orloff's idea—and a mighty cute one, too, to hang little red satin sachet balls from a gilded chain, between tiny pearl dangles, to fashion a refreshingly fragrant necklace and bracelet. You will look lovely, smell sweet, and pay little—$1 for the novel necklace itself, and 75c for the companion bracelet.



10. MAGIC FINGERTIPS

Take the guesswork out of color shopping for nail polish by writing Lady Esther for her magic celluloid finger-tips (twelve in all, each one the color of one of the famous Lady Esther seven-day nail polishes). Then buy your polish to suit your own digits. Lady Esther will send you the finger tips free—matching cream polish costs you only a dime.

(*For More Shopping News, See Page 10*)

Lady Esther says

"Won't you please help your

NEW-BORN SKIN

To Keep Its PROMISE of NEW-BORN BEAUTY for you?"



Careful! Your new skin depends on *you* to help remove those tiny flakes of older skin that can "smother" your new-born Beauty!

EVERY TIME the clock ticks—your new skin is crowding eagerly upward, outward—and soon will appear in new glory and glamour *if you will do your part!* Why let your new skin be born under a cloud, asks Lady Esther, when each generation of your new skin can make you look younger, fresher, lovelier—*if*—

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Cream help you to remove gently those almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin that are the thieves of your beauty—stealing the beauty of your face powder!

Feel with your fingertips *now* the little rough spots those tiny flakes of old, dry skin probably have left on *your* face. They can make you look older—keep even the finest powder from going on smoothly—ruin the glamour of your make-up. My 4-Purpose Cream *permeates* those flakes so that you can whisk them away. Soothingly it loosens embedded impurities—helps Nature refine your pores—leaves your skin smoother—younger-looking.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and *push* anything like vitamins or hormones into your skin via your face cream! Ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't absolutely true—that her cream gently whisks away the worn-out skin and impurities beclouding your new skin about to be born!

Then try my face cream *at my expense.* Continue using it twice a day or oftener for two weeks. See if your powder doesn't look *lovelier* day by day. See the glamour of your new-born skin as my cream helps you keep your *Accent on Youth!*

Accept Lady Esther's 10 DAY Sample *FREE!*



(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (55)

LADY ESTHER,
7118 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

SHOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS

(*Continued from page 9*)

Remember—for the name of the store nearest you that carries the items you want, please write to:

Fashion Secretary, Photoplay
122 East 42nd St., New York Cit,



13. THANK YOU, HOLLYWOOD . . .

Max Factor's Pan-Cake Make-up came in with Technicolor. Then the stars put two and two together: If the Pan-Cake could cover up complexion faults, make skin smooth and young-looking, stay on for hours —and it could and did—why not use it all day long? And why don't you? $1.

11. "SPARK RED"—"STARDUST PINK"

These are the fascinating names of Corday's newest Toujours Moi lipsticks. "Spark Red" is a glowing, tingling color to team with greys, with navies, and with summer whites. "Stardust Pink," on the other hand, is a subtle shade that was born to brighten pastels. You'll love and require both these beguiling shades! $1 each.





14. ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR ONE

Jergen's new All-Purpose Face Cream is like three creams rolled into one by the makers of your favorite hand lotion. It cleanses thoroughly, leaving no trace of soil, nourishes deeply, leaving skin soft and velvety, and finally films the skin like a perfect make-up base. 10c, 25c and 50c a jar.

12. MIND YOUR FINGERNAILS

Are your nails dry—do they crack and peel? Tiptex will remedy that. It goes to work on the matrix (where nail troubles begin), nourishing . . . strengthening . . . conditioning . . . till one fine day you wake with a strong set of long fingernails. A dab of Tiptex night and morning does it, drying instantly, smelling sweetly, and costing little—$1.





15. WANT FINGERNAILS THAT SPARKLE?

1940's poets, writing about milady's charms, will have to include her sparkling fingernails—a very new fashion that stems from the stars. But YOU can have that sparkle, too! Cutex has launched three new opalescent polishes that will make your nails outshine even the stars in heaven. Try them and be dazzled! 10c and 35c a bottle.

"PEPSI AND PETE" . . THE PEPSI-COLA COPS



MAKES NICKELS GO BIG

Mrs. H. McDonald asked several of her friends in for refreshments after the movies last night. Pepsi-Cola was served along with cheese and crackers. "Delicious Pepsi-Cola certainly stole the show," she said. "And say . . . a nickel goes *big* when you swap it for a big 12-ounce bottle of Pepsi-Cola."





"I MAKE SURE YOU GET A BIG BIG BOTTLE FOR ONLY A NICKEL!"

"I MAKE SURE IT'S PURE AND FINER TASTING!"



FIRST AID FOR "LEAN" BUDGETS

Good news for thrifty hostesses. The handy Pepsi-Cola home carton holds 6 big, big bottles . . . 12 big drinks. All you need for a good, big party. Serve the drink that's O.K. with millions.



If your dealer cannot supply you, fill in his name and address and mail to Dept. F3, Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y.

Dealer's Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

12 FULL OUNCES

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 101.

1. His recent marriage to Diana Lewis makes the following number of times Bill Powell has been married:

Two *Three*
Four *Five*

2. Which of these girls is the youngest?

Deanna Durbin *Nan Grey*
Ann Rutherford *Helen Parrish*

3. He's giving up his orchestra to become a motion-picture producer:

Fred Waring *Ray Noble*
Rudy Vallee *Eddie Duchin*

4. This redheaded star dyed her hair for a new picture, and foiled every news cameraman's efforts to photograph it before the release of her picture:

Jeanette MacDonald *Ginger Rogers*
Myrna Loy *Ann Sheridan*

5. These two actors were once specialty dancers:

Cesar Romero *Vincent Price*
Ray Milland *George Raft*

6. This singing star has flatly refused to make any more musicals. Now he's about to star in a movie in which he won't sing a note:

Nelson Eddy *Dick Powell*
Allan Jones *Douglas MacPhail*

7. The first feature picture made in Hollywood was:

The Squaw Man *Tess of the Storm Country*
Carmen
Intolerance

8. The motion picture critics of the New York press voted this picture the best of the year 1939:

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington
Wuthering Heights
Gone with the Wind
Elizabeth and Essex



Margaret Lindsay and Vincent Price in "The House of the Seven Gables"

9. Two of these stars played the role of **Hildy Johnson** on the screen:

James Cagney *Pat O'Brien*
Claudette Colbert *Rosalind Russell*

10. A broken ankle stopped her dancing career; so she became a motion picture actress:

Irene Dunne *Vivien Leigh*
Miriam Hopkins *Constance Bennett*

11. Fred Astaire once danced with her in a picture:

Joan Crawford *Norma Shearer*
Ruby Keeler *Joan Blondell*

12. These two actresses refused to play the lead in the new John Garfield picture, "Saturday's Children":

Priscilla Lane *Olivia de Havilland*
Jane Bryan *Joan Fontaine*

13. His real name is Raymond Guion:

Raymond Massey *Gene Raymond*
Broderick Crawford *Jeffrey Lynn*

14. It took Walt Disney the following number of years to make "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs":

Two *Three*
Four *One*

15. Two of these actresses have played opposite Clark Gable:

Bette Davis *Carole Lombard*
Marion Davies *Madeleine Carroll*

16. This recently married actress has announced her retirement from the screen:

Andrea Leeds *Joan Bennett*
Diana Lewis *Jane Bryan*

17. Paul Muni is under term contract to:

Paramount *Warner Bros.*
20th Century-Fox *Sam Goldwyn*

18. Two of these studios are located not in Hollywood, but in Culver City:

Columbia *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*
Selznick International *Universal*

19. Her real name is Margaret Fitzpatrick:

Nancy Kelly *Patricia Morison*
Gail Patrick *Margaret Lindsay*

20. She is starring in a movie that is built around her own experiences in getting into pictures:

Lana Turner *Linda Darnell*
Brenda Joyce *Frances Dee*

clear as Sunshine . . .
flattering as Candlelight

IF you are proud of your legs you'll choose the loveliest stockings you can buy . . . IF you envy the trim ankles of the glamor girls you'll want the most flattering hosiery you can find. In either case you'll buy *Fine Feathers Hosiery*, made by the unique single unit process, for sheer, lusterless perfection. About $1 a pair and doubly economical for its durability record.

Ask for FINE FEATHERS Hosiery in vivacious new "Mood Tones" for spring and summer at your favorite shop.

Fine Feathers
HOSIERY

MILLER-SMITH HOSIERY MILLS
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE



Dress by Milgrim



The time has come for Beech-Nut Gum

Bicycling! Tennis! Golf! All sports are extra fun when you refresh with Beech-Nut Gum. Your choice of Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum and three flavors of candy-coated BEECHIES, Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin. Beech-Nut Gum is made in Flavor-Town (Canajoharie, N. Y.) . . . famous for Beech-Nut flavor and quality.

Beech-Nut Gum



PHOTOPLAY'S own Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK PROP.



High brow—Patricia Morison's lovely eyes can take the higher line that girls with small eyes must avoid



The camera played tricks with the deep-set eyes of Linda Hayes, till a make-up man took a hand



To emphasize the wide spread between Hedy's eyes, the brows play an important part

Normal eyebrows and careful use of eye shadow are the requirements for Bette Davis

PERSONALITY PERCENTAGE—have you given yourself a personality test lately? You've probably had your I.Q. taken and your allergy tests and done all those various tests that tell you whether you have a sense of humor or any charm or would make a good wife to any given husband, and now we have tests to prove how well you express your personality. Did you know that, like all Gaul, feminine personality or glamour is divided into three parts—the eyes, the brows, and the lips? According to make-up specialist Mel Burns, who waves his magic wand at RKO to turn little Cinderellas into glamour girls, personality is expressed sixty per cent by your eyes, ten per cent by your eyebrows, and thirty per cent by your lips. So if you're only expressing say forty per cent of your personality by your eyes, you're not even passing fair. So let's get to work and bring up your personality percentage.

If your eyes aren't carrying their full quota of your individuality, all you have to do is borrow a few ideas from your movie star prototype. "There are a few generalities, of course," says Mr. Burns, "that everyone should follow, most important of which is eye health. That means enough sleep to keep the eyes clear; correct diet to make them sparkle; proper care to banish the strain which brings about puffiness, squint lines, and discoloration.

"Definite ways of treating definite problems are a little more difficult to accomplish. However, experimenting and practicing will lead to success. Just remember that shadows create the illusion of depth; highlights counteract too much depth.

"For example, let's take Linda Hayes, who has deep-set eyes. They're intensely blue, well-placed, expressive, and dark-lashed. But the camera emphasized their depth and made them appear smaller than they are. To counteract this effect we did two things. We raised the brow line slightly by plucking sparingly only from the side closest to the eye. Fortunately Linda has luxurious brows, and thinning them this way did not detract from their natural line or expression. Then we discarded shadow and used mascara only on the tips of the lashes. Linda uses a tiny bit of cream or oil, rubbed well into the lids, as this tends to catch the light."

Frequently when eyes are deep-set, they give the effect of being too close together. If this is the case with you, then never use eye shadow, but separate the brows, by plucking the inside ends. If the eyes are not deep-set, but set slightly close together anyway, use the same brow treatment and start shadow at the center of the lid, blending toward the outer corners.

ANNA NEAGLE, the British beauty, has a natural loveliness that requires practically no make-up in private life. But the camera is much more exacting, so her fair lashes and brows needed accenting for the screen. In order to retain that delicate effect, Mel Burns first drew a fine line, using a sharp pointed pencil, directly on the lash lines of both upper and lower lids, extending them slightly at the outer corners, where they met to form a small triangle. These pencil lines were blended into the skin away from the eye, until they made just a faint shadow. Light blue shadow was applied to the upper lid, and blended only as far as the natural crease of the lid. Then the lashes and brows were touched lightly with brown mascara.

"This same basic treatment," continues Mel, "can be used when eyes are small. Be sure to blend the first pencil

(Continued on page 91)



ARE YOU PREMATURELY GRAY?

Does it worry you?
Doing anything about it?
Ever hear about the *amazing Clairol hair color-bath?
Please ask your hairdresser.



*MICROSCOPE TESTS PROVE CLAIROL takes a cue from nature, producing varied shadings as well as the desired shade, instead of ONE paintlike color produced by many ordinary dyes • Write for your free copy of a new and comforting booklet, "Your First Gray Hair", to Joan Clair, President, Clairol, Inc., 132 W. 46th St., New York, N. Y.

STARS OF STAGE, SCREEN, OPERA depend on Clairol for "closeup color" . . . for young-looking hair. YOU are in hundreds of closeups a day . . . just as any star! Whatever your age—whatever your shade, your hair will be sure to stand the "closeup test" if you ask your hairdresser for the type of Clairol best suited to your personal hair coloring problem.

Naturally . . . with **CLAIROL**

© 1940, C., Inc.



A snarling, vicious, killer-breed . . . in the eyes of the law! A hurt and embittered boy . . . to the girl who loves him! With bite and dynamite, this drama blasts the truth out of his heart!

Tyrone
POWER

. . not since "Jesse James" has he had such a role!

Dorothy
LAMOUR

. . . revealing more of her allure than ever before!

in

Johnny Apollo

EDWARD ARNOLD • LLOYD NOLAN
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • LIONEL ATWILL

Directed by Henry Hathaway

Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Rowland Brown • Original Story by Samuel G. Engel and Hal Long

•

Dorothy Lamour sings: "This is the Beginning of the End" by Mack Gordon and "Dancing for Nickels and Dimes" by Lionel Newman and Frank Loesser

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

NOW that the Academy has announced its awards for the year 1939 I'd like to suggest that it set up a special Oscar for unselfish actors who are able to do the type of work such as Robert Young did for that terrific and beautiful film, "Northwest Passage" . . . for while the Academy does have a special award for supporting roles, it naturally gives that award to roles that are "fat" and outstanding . . . but when it comes to a role like that of *Langdon Towne* in "Northwest Passage" . . . and unfortunately such stuffy roles appear in every production . . . it takes not alone ability on the actor's part to make anything out of it at all . . . but it takes a certain quality in the actor's soul that makes him able to face it. . . .

Langdon Towne was the role which Robert Taylor turned down as being an utterly thankless one . . . he was absolutely right, too . . . it was a thankless one . . . Robert Taylor argued that any player in such a part, particularly when played against by an old master film stealer like Spencer Tracy, would be acted right out of the picture . . . and he was right about that, too . . . Tracy does take "Northwest Passage" as easily as a volcano eruption takes a mountain side . . . but nevertheless because of the complete faithfulness with which Robert Young plays even dull scenes . . . because of the many, many feet of film in which he has to stand admiring and without a line while Tracy emotes . . . by such scenes Robert Young makes the picture a much finer production than it could possibly have been without him. . . .

That's why he deserves a special award . . . for Bob knew that he was not only automatically playing second fiddle . . . he knew he was merely in there because the studio couldn't get the actor it had originally wanted . . . the Young talent is for high comedy . . . so when Bob stepped into that vacancy he was under a double handicap . . . going into a role without a laugh in it . . . one in which he seldom had a good line and rarely a whole scene . . . many under those circumstances . . . in fact, most important actors in such a spot would have simply "walked through" the part . . . but Bob gave all that he had . . . and such loyalty to his own profession should be recognized. . . .

CURRENTLY the favorite Hollywood jingle is the one which Fred Allen used on the air:

> "Lives of great men all remind us,
> We can think of death as peachy,
> With Darryl Zanuck left behind us,
> We'll come back as Don Ameche."

Which reminds me that I don't know how you feel about it . . . (though I'd like to very much and you'll make me happy if you write and tell me . . .) but personally I'm getting very bored with Robert Fulton inventing the steamship right in the middle of Alice Faye's romance in "Little Old New York"; of Stephen Foster used as mere prop to bring That Light into Andrea Leeds' eyes; and of the great Victor Herbert apparently exclusively engaged in fixing up Mary Martin's love life . . . now it has been announced that that magnificent performer, Henry Fonda, will be cast in "Hudson Bay Company" . . . I wish they'd let Henry escape . . . he has already done his biographical Zanuck stint . . . (and very nobly, too) as "Young Mr. Lincoln" . . . now I hate the thought that undoubtedly in order to win the heroine he'll have to revolutionize the life of all the fur-bearing animals. . . .

IT'S probably very old-fashioned of me, but I'd like to have some screen love stories just for the sake of love stories . . . and not industrial, musical, scientific or whatnot history being pushed around to make a set of beautiful close-ups of some romance-stricken cutie-pie. . . .

Not that I want biography entirely dropped from the screen . . . that it can be done wonderfully is proven by M-G-M in "Young Tom Edison" . . . this is the very faithful biography of a very real and very great American . . . "Young Tom Edison" has been rendered into terms of the grandest entertainment . . . laughter, tears, pathos, excitement are all there plus a poignant portrait of the simple American way of life of nearly a century ago . . . but the basic thing that makes it so fine is that there is no distortion in the story . . . it is the real story of a real person . . . not a bookish peg on which to hang a torrid romance . . . and it is, incidentally, the only film I've ever seen where I heard the whole audience whispering that they could barely wait to see its sequel, "Edison, the Man" . . . furthermore, even though the Academy didn't give Mickey Rooney its chief award this year . . . and I agree that it wouldn't have been right when you compare his work with that of Robert Donat and Gable and Jimmy Stewart in this year's award line-up . . . I'll wager that on next year's Academy lists he will once more be considered . . . probably in there, running neck to neck with Tracy for "Edison, the Man" . . . because there isn't a single *Andy Hardy-ism* in Mickey's entire Edison performance . . . it is a sensitive refined portrayal



Time out for Henry Fonda (with Leo Carrillo in "Lillian Russell") on more biographical pictures

Ruth Waterbury

A special Oscar for unselfishness—that's what's due Robert Young for his performance in "Northwest Passage"

They're fightin' words, if you call Mickey Rooney a "mugger" after "Young Tom Edison"







"Gone with the Wind," produced by David Selznick and starring Vivien Leigh as Scarlett O'Hara (left) was a natural landslide, but the highlight of the evening was when Hattie McDaniel (above with Fay Bainter) received her Oscar for the role of Mammy. Right: "Stagecoach" won Thomas Mitchell recognition (with Spencer Tracy, last year's big winner)

A special award went to Judy Garland for her work in "The Wizard of Oz"

and after this anyone who claims that Mickey is only a mugger will find those fighting words in Hollywood. . . .

IN the twelfth year of its existence, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences seems at last to have satisfied all Hollywood with its awards . . . other years the post mortems have lasted till dawn, with this side and that wailing of "influence" . . . "politics" and whatnot . . . but this year I didn't hear one word of dissent . . . even the dinner was good, which if you are an old public-dinnergoer you never expect, even if the banquet does cost twenty-five dollars a plate, as this one did . . . there were voices who claimed that the 4,000 votes from the extra ranks . . . the group in Hollywood who have never been permitted to vote before . . . helped to keep the balloting on the level . . . whatever it was . . . everybody was happy. . . .

There is an adage in the acting world that nobody can remember a movie that is more than six months old . . . they dragged that adage out when other critics in other parts of the country awarded Jimmy Stewart the prize as having given the best male performance in 1939 . . . Hollywood didn't agree with that . . . Hollywood argued that if "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" had been released in the early spring and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" had been released in the fall, instead of the reverse, Robert Donat's beautiful performance would have taken the palm . . . whether or not that's true, Hollywood gave the honors to Donat . . . the feeling being that fine as Jimmy's work was, his performance was necessarily only the performance of a man going through one dramatic situation . . . whereas the Donat performance was the poignant picturization of the entire lifetime of a little man. . . .

Of course, Vivien Leigh was a walk-away for the best feminine performance . . . sentimentally, I would have liked to have seen Garbo get it for "Ninotchka" . . . but I do know that would have been pure sentiment . . . Miss Leigh definitely deserved it. . . .

"Gone with the Wind" was a natural landslide, too . . . for the best production, the best direction, the best editing, the best art work and the best supporting performance by an actress . . . and in this particular, PHOTOPLAY is proud to announce that you readers have also selected "Gone with the Wind" as the best picture of the year and the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal is even now being struck off in honor of Miss Margaret Mitchell's enchanting brainchild. . . .

There were three highlights of this year's dinner . . . Mickey Rooney handing Judy Garland her statuette for the best performance of a juvenile during the past year . . . it was charming to watch him, with his new-found dignity upon him, presenting Judy with her Oscar, and then forgetting himself and kissing her with kid enthusiasm . . . and Judy was never more persuasive than when she crooned "Over the Rainbow," the year's prize-winning song, into the mikes, with a suspicious little quaver in her voice. . . .

It was an emotional moment when Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. stepped forward to take the award that was given to the memory of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. for all that he did to make movies international, for all that he did to make them exciting, romantic and worthy of attention . . . that the son of the father was very touched was keenly apparent . . . it gave us spectators the sense of how this business is going on . . . developing steadily better and better . . . David Selznick, son of the pioneer Lewis J. Selznick, being proclaimed the most distinguished producer of the year . . . young Doug, carrying on the acting tradition of his forebear . . . Mickey and Judy, the swiftly rising generation. . . .

THOSE two moments were quite wonderful . . . the speeches of Walter Wanger, the new president of the Academy . . . of Darryl Zanuck, of Sinclair Lewis, who made the writing award to the late Sidney Howard . . . were all swell moments, too . . . but the really great moment was that in which the very black Hattie McDaniel was given an Oscar for having turned in "the best supporting performance by an actress". . . .

She had competed for the prize against Olivia de Havilland for her sensitive *Melanie* and Edna May Oliver for that marvelous pioneer woman in "Drums Along the Mohawk" . . . but this Negro woman who had created *Mammy* in "Gone with the Wind" . . . won by hundreds of votes . . . and I am so glad, as I know Hollywood is so glad, too. . . .

For it wasn't alone because her work was so beautiful . . . it wasn't alone because this huge, great-hearted woman has literally starved and gone homeless and friendless, at times, for her work . . . it was much more than that . . . it was this . . . it was good to have Hollywood show to this mixed-up world of today that there is one great democracy left . . . the deathless democracy of art. . . .

Hattie McDaniel was the first of her race to win such a prize . . . she was so deeply touched that the tears ran down her shining face as she picked up that stiff, golden figure . . . but even that doesn't matter . . . what really counts is that by this vote the Academy gives further nurture to the spirit . . . to that eternal good will which says that without regard to race, color or creed, merit . . . just true merit . . . may still win out in this world.

DIABOLICAL

"Dr. CYCLOPS"

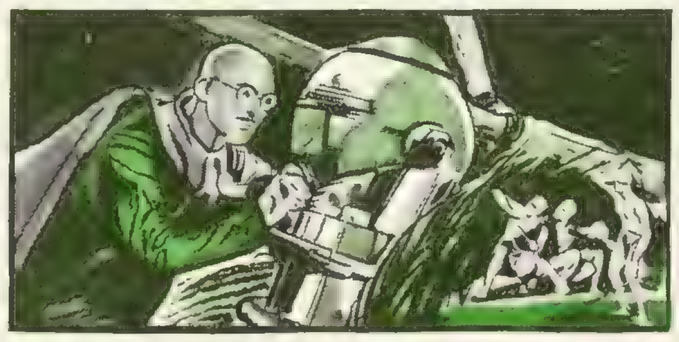
IN TECHNICOLOR

The picture made behind locked doors! Directed by Ernest Schoedsack, who directed the never-to-be-forgotten "King Kong" for producer Merian Cooper.

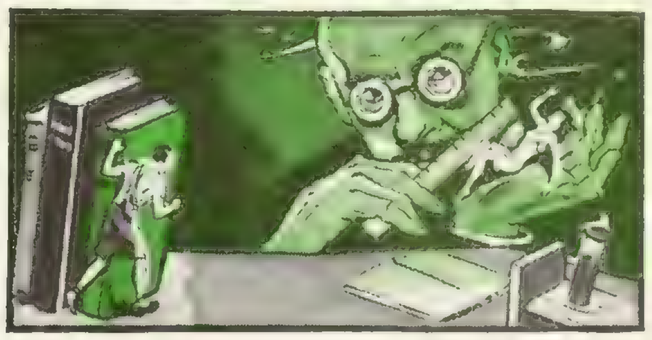


See him . . . he's real! See them . . . they're real! . . . Men and women only 14 inches in height and yet possessed of each and every one of their normal human functions!

UNBELIEVABLE . . . yet done before your very eyes!



Dr. Cyclops injects his new radium formula . . . shrinking victims to pygmy size!



A beautiful young woman shrunk to miniature size . . . yet breathing defiance!



A normal-sized cat becomes a huge ravening monster to the helpless victims!



Angered by their resistance, Dr. Cyclops attacks the little people with a shovel!



Dr. Cyclops' victims, maddened at the results of their size reduction, attack the gigantic doctor!

A Paramount Picture with Albert Dekker • Janice Logan • Thomas Coley • Charles Halton
Victor Kilian • Frank Yaconelli • Directed by Ernest Schoedsack • Original Screen Play by Tom Kilpatrick



You don't have to be told



It's the yarn you can tell on any beach —as far as you can see it. Nothing else could perform this small miracle of fit with freedom, of control with comfort. This suave technique has made the American bathing beauty the envy of the world. When choosing a suit remember that the stretch of "Lastex" yarn is applied with equal facility to any sort of woven or knitted fabric, silk or cotton, wool or rayon. That in many and various applications it glorifies every type of suit, maillot, skirted or dressmaker. There is a swimsuit made with this priceless ingredient to fit every kind of figure, and at a price to fit every kind of purse. So the rest is up to you. Just ask for a suit made with "Lastex" yarn at the stores you usually patronize, under the name of a favorite maker, if you like. But be sure *your* suit is made with benefit of fashion's fourth dimension.

Lastex

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE MIRACLE YARN
THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Company, Rockefeller Center, New York City

HOLLYWOOD'S "Extra Racket"

BY MORTON THOMPSON

Like pirates of old, gangdom's petty chiselers are levying toll on the helpless extra players of Hollywood

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

BACK of the glamour, back of the laughter, the beauty, the swirl of famous Hollywood faces are stories that have never been told. Some of them are grim. This is a grim one.

It is a behind-the-scenes story of starving extras, and the furtive wolves and chiselers who howl at their heels.

On the night of November 15, 1937, someone crept into an apartment in the middle of Hollywood and paused by the bedside of one Hymie Miller. There was the roar of a gun. And that was the end of Hymie Miller.

Who was Hymie Miller? He was a man now charged by frightened extras, afraid to speak during his lifetime, of being a racketeer to whom they were forced to pay from their piteously few nickels and dimes "protection" against being beaten up so badly that they wouldn't be able to answer a call to work.

You'll probably hear more about Hymie Miller during the next few weeks. A detective agency, composed of former G-Men, hired by the Screen Actors Guild, has been making an intensive investigation of the whole extra situation, of scandalous rumors, complaints and criminal charges.

These are nothing new to Hollywood. For many years Hollywood has been hearing about extra scandals which never quite came to a head. Somehow, even the most ominous reports never could be traced down. Extras have been afraid to talk.

An extra is a man or woman on the lowest rung of Hollywood's ladder of talent. He or she is simply an anonymous part of a mob; a chunk of human background. Unless an extra belongs to the Screen Actors Guild he or she can get no work. The Guild at present lists about 5,600 paid-up extras. Central Casting, a sort of clearing house through which the studios contact extras for jobs, lists a total of 9,849.

Last year the studios spent $3,124,671 for extras.

Divide that sum among 5,600 men and women. It means the average yearly earning of a Hollywood extra is $558. About ten dollars a week. Divide it among 9,849 and the average yearly earning is $317. Somewhere between $558 and $317 a year lies the actual figure earned by the average extra.

Who'd prey on workers like that, who get, at the most, not more than a month's work out of every year? And the rest of the year wait hungrily, hopefully, frantically beside their telephones—?

Hollywood has its fringe of chiselers, petty mobsters, street-corner rats. There aren't many. But it doesn't take many to throw a reign of terror over an extra's life. It takes only one to kill a man.

Hymie Miller came from New York. He was at one time an unremarkable manager of prize fighters. In Hollywood he was part owner of a delicatessen. Occasionally he played small parts in pictures.

Nobody knows who killed him. There were powder burns on the sheets, indicating that the bullet was fired at close range. Police reason that only a friend or trusted henchman could have gotten that close.

Chalk up one murder.

Hymie Miller died without revealing the name of his murderer.

"I'll take care of them myself," he said.

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Intimidated by threats of disfigurement—even dishonor—have extra girls paid regular tribute to racketeers to safeguard their chances of continued employment?

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN E. HOKINSON



Invasion in the film colony! Objective: The kitchens of the stars

HOME SWEET HOLLYWOOD

A home for Annabella was a pleasant problem to Tyrone Power



Our author—also actress and hostess

Our world-renowned society expert makes a preposterous diagnosis of a new Hollywood epidemic. Have YOU ever had "relentless domesticity"?

BY ELSA MAXWELL

FORTUNATELY for me, still more fortunately for my Hollywood friends, I do not write a daily gossip column. Heaven alone knows to what far-reaching and thoroughly wild conclusions I would have jumped by now had I to turn out so many words seven times a week. Even as it is, I suspect that Hollywood is a town where one makes acquaintances and loses friends but were I to conduct a column . . . The very thought makes me shudder.

Take for instance the case of Constance Bennett. While working in my first picture, I was staying in Connie's house. I was enjoying both her hospitality and her company hugely but I could not help wondering why practically every evening she would suddenly disappear, lock herself up in her room and not show up again for an hour or so. Now had I been a Winchell, a Sullivan or a Fidler, I would have been in duty bound to report to my readers that something was "on." Something *was* on. The glamorous, the bewitching, the ever-so-romantic Miss Bennett was spending those mysterious evening hours . . . knitting a red sweater which she presented to me on the occasion of my birthday. She could have bought a sweater for me in a downtown shop—although not every shop in Los Angeles would be likely to have on hand a sweater of that size—but she wanted to prove to me that when it came to knitting she bowed to no housewife.

The other one whose sudden disappearances used to puzzle me quite a bit is Virginia Zanuck. Early every afternoon she would order her car



Caught in each other's arms at the Beverly Hills, Leland and Maggie Sullavan Hayward



Who dances with whom on a typical Trocadero evening? Well—Mr. and Mrs. Hornblow, for instance . . .



Ultrachic Ann and ultra-successful Jack Warner—could you guess where her thoughts most likely are?

and be gone, never telling anyone where she was going, never suggesting that her friends join her. The popular legend had it—probably still has it—that she would sneak into this or that neighborhood movie house and watch the audiences' reaction to various pictures and players. Then—said the experts—she would present her report to Darryl.

I loathe to destroy legends but the plain truth is that Virginia Zanuck was and is spending her "off the record" afternoons supervising the riding lessons taken by her children on a ranch near by.

STILL another case which would have baffled me had I been conducting a column is that of Ann Warner. Probably the best-dressed woman in Hollywood, the wife of Jack Warner of Warner Brothers is an inveterate daydreamer. A stranger watching her stare into space would bet his last nickel that Ann is dreaming of Paris, of the new dresses she is about to order, of the new jewelry displayed in the Rue de la Paix, of the newest and craziest hats about to be shown and of some gorgeous furs that only multimillionaires can afford.

Well, our stranger would lose his last nickel in no time at all. Ann Warner is dreaming of . . . her kitchen and of the dinner she should order for that night. Dining in Ann's house is an experience and an adventure, not to be encountered anywhere else on this continent.

"The best French food I've tasted outside France," according to Charles Boyer.

"The best Philippine food this side of Manila," according to President Quezon.

"The best English food," according to the Duchess of Sutherland.

"The very best South American food," according to the stalwart Argentina polo players.

"The only authentic Russian food in America," according to a visiting Grand Duchess.

"An Italian dinner that even the best restaurant in Venice cannot provide," according to Count Rossi.

What is the mystery? No mystery at all. Ann Warner lets the nationality of her guest of honor determine the style and the contents of the meal. Back in New York people rave about the ingenuity of Herbert Bayard Swope (the former editor of the *New York World* and the present Chairman of the New York State Racing Commission) who employs two shifts of servants—one working from eight A.M. to eight P.M., the other from eight P.M. to eight A.M.

"Isn't it marvelous," exclaim the numberless friends of Mr. Swope, "that Herbert can afford to wake up in the middle of the night, decide that what he wants is a good sirloin steak and have that steak served half an hour later?"

I do not want to disturb Mr. Swope's peace of mind or interfere with his enjoyment of a sirloin steak served in the wee hours of the morning, but when it comes to comfort and "ingenuity" Ann Warner has it all over him. She employs nearly a score of cooks. A French chef who can put to shame the best of his Parisian colleagues . . . A Mexican maestro whose hot tamales make you feel like talking back to Mussolini . . . An Italian poet of food whose spaghetti, ravioli, minestrone and scallopini recreate the very air of Venice in Beverly Hills . . . A solid and silent Englishman who toys with nothing smaller than a twelve-rib roast . . . An ever-smiling Hawaiian who knows all there is to be known about cooking that very tiny but most delicious fish of all—the one and only o-poka-

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Mervyn LeRoy and Darryl Zanuck with Connie Bennett and Virginia Zanuck —two film wives whose sudden disappearances were solved by our author



Bedtime story: Glamour Queen knitting —but it was hardly a "tiny garment"!

WHICH ROMANC

And which star romances are manufactured to amuse and confuse you? An unvarnished report

BY RUTH WATERBURY



Separation Problem No. 1: Is the long-dead marriage of Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres about to be buried?

Separation Problem No. 2: How serious are those many spats - and - reconciliations of Errol and Lili Flynn?

Separation Problem No. 3: Why did Alice Faye deny—and then confirm—reports she'd divorce Tony Martin?

THE week end after Lana Turner pulled her bombshell elopement with Artie Shaw (which was about four week ends after the even more explosive elopement of William Powell and Diana Lewis), the hottest news around Hollywood was that Joan Crawford was eloping with Lee Bowman.

It was a Saturday night that this got in the wind and every columnist in Hollywood, because of those two former "scoop" elopements, went into a tailspin. The phones rang in the Crawford Brentwood mansion. The phones rang in the Bowman Beverly Hills apartment. Neither Miss Crawford nor Mr. Bowman was at home.

Well, that absence confirmed every writer's hunch. If those two glamorous people weren't at home (and on Saturday night, too!) then they simply must be in a plane eloping.

Joan is famous for hating airplanes, but what of that?

Lee Bowman had been seen the night before this event dancing with Nancy Kelly (who rumor has it is madly in love with Edmond O'Brien—that is, she is, unless you belong to the school of whispers that has her even more madly in love with Irving Cummings, Jr.). The night before he was cutting rugs with Nancy, Lee was seen brightening up the dance floors with Wendy Barrie. (The boy loves to dance!) But still and for all, he was, so They said, absolutely and positively eloping with Joan Crawford.

With a hot tip like that out, the important news gatherers of Hollywood never relaxed. They kept their wires open and their ears peeled for calls from Las Vegas or Boulder City or other Nevada points. But dawn's early light came without a single ring, telephonic or wedding. Joan didn't wed Lee and Lee didn't wed Joan. The most casual research would have revealed several reasons why such a possibility was always impossible.

Lana Turner and Artie Shaw—their elopement helped start a boom in the local gossip-mart



RUMORS ARE FAKES?

Reason one was that on the very evening Joan was supposed to be eloping she was, in full sight of everyone, exquisitely circling the floor at Ciro's, held in the graceful arms of Cesar Romero. Reason two was that Joan is not remotely in love with Lee and Lee is not remotely in love with Joan. Very good friends they are indeed, but romantic they are not. Reason three —and most important—Joan couldn't have married that particular night if the man of her elopement has been a combination of Franchot Tone-Charlie Martin-Cesar Romero-Lee Bowman (to mention just a few of the crowd that she is supposed to be infatuated with) plus the King of the Mystic Isles. Joan can't wed anybody before late this spring unless she commits bigamy. And Joan doesn't commit bigamy.

BUT the fact that such a stew can and actually did happen lets you in on what is happening to romance reporting in our pretty little place by the Pacific. It is also the reason that PHOTOPLAY right here and now is attempting to clear the air and the type lines on who is really going with whom; who is divorcing whom; and who is and who isn't apt to get married fairly soon.

Not that PHOTOPLAY is infallible, either. Not that we claim to have the inside track on everybody's heart. We haven't. Nobody has. The big thing is that the stars of Hollywood, even as you and I, are human beings. Even as you and I, they do, some of them, fall in love unexpectedly. They do, some of them, quarrel unexpectedly. They do, some of them, make up unexpectedly. They haven't the privacy that you and I have when they go through these emotional turmoils. But we do think ("we," meaning PHOTOPLAY and "I," meaning the writer) that they have the right to be asked what goes on with them before they are rumored this way and that way with this person and that person, merely because somebody told somebody else that this or that was true (and never checked the facts further).

Not that asking a star his or her matrimonial intentions always brings the truth. Not that they will always talk, truly or otherwise. Nevertheless, PHOTOPLAY is trying to take its heart charmers at their own words and at least give them the benefit of the doubt as knowing whom they love and how much and to what purpose.

For instance, early last summer when the report first got about that Alice Faye and Tony Martin were separating, I went directly to Alice and asked her concerning it. Alice said then exactly what she had said in 1937 the day after their marriage. She said, this direct, honest, troubled girl, "I hope we can make a go of it. But I don't know. I'm trying and Tony's trying, but two careers in one family are terrible. If Tony and I can work together and be equally successful, I think we can swing it. If we have to separate, I'm afraid we'll fail." That was her 1937 statement and the only thing she added to that in the summer of 1939 was that she and Tony had weathered two tough years, so she hoped for the best.

They had, last summer, purchased their first home together. As you know it burned to the ground the day after they moved into it. I believe that the burning of that dream house was the killer on their marriage. For Alice loved that house and wanted to live in it, but with it gone, and she so busy and Tony so busy and both of them separated, she didn't have the energy, inspiration or time to start house hunting all over again. It left her with no "center" to her emotions. She did, however, cross the continent this winter, just to spend a few days with Tony in New York. But she's too honest to think three or four days, hastily grabbed at, constitute a marriage.

It was on her way back to California that she was reported as seeking her divorce in Chicago. Our biggest papers said she had started the divorce action, and instantly told the world. Once more all you had to do was to go to Alice to get the real answer. Alice said she had not started proceedings, and that then was the truth. Now she has filed the divorce action. That is all too bad, but has nothing to do with this story. Our big point is that at no time did Alice try to lie, evade or cheat any reporter regarding the situation between her and Tony.

THE setup with the Errol Flynns is quite the reverse of the sincerely honest Faye-Martin situation. It's my belief that the witty Errol gets a continual laugh and an impish pleasure at noting the papers' consternation about himself and Lili. He adores to fool them into silly statements. It's also my belief that the Flynns will not divorce, now or ever. To be blunt about the love life of the Flynns, they fight. When they fight, they flit. And when they get over fighting, they kiss and make up. That isn't the usual form love takes, but it is one form. Not all people like peace and contentment. There are people who like thunder and lightning, storms at sea, hurricanes and floods. They find that these phenomena add excitement to life. People like that find too that emotional storms, hurricanes and floods add excitement to love. It's my conviction that that is the way it is with Lili and Errol. Even as I write they have just "gone back together" after their latest "separation." Errol said, when questioned about that, "You can't call this a reconciliation because we were never really separated. I took an apartment away from home because I was starting a picture and things are always tough then. As a matter of fact, I'm keeping the apartment,

(Continued on page 97)

Hollywood, wondering about Ann Sheridan and Anatole Litvak, characteristically forgot one important item!

And just what does handholding mean in Hollywood—when the holders are Dick Greene and Virginia Field?





Though it's "six-and-a-half" years since the birth of Peter, Helen and Melvyn still cringe at the mention of suki-yaki

MEMO

ON MELVYN

Presenting—an hilarious word picture of a suave actor who got ready for Hollywood the hard way

BY CLAUDE BINYON

INTERVIEWING actors is a tough proposition; especially when you're a friend.

I met Melvyn Douglas three years ago when he played a part in "I Met Him in Paris"—a part over which I had sweated three months to make casual. And because he was born to look casual, he stepped right in and played the part without any effort whatsoever.

We went to Sun Valley, Idaho, and made the picture. When we came back I knew a few things about Melvyn Douglas. I knew that he is taller than he looks on or off the screen, that his sandy hair photographs darker than it is, that he has a nervous habit of picking at his thumb nails, that he is nuts about his family and that he thinks I am nuts.

Coming back to Hollywood on the train he said we'd have to get together because my wife would like his wife and his wife would like me and we'd all like each other. I said yes, we'd have to get together, and three years later he walked onto the set of "Too Many Husbands" and said hello.

He said he liked the part I had written, thanks, and how old was my kid now? I said nine and how old was his? He said six-and-a-half and I told him you get over that half business when your kid hits nine.

He asked me if I knew that he had another kid now, and I said of course I did and how old was he? He said it was a girl named Mary Helen and it was one-and-a-half. Then there was a lull.

The other leads in "Too Many Husbands" are Jean Arthur and Fred MacMurray. Douglas said he'd never worked with either of them and how were they? I told him MacMurray was a cinch after he got over being shy, but Jean Arthur I didn't know. He said she sure had a bright face and he'd always wanted to work with her. Later we found she'd always wanted to work with him and MacMurray had always wanted to work with her and she'd always wanted to work with MacMurray. Douglas and MacMurray had never thought whether they wanted to work with each other or not.

In a few days we all were in the rut and happy. Everybody knew that MacMurray meant "Gee!" when he blew his lines and said "Damn!" and that Jean Arthur had her four o'clock tea with cream and sugar and water but no tea, and that Douglas would eat the wrong thing at lunch and call for bicarbonate of soda two hours later. Life was routine and easy.

Then I made my mistake. I told Douglas I was going to write something about him for a magazine. He grew as tense as a frightened maiden.

"You mean you're going to ask me if I object to my wife shaving her legs?" he asked. I hadn't thought of that. "Does she?" I asked. He didn't know.

Finally we decided that I would ask only sen-

Claude Binyon (left), noted film writer who adapted Somerset Maugham's "Too Many Husbands" for the screen, and star Melvyn Douglas



Melvyn wept, and the audiences did too, at those heart-rending performances he gave in Chicago churches

sible questions. So I asked them, and he told me that he was born in Macon, Georgia, and lived there until he was three, and in Nashville until he was ten, and in Toronto until he was fifteen, and in Nebraska until he ran away to join the army in 1917. All this time his family's financial condition was going from medium to poor, and his schooling suffered for the sake of odd jobs. This surprised me, because he has an air of culture when he feels like having it and he can toss big words with unerring aim.

A thing happened in the army. After much honest effort Douglas became a noncommissioned officer and he was very proud of his stripes. Also, after much honest effort, he acquired a girl. The fact that Douglas had taken the girl away from his superior officer made him feel quite dashing.

The superior officer was a patient soul. He waited until Douglas was in charge of the watch, then unofficially granted him leave to visit the girl. The moment Douglas was out of sight the superior officer reported him absent without leave. Douglas lost his stripes and the girl lost interest.

He saw her years later. He didn't think much of her. She didn't think much of him, either, because he was an actor and she preferred men with steady jobs. She told him he was a goof to waste his business ability.

What happened to the superior officer Douglas doesn't know. He's often wanted to meet him again. I asked him what he'd do. "Just look at him," he said.

After the war Douglas kicked around as a gas meter reader and a hat salesman and anything else that provided beans. Looking in the mirror one day, he ignored his imperfect points and decided what he'd known from the start. He was going to be an actor.

He enrolled in a dramatic school under the guidance of an old gentleman named William Owen, and Douglas and a punk named Ralph Bellamy became teacher's pets. This was in Chicago.

Douglas was working as a hat salesman to pay his tuition. Surrounded by stiff, new hats looking silly without their crown dents he'd dream up visions of himself as a great actor with equally great actresses melting in his arms. The melting process was regarded purely from a clinical viewpoint, as it must be with any truly great actor.

The Chicago hat salesman emerged from his cocoon at a church social in Chicago. Standing alone on the platform with soft organ music transporting him, he recited the poem called "Fleurette"—the case history of a hospitalized victim of war who finds in gentle, spiritual *Fleurette* the inspiration to carry on with one leg missing.

There were genuine tears on Douglas' cheeks as the organ music ceased. There were genuine tears on the cheeks of his audience. Douglas stepped from the platform every inch an actor, ate his fill from a paper plate, collected ten dollars from the committeewoman who had hired him and strode into the crisp Chicago night with calm assurance. He was an actor and he had a ten dollar bill to prove it.

Chicago churches saw a lot of Douglas and his tear-stained cheeks, and he collected many of their ten dollar bills. But landladies made devastating inroads into his collection, and his struggles through the ensuing years have been experienced by nine-tenths of the honest-to-

(Continued on page 96)

Set in a dreamy land of romance—

this ultramodern story of a handsome

actor who is torn between love and

loyalty for his young bride and the

undeniable allure of his former wife

HAWAIIAN

BY HAGAR WILDE

"SO you did it . . . I hope you're utterly miserable and lie awake nights . . . wishing you were dead!"

There hadn't been any signature. But Ann, casually fishing the little note out of her brand-new husband's polo shirt before sending it to the laundry, knew that only one woman could have written it—Laurel, David's first wife, congratulating him on his second marriage.

Life ought to be perfect when you were Ann Adams, whose tiptilted nose, fiery hair and comedy talent had brought her stardom in Hollywood . . . when you had just married the topmost male star in films, idolized by girls the world over (only no one could idolize David Crawford more than Ann herself) . . . when you were spending your honeymoon in the dreamy Hawaii of song and story.

But there was the note. And Laurel Crane was on the island. Laurel, of whom Randy said: "Laurel's just trouble wrapped in skin." But it was beautiful skin. Maybe Laurel was vicious, but she was undeniably voluptuous. Only Ann knew the anguish that beauty had caused David when Laurel divorced him. Only Ann knew the agonies he had gone through to find a serenity with which he and Ann could face life together.

Now they had to begin all over again—if they could. Randy and Caroline had done all they could to ease the tension of the long wait—through dinner time till after midnight—before David returned to Ann after seeing Laurel for the first time since his marriage. Randy Grimes, the young producer, was David's best friend, as Caroline Hathaway was Ann's own loyal confidante. But they didn't know about the letter. And they didn't hear David's answer, after his haggard return, when Ann asked him:

"*Do* you lie awake nights, wishing you were dead?"

"Yes," he confessed wretchedly, at last. "I have, ever since Laurel left me."

ANN sat on the edge of Caroline's bed watching her as she rearranged her breakfast tray, putting the coffee where the toast had been and putting the toast where the coffee had been. Caroline leaned back against the pillows and regarded the tray, saying, "I'm really not hungry."

Ann said through her teeth, "Don't sit there thinking about your stomach when I'm ready to break down and howl the house down. I'm smack in the middle of having my heart broken and you push things around on breakfast trays. What shall I do, make a scene? Pack up and go back to the mainland? Or just smile and take it?"

"I can't think on an empty stomach," Caroline said firmly. She selected a piece of toast and munched it thoughtfully. "What did you say last night? After he said he still loved Laurel, I mean."

"I didn't say anything. I just sat there."

"That was clever of you," Caroline said. "It's always best, when a wall is falling on you, not to move. That makes it quicker."

Ann got up and wandered out onto the balcony. "You haven't answered my question. Shall I pack up and go back to the mainland?"

"And have the press hung around your neck like a window sash after you've been thrown through it? Don't be a fool." In answer to a knock at the door Caroline said, "Come in." Randy came in, looked at the breakfast tray and shuddered.

"Eating," he said, "how can you?"

Caroline threw down a small bit of toast with a look of vexation. "What do people expect me to do, live on air? All I did was to order my own simple little breakfast in my own elaborate room. All I ask is to be allowed to eat it without undue commotion. I didn't ask either of you to come."

"I'm only one," Randy mourned, "except for my head which is four."

Caroline said pettishly, "That wistful tennis dress you see hanging over the balcony has Ann inside it."

"Hello, Ann," Randy said, sinking into a chair.

"'Lo," said Ann from outside.

In a conversational tone Caroline informed Randy of developments. "David's in love with Laurel and Ann's heart is breaking. He told her last night."

Ann came back in and stood, her hands locked behind a stiff little back. "I didn't mean for you to tell everybody everything I told you."

"Randy's not everybody," said Caroline, "even though he thinks he is."

Ann said, "What am I going to do, Randy? Could I get appendicitis or something awful and take the Clipper out today?"

"Where is David?" said Randy.

"What does it matter where he is? If he's in love with somebody he's in love with her wherever he is."

Caroline drank her coffee with a ruminative, patient air. "The point is, my sweet, if you and David were private individuals you could come down here and fall in love with somebody different every hour. The public might think you were a little addled but they wouldn't care what you did with your evenings. But you're two of the most public people in the world. David Crawford and Ann Adams on a honeymoon is world news. I suppose you've given that some thought?"

"Consider your career," Randy said. "Smile for the columnist, dear. Where is David?"

Caroline said, "Why don't you get a new question? Maybe we'd know the answer."

"You can't be on a honeymoon and not know where your husband is!" Randy yelled.

"I can," said Ann.

"She came out last night without even a toothbrush," Caroline said. "She's been curled up beside me all night stuffing the pillow in her mouth so I wouldn't hear her cry. I must say I can think of things more conducive to sleep



A voice said, "Why shouldn't she mention me? I think it's only natural. May I meet your wife, David?" For a moment Ann thought she would snatch the poi cocktail from the waiter and throw it in Laurel's face

meymoon

than Ann when she's in a state." She sat up and balanced the breakfast tray precariously on the edge of the bed. "Now look here. Do you love David?"

"Oh you *are* a fool," Ann said crossly.

"Do you want to get him back?"

"Two," said Randy, "plus two equals four. If we get up to a hundred with this simple addition we'll have a hundred."

Ann said despairingly, "How can I get him back when I've never had him? You can't get around facts."

ILLUSTRATED BY
BRADSHAW CRANDELL



"You can change facts," Caroline said pointedly. "If you weren't married to David and you knew he was in love with somebody what would you do?"

"Nothing."

"No spirit," Caroline said disgustedly.

"Well, if a man is in love," Ann argued, "I've no right to step in."

Caroline moaned, "Now she's being fair. You can help anybody. A sick person, people who are broke, even lunatics can be helped . . . but when a person starts being *fair* . . ." She broke off and looked at Ann. "I'll go back. I'll forget all about this attack of fairness. Just don't do it again. If you knew David had tuberculosis, what would you do?"

"Go crazy."

"That would be a big help to David," Caroline said.

"He hasn't tuberculosis. He's healthy as anything. I was looking at him last night and I thought, 'He'll live for years and years and all those years he'll be living with Laurel.'"

Randy took a piece of cold toast and nibbled experimentally. "Not if the last attempt was any sample," he said.

"You'd try to cure him," said Caroline. "You'd lie awake nights thinking up new climates and new ways to fix milk so he'd like it. Wouldn't you?"

"I expect I would."

"Well," said Caroline. "Laurel's tuberculosis. And believe me, bad tuberculosis."

"No worse than a bad case of tuberculosis," Randy said.

"If you mean I should lie awake nights thinking up new ways to make my husband fall in love with me," Ann said, "I can't think of any more. I thought until I was dizzy before I married him."

"But you didn't lie awake thinking up ways to make him fall out of love with Laurel," said Caroline. "What does he like most about her?"

"Her," Ann said simply.

"Oh God," said Caroline, "with that brain how does anybody direct you? What does he hate most in a woman?"

"Hair on her upper lip and stealing his scenes," Ann said promptly.

Randy said, "Then that's settled. We'll grow some hair on Laurel's upper lip." He got up and wandered unsteadily toward the balcony looking for a place to lean. He found it and, closing his eyes, tried to recapture fragments of the night before. He'd met the pineapple man again after he had left Caroline, but what had happened? What was the man's name? Cooper? Cowper? Vosper? No, it began with an M. Muggins. Masters. Michaelmas. That was Christmas. Malvern. Mustang. That was a horse. Maverick. Calf. Mac. Mac something.

CAROLINE was getting into her Beatrice Fairfax role with a vim. "Now," she said, "if David's love for Laurel were absolutely invincible he wouldn't have been able to marry again. Therefore we are able to assume that to some extent his feelings are divided. You've come between, Ann, and no matter how small the wedge, it's still a wedge. Once there's a space between two people it can always be made bigger. It's half the battle."

Ann said disconsolately, "If you're going to hand me that old saw of making him see a lot of her, don't bother. I should invite her for luncheon, breakfast, tea and dinner. I should let her use my powder and cold cream. I should push her down his throat at every opportunity. Thanks for the advice, but I don't want it."

"Don't shove me back into the Victorian era," Caroline snapped. "I don't like it. What I intended saying was this: There's always a crucial point in a man's love for a woman. If, at that point, the woman does the right thing, the man goes on loving her. If it's the wrong thing he stops loving her without knowing it and from that point on everything is downhill. For instance, I stopped loving my first husband when he had pneumonia."

"What do I care when you stopped loving your first husband?"

"It's just an example," said Caroline. "It was really after, when he began whisking around closing windows and complaining to waiters about the fan being in the wrong place. For a year I couldn't figure out what was wrong with me and then I knew, suddenly. I was living with another Lazarus. Other people had lived through pneumonia and forgotten it, but not Lester. He clung to that pneumonia and lost me. But I shouldn't wonder if he didn't consider that a bargain."

"We're not getting anywhere," Ann said.

(Continued on page 89)



It was radio's loss, when Bill Lundigan of "The Sea Hawk" took a screen test



A girl who has used her head is Mary Howard of "Abe Lincoln in Illinois"



In real life Alan Marshal of "Irene" won his girl; but in the movies — never



The story of Donald Crisp of "The Sea Hawk" is also the story of Hollywood from its earliest flicker days

Albert Dekker, the fearful "Dr. Cyclops," has reason to gloat over the ever-so-slight slant to his eyes and pliable face

ROUND-UP OF

Here is our "Meet the People" department—designed to tell you the inside story of eight movie folk who are on their way—up!

BY SARA HAMILTON

Meet the People

TRULY there are goldmines in the sky of Hollywood. Unexpected veins of pure metal that run through the vast mountains of hope and despair. Often we unearth it in the least expected places; in the mind of an eager newcomer, for instance, or deep in the heart of a veteran whom we've never troubled to know. And so, this month, we go on our gold-digging way, bringing you both the young and the experienced of Hollywood, telling you a little of their lives, hopes, ideas and ambitions. Like our new hit show out here, we ask you out there to "Meet the People."

Of Human Bondi

Acid in her voice, love in her heart—how does she do it, this Beulah Bondi of Republic's "The Dark Command" and United Artists' "Our Town"? She has neither experienced overwhelming sorrow (except in average, human measure), and few people have seen her without the warm smile on her lips that springs from a very warm heart and a life of complete fulfillment. Yet, with one quick, easy gesture she can step before a camera and into her eyes will come brooding rebellion; into her voice, the acid quality; into her figure, hopeless despair.

"My face, my body, this visible me, is a malleable instrument through which I work," Beulah explained. "I get a character down deep inside and just naturally let it come out." Her handsome brown eyes smiled, "I'm even wearing a cotton undershirt for my role in 'Our



A smiler off-screen; a character actress on, is Beulah Bondi of "Our Town"



A forerunner of tomorrow is Lynn Bari of "The Life and Loves of Lillian Russell"



Irina Baronova of "Florian" is on her nimble toes when it comes to her career

familiar faces

Town.' I'd wear panties with ruffles if it helped."

There's an infectious good feeling about Bondi. She's caught, somehow, somewhere, the secret of living a life of awareness, the way it should be lived, and like lost sheep, people, all sorts of people, flock to her.

Interviewing Beulah is like trying to find out from the Grand Central Station Information desk, when the next train leaves for Hoboken. Interruptions are the order of the day. Guy Kibbee, for instance, popped into the dressing room to talk about food—it seems Guy and Beulah share a love of good food. And then Tommy Mitchell popped in to tell us that in his estimation Beulah is the *honestest,* most down-to-truth actress he knows. "Why, Tommy Mitchell," Beulah beamed, "that's the nicest compliment I ever had."

Bill Holden, eating an enormous hot dog (the hot-dog wagon comes right onto the set), trouped in to smile approval at Beulah. During shots her stand-in told us of Miss Bondi's unselfishness and constant kindness and tact. "I never felt like such a chump in my life," she laughed, "as the day I magnanimously offered to do for her any riding Miss Bondi might have to do in pictures. She smiled sweetly and thanked me. A little later I discovered she's an expert horsewoman who rides every day."

She's the first in her family to become an actress. Her mother had always wanted to be an actress and Beulah feels the ambition and training were passed on to her. For instance, she and her mother would go for a ride in the country. "How many sounds do you hear?" her mother would ask.

"A cowbell, a rooster crowing, the buzz of a bee," Beulah would answer. "No, there are more sounds," her mother would point out. "In the grass, a cricket; a bird over on that tree." In this way Beulah's senses were developed. She became aware.

Chicago gave her birth. Her father was a real estate broker there and after she'd finished Hyde Park High School, he sent Beulah to the Frances Shimer Academy and later to the Holy Name of Jesus and Mary Convent in Montreal. She finished her education at Valparaiso University, and then began her stage training at Maurice Brown's Little Theater in Chicago. Stuart Walker's stock company, in Minneapolis, and Elitch's Gardens in Denver were stopping places before Broadway—and "Saturday's Children," "Street Scene," "Christopher Bean," and other hits.

"Words spoken in sincerity reap a harvest," she feels. "If I could just play with such stars as Grant Mitchell and Louise Closser Hale," she used to say as a novice. Her first New York show was with Louise Closser Hale and Grant Mitchell in "One of the Family."

She came to Hollywood for "Street Scene" and stayed on to play in one great picture after another. Among them is that gem, "Make Way for Tomorrow."

She has never married. Her mother, past seventy, "smart as a steel trap," lives with her in their San Fernando Valley home, but Beulah spends most of her free days on a Victorville ranch, riding and enjoying her friends who congregate in droves wherever she happens to be; writers, thinkers, do-ers.

She has wit, gaiety, and ease of manner. "Each of us," she says, "creates his own little world of war or peace." Beulah's is a world of peace. A world that reaches out and gathers all who will come within its shining orbit.

The Boy From Syracuse

Movie actor, tell me why
You've grown almost to the sky?
Do you want to be a star
Even long before you are?
By: ME

Bill Lundigan is practically a mile high. Well, not a mile, maybe, but pretty nearly. The nice part of it, though, is that he's taken his boyishness up there with him, but occasionally it seems an awful lot of good-looking boy to have around.

"I've been like this, six-feet-two-inches, since I was a kid," he says, so of course he must be used to it, and in all probability just hasn't learned how (he's only twenty-six) to co-ordinate all of him harmoniously.

He was born in Syracuse, New York, of Michael F. and Martha Elizabeth O'Brien Lundigan. One of his father's shoe stores was in the building that housed the Syracuse Radio System, and after school and on Saturdays, when Bill was supposed to be helping his dad, he was, instead, exploring the wonders of radio. He explored himself right onto the air, too, with bits in plays and sketches. He even left the pre-law department of Syracuse University, to accept a radio announcing job, and thereby he became radio's youngest announcer. Four years later he met a movie scout who suggested a test for Universal. The test clicked, Bill said good-by to radio and came to Hollywood, possessed of a contract with Universal and a feeling he'd wake up any minute and find it all a dream. Instead he went right on dreaming through the reality of "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" and twenty-eleven other movies. The day his contract was up on that lot, he signed with Warners, made "Dodge City," "The Old Maid," "Three Cheers for the Irish," "The Fighting 69th," and is now sporting a beard to end all beards for his role in "The Sea Hawk." "Everyone thinks I'm with an Orson Welles unit," Bill says, fumbling at the beard.

When things began looking secure, he moved his father (retired), mother (amazed), and three brothers (younger), to Hollywood. Peaceably they all live together, although experience has taught Bill to expect no praise or awe from his family. The morning after sixteen-year-old Brother Bob took his girl to see "Dodge City," Bill waited around for a word of praise. Presently Bob looked up from his breakfast cereal

(Continued on page 92)



Father Prin (left) introduces Explorer Martin Johnson to some of his converts





I MARRIED Adventure

BY OSA JOHNSON

For thrills and excitement, there's nothing like spending your honeymoon on a cannibal island in the Pacific

The Johnsons' first trip to the island stronghold of Cannibal Chief Nagapate almost ended in death, but on their second visit under proper escort the chief posed with Martin for the picture at the top of the page. Above, Osa—star and author of Columbia's forthcoming film "I Married Adventure"—and a small, serious-minded native of the Island of Vao

The author's daring ventures in unexplored corners of the world have always been front page news, so the announcement that she is recording her fascinating experiences in a movie soon to be released is of special interest. For this reason PHOTOPLAY *is happy to publish this excerpt from the autobiography which has been chosen by the Book of the Month Club as its June presentation—"I Married Adventure," by Osa Johnson. Copyright 1940. Used by permission of J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Publishers.*

WE had just boarded the freighter *Sonoma* in San Francisco harbor, and I was practically beside myself.

Martin grinned. "Happy?"

"Oh, yes!" That's all I could say.

I had looked forward to getting on the boat and heading for the South Seas as the fulfillment of long-deferred hopes for Martin; that it would hold all this excitement for me was astonishing.

In the light of subsequent expeditions, our equipment was meager to the point of not being equipment at all. It consisted of one hand crank motion-picture camera, two still cameras with film packs, Jack London's original 30-30 Marlin rifle, two automatic revolvers, and of an importance and inadequacy which I look back on today with amazement, only six thousand feet of motion picture film. What with the difficulties and waste of outdoor photography, this, cut and edited, probably would net little more than footage enough for one short subject, but it was all we could afford.

I glanced at Martin. He was lazily relaxed against the railing.

"Well, aren't you excited?" I demanded.

"Fit to pop," he said.

"You don't look it," I said accusingly.

"Wait till you've embarked as often as I have," he grinned. "You're always excited, but you don't exactly break out in a rash. That only happens the first time."

Actually, for the first time since we were married, I think, I realized that my husband was a much-traveled man. I'd never be able to catch up with him, of that I was sure, but at least I could get over being a small-town Kansas girl. I determined to grow as fast as possible.

Captain Trask was a big man with a seamed, weathered face, a fine big nose and an air of awe-inspiring authority. I admired him very much and was prouder than ever of my husband when I saw how much the captain liked him. They talked a lot, of places and people I knew nothing about, so I decided the best thing for me would be to listen and learn—and all the more so because it was apparent that the captain had put me down as little, soft and generally useless. He had known Jack and Charmian London, and very pointedly every now and then—squinting at me under his heavy brows—he spoke of Charmian.

"There's a woman for you," he'd say. "She had the soft ways of a kitten and the heart of a lioness, and her beat never lived and never will."

All the way across *(Continued on page 81)*

Photoplay Presents

AS ITS MAY MOVIE BOOK,

THE FAMOUS AND ENTHRALLING BEST SELLER,

CONDENSED FOR BUSY READERS



It was a heartbreaking moment for William Essex (Brian Aherne) when he discovered that his son Oliver (Louis Hayward) was in love with Livia Vaynol (Madeleine Carroll)

My Son, My Son!

By HOWARD SPRING



From the soul of William Essex came this love for a son who should have everything the father had been denied—except beautiful Livia whom both loved, the son with all the eagerness of youth, the father with the desperation of middle age



The O'Riorden and Essex families at Heronwater (left to right)—Rory (Teddy Moorwood), Nellie (Josephine Hutchinson) and William Essex (Brian Aherne), Maeve (Brenda Henderson), Dermot (Henry Hull) and Sheila (Sophie Stewart), and Oliver (Scotty Beckett)

MY SON, MY SON!

BY HOWARD SPRING

I LIKED fetching the washing from the Moscrops', and my mother liked washing for Mrs. Moscrop better than for anybody else. That was because Mrs. Moscrop always wrapped a bar of yellow soap in with the washing. There wasn't anyone else who thought of a thing like that.

The Moscrops' shop stood on a corner. When I pushed open the door, there was the familiar, warm, foody smell all about me. Mrs. Moscrop, squat and rounded, came in from the parlor behind the shop. "Oh, the washing!" she said. "It's not quite ready. Just go and talk to Mr. Moscrop in the bakehouse."

Mr. Moscrop cast an eye at me now and then, but he did not speak till all the loaves were on the tables. Then he pulled towards him a long jam roll, took up a knife, struck off an inch or two, and pushed it towards me. In a voice as hoarse as though his throat were choked with flour, he said: "'Ave a pennorth."

But now my heart gave a thump. Two boys were standing outside the window. I knew they would still be there when I came out. They were. I was burdened with that monstrous bundle, the week's washing of the Moscrop family. The boys tore open the bundle, scattered its contents in the muddy lane, and ended by pushing me down into the sorry mess, snatching my cap from my head, and making off yelling the call with which they always assailed me: "Does your mother take in washing?"

Young as I was, I hated all the circumstances of my life. I hated the carrying of bundles of washing. I hated the turning of the mangle, and most of all I hated the close compression of a life that threw us all upon one another by day and night, and made us bite and snarl, and gave no one the chance to be alone. So that when I saw the fine rich houses of the Palatine Road, I burned to be as rich as the people who lived in them.

IT was because our foul range of dungeons miscalled a street was also called Shelley Street that a turn came to my career. In the pleasant rural part to which I had gone one day in my quest for herbs, I lay in the churchyard with my filled basket at my side, and with nothing to do but let the tranquillity of the day drift by till it was time to set out for home. The old man who came into my life at the moment was named Oliver—the Reverend Eustace Oliver.

I don't remember much of what we talked about that afternoon, except that he asked me my name and I said William Essex; and he asked me: "How old are you, William?" and I said twelve; and he asked me where I lived and I said Shelley Street. Then he smiled again, and showed me the book he was carrying, and said: "I often wander down Shelley Street myself."

I didn't know what he was talking about, and said: "I've never seen you there, sir," and he replied patiently: "No, no. I mean I read Shelley. This book, you see—these are Shelley's poems."

That meeting began an easy relationship between us which ended by his offering me employment. The wages were something ridiculous, but I was to have my keep, and Mr. Oliver said he would teach me to read and write. I didn't realize it at the time, but what had happened to me was a chance in a million: I had acquired, and kept for three years, a private tutor of exceptional intelligence and skill at his job.

We were occupied with this business of my education up to nine o'clock one May evening. It had been a beautiful day, and suddenly Mr. Oliver thrust away the work as though he were impatient with it. "That'll do for tonight, William," he said, and walked to the window to look out over the water-meadows towards the last flush of sunset that lingered in the sky. Then, as was his custom, he expressed his deepest emotion in a catchword. "The golden evening brightens in the west," he murmured. "Good night, William."

"Good night, sir," I said.

The next morning Mr. Oliver was found dead in his bed.

Mr. Oliver died on a Wednesday. His old friend, Mr. Summerway, a cotton merchant, offered me employment and told me to report to his office in Mosley Street on the following Monday.

"Report to Mr. O'Riorden," Summerway had said to me, and when I came in that morning out of the clear air of May I found Mr. O'Riorden before me. He looked at me from over the top of steel-rimmed spectacles, and said: "So you're Essex? Young and blooming. The good God help ye." He shook his head as though the sight of me filled him with intolerable sadness.

I spent a futile and unhappy morning. There was no place for me, there was no need for me, in the office. I was to receive fifteen shillings a week, and I saw no means of earning it.

At one o'clock O'Riorden said: "William, haven't you brought any lunch?"

"No, Mr. O'Riorden," I said.

"Then you'd better come with me."

I thanked him for bringing me out, and finding him in a friendly mood I suddenly blurted out the truth about my loneliness, of the life I had led for the last three years which had made the prospect of returning to live with my family in our dingy house so unpleasant that I had resolved not to go home again.

" 'Tis a hell of a thing," he said, looking at me compassionately, "when ye're not aisy with yer own flesh and blood. What would ye say now to coming home with me? There's only me an' the missus and Dermot. You'll have to share a room with Dermot. He's seventeen."

I lived with the O'Riordens for five years, and very happy years they were. I have the clearest recollection of the great kindliness with which I was received, of the simple frank acceptance of the fact that here was a boy whom Father had brought home because he wanted somewhere to live, and somewhere to live he should have.

Dermot was rather a pale-faced redhead, quite unlike either of his parents. His eyes were pale, and he had long gawky wrists covered with fine gold hair. He accepted me with the friendliness his mother had shown. He was working for a cabinetmaker, and as we shook hands I saw that there was a fine powdering of sawdust in his eyebrows and in the hair on his wrists.

That first night we ate Lancashire hot-pot, and then we ate apple dumplings and then we all had a cup of hot strong tea. It was a satisfactory evening meal as Lancashire understood it.

Afterwards Dermot made a sign with his head. "Come and have a look at this," he said.

We walked into the small shed which leaned against the end wall of the garden. "This is my place," Dermot said. "What d'you think of it?"

He ran his hand lovingly over a piece of work that stood on the bench, up and down the planks that leaned against the wall. "Oak. Ash. Walnut. Teak." His voice sounded as Mr. Oliver's had done when he was reading a poem.

I had evidence that first night of another passion in Dermot's life. Mr. and Mrs. O'Riorden had gone to bed when we came in from the workshop. Dermot took a candle and preceded me up the stairs to our room. The light of the candle fell upon a carved frame that hung on the wall. The frame was round a piece of parchment on which three names were inscribed in red ornamental lettering. I read them aloud: Allen, Larkin, O'Brien.

"Ever heard of them?" Dermot asked. I turned at the strange harshness of his voice and saw his eyes glinting green in the candlelight.

"No," I said.

"You'll hear about them some day. They were the Manchester Martyrs."

I WAS seventeen years old when I sat down on a winter night in the cold bedroom and, using the freezing marble slab of the washstand for a writing table, embarked upon a novel whose rich perspectives faded away into the distances of my mind clothed in all the circumstances of a *Copperfield* or *Newcome*.

That evening was notable because it was the beginning of long, gruelling work, and it was notable

too, because I found that all the bright ideas that filled my head were specters which retreated as I advanced upon them. They wouldn't be pinned down. It was a barren and humiliating evening.

And then Dermot came in, bringing Sheila Nolan with him. Dermot was nineteen then, and very tall, every hair of him red as a fox, but white in the face. Sheila Nolan was a dark slip of a thing: Dark waving hair framed her olive face that had a moist red mouth and eyes as black as blackberries and as glistening. She was a grand girl. They were married the next year.

WHEN Dermot was gone I began to feel miserable in Ancoats. I had an objective, but my scribbled exercise books were not satisfying things like Dermot's chairs and tables and sideboards. And I wanted money. I did not think my writing would ever bring me much. But money I must have.

There was a horse-omnibus at that time running between Manchester and Didsbury. I often traveled by it on a Saturday afternoon as far as the Old Cock inn, drank a glass of beer, and walked back along the Palatine Road into Manchester.

On one of those walks I found myself standing in what had once seemed so golden an oasis: The patch of yellow light in front of Moscrop's shop. It had always been a friendly place to me, and, impelled by a craving for company, I pushed the door. The well-remembered bell gave its unmusical "tang"; the warm familiar odor of new bread and spiced cake came to my nostrils. But the dear little squat figure of Mrs. Moscrop was not behind the counter. Instead, there was a girl whom I did not recognize, a plain and dowdy creature, who did not look any the more handsome now because she was trembling with fright.

The cause of her fright did not recognize me, but I knew him at once for one of my tormentors in days of old, one of the boys who had pursued me and trampled upon the washing. The whole scene rushed back upon me; my agony of humiliation, my mother's face when she looked upon the filthy mess that I had brought home. I could hardly see the man before me, because of the tides of hate that surged suddenly into my head and clouded my eyes.

Of all this the young man was unaware. In a loud voice he was addressing the girl who shivered behind the counter: "And you can tell Mr. Moscrop that in future 'e can drive 'is own 'orse—see? If you can call the spavined, wind-broken, galled creature an 'orse—see?"

The words fell like blows upon the girl. She clapped her hands over her ears and was near to sobbing.

"Dainty, ain't yer?" the man went on. "Yes, dainty an' religious, too. I know. Yer don't like my language, do yer? An' I don't like this job. I won't be 'ere on Monday. Wot about a nice bit o' cake for a partin' gift?"

He strode towards the counter and made a grab at a fine Dundee cake. The girl grabbed at the same time, and the cake was crumbling beneath their pulling hands. Then the man lifted a hand to strike, but at that moment all the emotions that were tormenting me came to a head in a red fury. I had never struck a man in anger before, and instinct rather than science went into the blow. I caught him under the chin with all the weight of my body behind my fist. He went down with a grunt, and didn't move. There was an empty flour sack lying in a corner of the shop. I pulled it over his head, stuffed the cake in after him, and without a word to the girl hauled him out onto the pavement.

WHEN I got back to the shop, old Moscrop was sitting in an armchair in the middle of it. The girl was still behind the counter, reading now. I could see at a glance that the book she held was the Bible. Old Moscrop had changed. He had always been a stout man. Now he was immense.

He didn't stir when I came into the shop. Only the lids of his eyes went up, and he said in a voice that seemed to come whistling and wheezing out of a complicated series of tubes: "Well! William, isn't it? William Essex?"

Even so few words seemed to exhaust him. His great chest heaved and he gasped for breath. The girl pushed up the hinged part of the counter and came and knelt beside him. I recognized her now. She was Nellie Moscrop, the ugly shy little girl whom I used to see sometimes peeping from the parlor into the shop, always with a finger in her mouth. As she came out now from behind the counter, I saw that she really had hardly changed at all, except to become bigger and ungainlier and, if possible, shyer. But she gave me a timid smile, and said: "Thank you for helping me just now," and then to her father she said: "I'll light one of your pastilles."

From a box she took a pastille, placed it on a saucer, and put a light to it. Heavy fumes began to fill the room, and Moscrop's large nostrils flared as he breathed them in.

"He's a bad lot, yon Ackroyd," old Moscrop said. "He's been driving the van for a month, forgetting half the customers, and coming back drunk as often as not. If he hadn't cleared out, I'd have cleared him. And now there's Monday."

So we talked, and it was evident that the old fellow was pleased to spread out his little worries. His wife had been dead for two years. His own health was very bad. He could no longer do anything but supervise. He had a man working in the bakehouse.

"Then there's the man to do the round," he said. "And no one to do it, anyway, on Monday. And what about you, William? What have you been doing all these years?"

I told him as much as I wanted him to know. He looked at me shrewdly. "You sound restless. You don't sound settled," he said. "What about doing the round on Monday?"

The question took me so much by surprise that I broke into a roar of laughter. The idea of driving a baker's van as the next step in the career of a man who intended to be very rich seemed gloriously comic. Nellie look at me reproachfully. "It was my idea," she said. "I suggested it to Father. You'd live in, of course."

And suddenly I perceived that the old man and the girl deeply desired this to happen. They were lonely and helpless. My blow had introduced me in the character of a hero. Something in the situation suggested to my mind that it had advantages. So I said: "Forgive my laughter, Mr. Moscrop. It was just the idea of laying a man out and then stealing his job. I'd like to come to you. I don't know anything about the work. But I'd like to come."

Thus it was that I became deeply acquainted with the solid comfort of the Moscrop household. These were the cosiest private quarters I had ever struck. My hopes of writing soared.

In this happy and hopeful mood, I put my few clothes away, arranged my books on the top of the chest of drawers, and sat down for a moment in the wicker chair to give myself a sense of proprietorship. Then I put a writing pad and a pen on the table. Yes; it looked very workmanlike. I put out the gas and when I got downstairs, I found Moscrop was settling down for the evening. "Well?" he asked.

"You're being too kind to me, Mr. Moscrop," I said. "It's a lovely room, and I'm going to be very comfortable in it."

"That's all Nellie's doing. And now I want you to do something for her. Just go along to chapel with her this evening. I don't like Nellie coming home from the evening service alone."

The proposal took me aback. I had never attended a chapel in my life. Always, while I lived at Mr. Oliver's, I had attended service in church twice on a Sunday. Since leaving him I had gone nowhere. I was impelled to blurt out some excuse; but Nellie, standing there as though in no possible doubt of my compliance, weakened me. "Right," I said, "I'll go up and get my overcoat."

I AM not going on from this to tell you that a change came over my spiritual life from that night. Nothing of the sort. The significance of that night was that it was the first step towards my marriage with Nellie Moscrop. Accompanying Nellie became a habit, and the habit landed me into marriage; but a good deal was to happen before that.

To begin with, there was the business of learning the bread round. A few days told me all I wanted to know about that.

Driving up and down the little streets, watching the grey plumes of smoke rise so numberlessly over the houses, into the clear cold blue one winter day, I began to feel the fascination of all these lives, to realize that here under my hand and eye were tales without end. An impatience stirred in me to be back at Moscrop's, to get to my room, and to begin some work that would matter.

When supper was cleared away that night Moscrop asked: "Would you like to go with Nellie tonight?" "I'd rather not—not now. I rather wanted to work tonight. You see, I'm trying to write a book."

Then I noticed Nellie's face. It was lit up with excitement. She was gazing at me as though I had just been made poet laureate. "How marvelous!" she said. "A book!" I had never seen her so animated. "I shall pray for its success and your success as a writer," she said, very sincerely.

Old Moscrop said: "But what about the bakery when I'm gone?" And there it was, the cat out of the bag, all that he had been turning over in his heavy mind during the last few days suddenly revealed. Nellie flushed and went quickly away.

THE farthest point of the bread round touched the comfortable suburb of Withington, and on a day in the following October as I was driving down a Withington street I was hailed by name. "Hi, Bill!" Dermot O'Riorden was leaning from a bedroom window. I pulled up, and soon Dermot came running down the short garden path. I fastened the horse's reins to a ring in the coachhouse wall, and walked with Dermot to the front door.

"You're looking prosperous." I said. "This your house?"

"No," said Dermot. "This is a job I've been doing—the biggest job I've had yet. I'm not just a cabinetmaker any more. I take over the whole show and make it beautiful. And I want to find a new name for myself. How's this: Maker of beautiful furniture and decorator of interiors?"

Common enough now. Everyone is an interior decorator today. But Dermot O'Riorden was the first man I heard use the words.

"Hallo, there! Anyone in?" a voice shouted from the hall, and Sheila walked into the room, carrying a basket. "The boss's lunch," she said. She shook hands and invited me to share the lunch. "There's enough for three."

But it was already more than time that I was off.

"You must come and see us, Bill," Sheila said then. "Tomorrow night?"

I said I'd be there. Then I left, leaving Sheila unpacking the lunch basket on the lovely table. I shouted back through the open window: "I may bring a friend."

Now why had I said that? Why did the idea come to me to take Nellie Moscrop to see Dermot and Sheila?

Altogether, there was no doubt that Nellie was in love with me. I didn't feel even an egotistical pride that, without effort, I had achieved this miracle. It was hardly possible to conceive one human being less enthusiastic about another than I was about Nellie. And yet those words I had shouted to Dermot put the whole situation on a different footing. Hitherto, we had gone nowhere together save at her invitation. Now, for the first time, I was proposing to invite her. The words had come almost unconsciously to my lips. I remembered old Moscrop's question: "But what about the bakery when I'm gone?" Was that it? The bakery was not grandeur, but it was a sort of security. It was a place where a man could be his own boss, and get down in comfort to other things which he might wish to do. I was not aghast at this sudden beam of insight into my own mind. I just shut off the beam quickly and drove home.



We walked all the way to Dermot's house the next night. Dermot and Sheila both came to the door full of welcome, and when they had drawn us into their sitting room, even Nellie's reticence dropped enough to permit the exclamation to be drawn from her: "How beautiful!"

"Just advertisement," said Dermot. "I've got to stun my clients."

He produced a bottle of wine from the dresser. "This to grace a rare occasion," he announced, "the receipt by Dermot O'Riorden of his first check. My client has paid up today, with a handsome testimonial thrown in." He held the bottle of burgundy towards Nellie's glass. "Miss Moscrop, permit me."

Nellie, with a little panic-stricken gesture, placed her hand over the glass. "I'm a teetotaler," she said, in a small frightened voice. Sheila at once filled her glass from the water jug.

"You, Bill?" Dermot asked.

"Yes. We must drink to the check."

We drank to the check, and Dermot and Sheila drank to me and Nellie, and we then drank to them. It was all rather silly and childish, but happy and friendly, and when the two girls had put on aprons and carried the things to the scullery, Dermot and I went back to the sitting room. He took out a tobacco pouch and began to fill a pipe. "My latest vice," he said. "Haven't you taken to it?"

"No."

"Oh, you must," he said. "That's what's wrong with your writing. Come on now, I insist on buying you a pipe out of my first check. You buy me something when you get yours."

"Good. That's a bargain."

He shouted to Sheila that he'd be back in a minute, and we plunged out into the short bleak street to the tobacconist's shop on the corner. Dermot bought me the best brier pipe the shop had, together with an ounce of Smith's Glasgow Mixture, and I bought myself a red rubber tobacco pouch. The counter was strewn with cheap periodicals. Dermot took one up. It was called *Titbits*. "Stick that in your pocket and study it when you get home," he said. "That's how you'll make money to begin with."

Then we wandered back through the cold foggy dark. It was not till we were just outside the door that Dermot said: "That girl's in love with you. Did you know that?"

"Yes."

"So long as you know. She's a good girl."

Midnight! When I told Nellie the time, she nearly fainted. She had never before been out at midnight. Late hours and sin were almost synonymous in her mind. We left hastily for home.

As I followed Nellie into the house I sensed that something was wrong. The pungent smell of old Moscrop's asthma pastilles filled the place. I had expected the old man to be in bed, but I found him, gripping the arms of his chair, his whole body rigid. The wheezing of his labored breath filled the room.

"I'll get the doctor," I said.

The doctor himself helped me to put Moscrop to bed. When we came down, he said: "You ought to know that the old boy's in a rotten way. Asthma's bad enough but the old man's heart's in a frightful state. He may live for years. He may pass out next time he has an attack."

I sat down in the old man's big chair and pondered over the evening and when I rose to go at last to bed, I knocked off the arm of the chair a sheaf of papers, and as I picked them up my eye ran over a page covered with penciled figures. "Say £5250," I read; then shamelessly I read the whole thing through. Moscrop had been figuring out the pros and cons of his earthly goods, and had arrived at the conclusion that he was worth "say £5250."

It was a surprisingly large sum for a back-street baker, but the paper showed that he had made a few farseeing investments. It would be a comfortable sum for a man to have behind him if he wanted to write. At that thought, I sat down again and pondered my position. In cold blood I made up my mind then and there to marry Nellie Moscrop.

THE room which had been my bed-sitting-room became now my study. I moved into Nellie's bedroom, and that was the only change in domestic habits brought about by the wedding. I was afraid that Nellie would be possessive, that she would want me now to spend all my spare time with her and Moscrop, but nothing of the sort happened.

When my day's work was over, Nellie would chase me away to my study. "Get on with your book," she would say, and old Moscrop would lift his heavy lids and say: "Aye, she'll make a great man of you."

But in my study, which I had managed to make cosy with bookshelves and a carpet, I was not working at a book. The paper called *Titbits* which Dermot had thrust into my hand was occupying my attention. The sort of stuff it contained seemed so easy to write, and yet I think I tore up twenty efforts before I had completed one that I liked. It was called "Lodging-Houses in Winter." *Titbits* accepted it, printed it, and paid me thirty shillings for it. That article hangs in my study today. I suppose I am a sentimentalist, but I wouldn't sell for a lot of money that framed article.

There was great excitement at Moscrop's when that first check came. The old man advised the opening of a bank account, venturing to coin a phrase about saving the shillings and the pounds taking care of themselves. Nellie was as pleased and excited as though another "Jane Eyre" had come out of the purlieus of Hulme. But I remembered my promise to give Dermot a present out of my first check. I bought him a silver-headed malacca cane, and on a February night I walked around to Ancoats with it.

"You're just in time to see the grand performance," said Sheila, who came to the door.

In the kitchen Dermot sat at the table on which were spread dozens of small pieces of carved boxwood. "Feel it," he said, pushing one across to me. "It's like ivory."

It was: A minute but lovely bit of carving.

"But what are they?" I asked.

"Toys for Rory," Sheila said with a happy smile, leaning on the back of Dermot's chair.

Dermot began fitting the pieces together. "It's an old English village, you see," he said, "every detail guaranteed true to the facts of the case. Any child can put it together."

"*Any child?*" I said.

"Well," he laughed, "any child that's lucky enough to have it, and that'll be Rory."

But I was thinking far beyond that now. "Dermot," I said, as he packed the pieces into a box he had made, "let me take these home to show them to Nellie, will you? Rory won't be born for a month, you know, and he won't be fitting these things together for a bit after that."

"Go on then," said Dermot, "but mind what you're doing with them."

Then I produced the malacca cane and told him about the article in *Titbits*. We drank to it in a glass of stout apiece—but if they had known how far that article was by now from my mind! With the precious box under my arm I hurried away, my head swimming with grandiose dreams.

THAT was how the business began which was known as "Easifix Toys." It was a good thing that I had faith. No one else believed in Easifix Toys. Dermot thought it was an amusing pastime. Certainly he'd carve his little toys. It gave him something to do in the evenings. Especially now that Sheila couldn't go out. For there was Maeve to look after now. Not Rory, but Maeve—Maeve with a black down on her head and her little monkey face puckered in a grin half the day. And there'd be Rory all right some day. Never doubt it.

So Dermot carved away, and his pale eyes lighted with laughter at my enthusiasm. "Ach," he said, "it'll be money for jam—if it comes off." And then, more gravely: "But, Bill, I don't like it. There are you, putting your capital into this thing, and all I have to do is what I'd be doing anyway. And yet you call me a director, and we split fifty-fifty. It's not sense."

"Fifty-fifty's fair," I argued. "You showed me an outlet for my capital that I'd never have thought of without you."

"Your capital, my hat!" Sheila mocked; and of course that was a sore point for it wasn't my capital at all. It was Nellie's capital.

I was thinking of that as I sat one morning at breakfast. Alone with Nellie. There was no Moscrop now. Of course there was no Moscrop, or there would have been no capital.

I had been unable to interest her in the affairs of the Easifix Company. Moscrop had left nearer six than five thousand pounds. Every penny was hers, and I found it no easy matter to open the subject of throwing the money upon the waters in the hope of a goodly return. But once I had done so, she was acquiescent, resigned. If she had heartily backed the gamble, I could more bravely have faced failure. But to lose the money of this spiritless woman would have cut me deeply.

Nellie did not like to see anything changed, but change enough soon came. I had finished with Moscrop's bakery for good. It continued to exist, but an efficient man ran it. All my time now was being given to Easifix Toys.

We were all going ahead. Dermot had his fine new showrooms. There was his new house, too. He had moved in last week. "I don't want Rory to be born in Ancoats," he said, because now Rory was on the way once more. "And I want to show off, too," he added, with a grin. "I'm having a grand party to warm the house. Grand for me, anyway. There'll be four of us: me and Sheila, you and Nellie." He paused for an almost imperceptible moment, then added: "If Nellie'd care to come?" People were beginning to feel like that about Nellie.

She came, though. I think she felt rather uncomfortable in Dermot's house. It was a great contrast to the cosy jumble of our own place. Six candles without shades burned in a row down the long table, which Sheila had laid beautifully. "Not that I ought to be here," she said with a laugh. "The man's mad, asking people tonight, with Rory expected at any minute. Ach, ye young devil, I wouldn't be surprised if ye interrupted the party."

Nellie gave her a shocked and wondering look; but Sheila took her gaily by the arm and led her away to see little Maeve, who had been put to bed.

Sheila's prophecy that the baby would interrupt the party was fulfilled. Late that night when the doctor and nurse were upstairs with her, and Nellie had departed for home, Dermot and I were in the small coachhouse at the side of the garden which he had fitted up into a lovely workshop. As a man will at such times, Dermot began talking about the plans he had for his son, and his plan was that Rory should enter into the bitter fight of freeing Ireland from England, as Dermot himself had hoped to do.

"If I could have gone to Ireland," he said, "and worked for Ireland—in Ireland—and perhaps died for Ireland, I'd have done it. But I had to work for my living and then I got married and there's Maeve and there'll be more. I've had to choose what channels I should put my energies into and I've chosen for good and all. But I'm no less an Irishman for that. I can still give something to Ireland. All that I should have liked to do can still be done. If I have a son it shall be done. My son shall go to Ireland. He shall learn to be an Irishman, as I am not. So now you know what I want most passionately in this world for my son." His rare pale smile lit his face. "And what about you, Bill?" he said. "What's your scheme for the next generation?"

I recharged and lit my pipe before answering. "Well, Dermot, it comes to roughly what you want yourself. That is to say, I want to realize in my son all that I have missed myself. I've been poor in a way that even you have never known. I've been lonely and miserable and lacking in all that children should have in a decent world. If I have a son, I just want him to have everything. I'll work my fingers to the bone to give him everything he asks for and, seeing him enjoying it, I'll enjoy it myself and live my life over again from the beginning, but differently. Do you approve?"

He looked at me gravely. "I don't know," he said. "You'll spoil him."

"I'll chance it. I'll give him a lovely life."

And so, Rory, and so, Oliver, we settled your destiny for you, Dermot and I, sitting there in that room at midnight with the smoke from our pipes dimming the light, and the merciful veils of the future dimming our eyes.

BUT Rory was not born that night. That time it was Eileen; and when Rory was born I was not so excited, because Oliver was born the same night.

Before we were married, Nellie always called me Bill. Now she called me William. I hated being called William, but Bill was too frivolous for Nellie when she had fully entered into a matron's estate.

When Eileen O'Riorden was three months old, I walked home from Dermot's house full of discontents. It was an August day, and the pavements sweltered. The thought of Dermot's home with its little garden, its few trees and bushes suddenly made me resolve to have done with Hulme forever.

In this mood I reached home, and walked into the living room. As soon as I entered Nellie said: "William, I'm going to have a child."

I felt neither glad nor sorry, simply surprised, so surprised that I said nothing. Nellie asked: "Aren't you glad?" And I said: "Yes, my dear. Yes, of course. I hope it'll be a boy."

"I want a daughter," she said.

"Well, whichever it is," I told her, "don't let's have it born here. We're well off, Nellie, and we're going to be better off. Let's get out of Hulme and let the child have a start in fresh air with something beautiful to look at."

"But, William, I've spent all my life here. . . ."

I said no more that night. But the next day I wandered along the Wilmslow Road till I came to a little lane leading down to the Mersey, and just beyond that was a house standing back from the road at the end of a long narrow garden. A noticeboard said "To Let."

It was called The Beeches, and I knew I was going to live at The Beeches as soon as I had pushed open the front gate. Under Dermot's advice, I had the place decorated from top to bottom before a word was said to Nellie.

We let Nellie into the secret bit by bit, and she rather grudgingly allowed herself to be persuaded. There was a Wesleyan chapel a few hundred yards down the road, and I think that helped.

On a May midnight in the following year, when the beech leaves in the garden were in their loveliest green, I walked up and down, up and down, while a cold moon climbed over, and the leaves sighed and murmured. When they told me I could see Nellie and the child I crept upstairs with a heart near to bursting. It was not till I had left the room again that I realized I had hardly looked at Nellie. I brought out with me nothing but a memory of a small face with eyes serenely closed, and a little down-tufted skull, and a long thin hand exquisitely shaped, into which I longed to pour the world.

A few hours earlier Sheila's third child was born, and that time it was Rory.

PART II

IT was a hot June day. From the dining room, while I ate my lunch, I could look down the long garden and see the perambulator in the shade of the beeches. I liked it to be there, where I could see it and think of Oliver's blue eyes gazing up into the wonderland of waving leaves.

"May I wheel him out this afternoon?" I asked.

Nellie looked at me with her myopic eyes. "Can I

trust you to be careful?" she asked.

"You can that."

"Well, don't be away for more than an hour or an hour and a half."

A moment later I was pushing Oliver along the Wilmslow Road, putting my educational theories into practice. No baby-talk. "Trees!" I exclaimed as we passed beneath the green branches that hung over garden walls; and "Horses!" I said boldly as they trotted by. But Oliver's silken lids had fallen over his eyes and his head drooped sideways on his neck like a heavy flower on its stalk.

I had reached the gates of the large house called the Priory, when coming towards me from the Withington direction I saw Dermot, pushing a pram. "I was bringing Rory to see you," he shouted when he was twenty yards away.

"I was bringing Oliver to see you."

The prams came to a halt. Dermot bent over Oliver's pram, and I bent over Rory's. Rory was awake, feet kicking, grey eyes looking earnestly up at the leaves above him.

"This beggar's asleep," said Dermot. "I wanted them to meet."

"Put your hand behind his back and lift him up," I said.

So Dermot heaved Oliver to a sitting position and held him there, and I held Rory. Oliver opened his eyes, and the two children gazed at one another for a moment with solemn scrutiny. Then Oliver's face puckered up in smiles, and Rory, after a doubtful moment, smiled too. They leaned towards one another, and soon their hands met and their fingers interlaced. They clutched, smiling broadly.

"Well, what d'you think of that?" said Dermot. "Shaking hands at one month! If these two don't make good friends, no one ever will."

MY visual memory is very good. In memory now I am sitting at the window of my study, looking down the long garden. A year has passed since the day when Rory and Oliver met. It is a hot, still day, and an extraordinary sense of contentment is in my heart. On the desk is a novel called "The Unkindest Cut." I look again and again at the title page. "By William Essex." I can't get over it. I never have got over the excitement of seeing my name on a title page; but that first time it was like an exaltation. The book had arrived that morning.

In the garden, Nellie and Sheila sat sewing. The children were sprawling on the lawn: Maeve, who was now a beautiful child, Eileen, Rory, and Oliver.

Maeve had ranged the three of them on cushions. "Eileen is fat," she chanted. "She will never be as beautiful as Maeve, because Maeve is an Irish queen."

"Maeve is a conceited little monkey," Sheila shouted.

Maeve went on unperturbed. "Rory is a dark fat baby, but Rory is a better boy than Oliver. Oliver is the most beautiful baby I have ever seen. But I do not like Oliver. If I put my finger in Rory's mouth, Rory sucks it. But if I put my finger in Oliver's mouth, he tries to bite it."

Nellie said nothing, but her lip trembled.

Another vivid memory is the winter after Oliver's sixth birthday. We had extended the times of our intimacy. Instead of reading to him after he had been put to bed, I now had him in my study every evening between tea time and his bedtime, which was at half-past six.

Well, one night Oliver was in a talkative mood. He roamed along the bookcases, and presently pulled out a book at random and looked through it, as he would often do, for a word he didn't know. It was one of our favorite games at that time. Endless "conversations," which he loved, began with a word. I lit my pipe and waited for him. He brought the book to the hearthrug and lay at my feet. "Covetousness," he announced at last, boggling the pronunciation. "What does covetousness mean?"

"It means wanting what isn't yours."

"Is covetousness wrong?" he asked, stumbling again at the word.

"It's like a great many other things, my dear boy. If you allow it to get the upper hand of you, so that you would even steal in order to have the thing you covet, then it is wrong. You see that, don't you?" He nodded gravely.

Then we were interrupted. There was a loud tattoo at the door, and Dermot's voice shouted: "May I come in, Bill?"

Rory was with him, and Rory rushed into the room, shouting: "Where's 'The Cuckoo Clock?' I want 'The Cuckoo Clock.'"

"You want a smack on the bottom," said Dermot, his red beard bristling with mock anger. "Is that the way to dash into a gentleman's room, heathen that you are? Say good evening to your Uncle Bill."

"I left 'The Cuckoo Clock' yesterday," said Rory. "We read it in your room, and I left it there."

"You took it home," Oliver said.

"He did not then, my young cock," said Dermot, "unless he lost it on the way, because I was there when he got home, and there was no book with him."

Oliver looked Dermot full in the eye. "We'd better look in my room," he said.

We cast our eyes along the books in the case. There was no "Cuckoo Clock," but there was a book I had not seen before, and I thought I knew every book in that small library, which I had myself assembled. The book that caught my eye had been covered in brown paper, and in gaudy lettering done in water color I read: "Adventures."

I pulled the book out. "This is a new one," I said. "Where did you get this from, Oliver?"

He leapt to take the book from me. I held him back with one hand, surprised at his sudden vehemence. "Here—steady!" I said. Then, as I began to flip over the pages, the color drained from his face and he stood deathly still. I felt my heart suddenly hammer, and I wondered if I looked as pale as he did. "The Cuckoo Clock," I read at the top of every page as it flipped past my eyes. Cuckoo Clock! Cuckoo Clock! Liar! Thief! Oliver!

"This looks good," I said. "We'll go through it together. Well, Dermot, you've drawn a blank. Are you sure you didn't lose the book, Rory?"

Rory looked doubtful. "I might've done," he said.

The color flowed back to Oliver's cheeks. "You must have done!" he cried, and for the first time in my life I could have struck him.

Dermot led Rory from the room. In a moment I tore the wrapping from the book, dropped it behind the bookcase, and threw the book into Oliver's easy chair sticking a cushion on top of it. Then I shouted: "Just a minute, Dermot—a last chance"; and when he and Rory were back in the room I pulled away the cushion. Rory's face creased in his ugly, attractive grin. "I *knew*," he said, and went away happy with his treasure.

I didn't know what to do. I looked at Oliver for a moment, and he returned my look, level and unblinking. Then he smiled, the beautiful smile, confident of its power, that I had never been able to resist. I did not return it.

"Oliver," I said, "why did you steal Rory's book?"

"I didn't steal it."

"But there it was—in your bookcase. You must have put it there?"

"Yes."

"And you covered it and wrote 'Adventures' on it so that Rory wouldn't know it was his book."

"Yes."

"And you said that Rory had taken it with him, though you knew he hadn't. Wasn't that a lie?"

"Yes, it was a lie. But I didn't steal the book."

"If that isn't stealing, what do you call it?"

"Don't you see?" he said frankly. "I took it because it was Rory's. I love Rory. I wanted to have something belonging to Rory. Rory loves 'The Cuckoo Clock,' so I wanted to have it. You believe what I said, don't you," he asked.

"Yes, old boy."



Nellie said I was spoiling Oliver. "Do you think it's nothing to me to see him growing up to be a cheat and a liar?" she demanded

'Then that's all right." He gave a great sigh as though my good opinion were all that mattered.

I was about to run straight to my study, when the drawing-room door opened and Nellie came out. She stood like a grey uneasy ghost in the doorway, and said: "What are you going to do about Oliver?"

"Do?" I said.

She swung round, and said in a rising voice: "Whether I'm anything to you or not, I'm the child's mother. D'you think it doesn't matter to me that he's growing up a cheat and a liar?" I had never known her so perturbed. "What are you going to do about it?" she insisted.

"I don't see that we can do anything except give the boy our care and love."

At that she laughed, almost hysterically. "Love!" she cried. "A pretty idea you've got of love! Do you call it love to bring a child up to think he can do what he likes without taking the consequences? Give him everything—more money in a week than I saw in a year at his age, more clothes than any child needs, presents, games, expensive schools, everything he fancies or dreams of—give it to him—that's your idea of love. Well, it isn't mine.

"Oliver is my child," she continued, "as well as yours. Bear that in mind. I know I'm nobody in this house. But so far as Oliver's concerned, I'm going to exist from now on. D'you hear?"

"What do you propose should be done about the present case?" I asked as calmly as I could.

"I think he should be thrashed."

"I don't."

"You haven't got the strength to do your duty."

"Put it that way if you like. If you have no other suggestion, I may as well go."

I went in my room I drew the curtains but did not light the lamp. I sat in the dark, in no mood to read or to write. I heard Nellie's step pass the door, and assumed that she was going to bed. A moment later Oliver's voice could be heard, murmuring uncertainly, as though he had been awakened from sleep. Then the voice sharpened to a cry of protest: "No! Don't!"

I leapt from the chair, and as I hurried across the landing that divided my room from his, he gave a howl of pain. Nellie had pulled back the bedclothes and stripped off his pajama jacket. With her left hand she was holding Oliver face-downward on the bed. With her right she was lashing his back with a cane. "Cheat! Liar! Thief!" she cried. Her face was inhuman with cold fury. The child's cries tore my heart, and every blow seemed to bite into my own shrinking flesh.

I was across the room in a stride, and seized her wrist as her hand was aloft for another blow. "Stop!" I shouted. "Are you mad?"

She turned towards me, panting. "I am doing your work," she gasped.

Oliver had stopped shrieking when the blows ceased. He lay with his head buried in his arms, his body shaking with sobs. I tore the cane from Nellie's hand and swung it up over my head.

She faced me calmly, though her breast was stormy with effort and emotion. "Strike me," she said. "That's all it needs now—strike me."

My arm, lifted above my head, remained as though frozen, and then suddenly I felt the cane wrested from my hand. Oliver had leapt erect upon the bed. "Don't!" he screamed hysterically. "Don't hit my mother!" He lashed with the cane swiftly at my head, his face contorted with passion. I ducked, and took the puny blow on my shoulder. Then, as though all life had gone suddenly out of her, Nellie collapsed in a weeping heap upon the bed. Oliver threw the cane to the floor, knelt over her, fondling her and murmuring endearments. She cast herself full-length on the bed and took him in the crook of her arm. "Oliver! Darling—my darling!" she sobbed, and he snuggled closer to her, crooning like a dove. "Mummy! Dear, dear mummy!"

I shook my head as though to clear it of illusions and went back to my room.

IT was Dermot who found Heronwater. He was staying then in Falmouth. I had been working hard, and welcomed the excuse to take a few days' holiday. I packed a bag and traveled to London, saw my publishers, stayed the night at the old Golden Cross Hotel, and left for Falmouth the next morning. Dermot was waiting at the station.

Looking ahead as the boat chugged forward, I could see on the right-hand bank a small landing place. As we drew nearer, it defined itself as a quay whose side to the water had been stoutly fortified by a wall of grey granite blocks. There were steps leading up to the level land that had been cut in the bank. A few sheds stood there, and behind them the trees rose to the line of the blue sky.

"Look!" said Dermot. "Halfway up. Can you see the house?"

You could just see it, deep among the cliff-side trees, and you could not imagine anything more peaceful, anything more free from strain and fret, than that house with the elms and oaks about it, and the water below it, and the lift of the sky above it.

"That's it," said Dermot. "That's what I brought you to see."

The engine was shut off. In perfect silence the boat drifted in to the steps. The boatman grasped a ring in the wall and we stepped ashore.

"Heronwater," said Dermot. "That's what they call this place. Lovely, isn't it?" He strutted up and down the little quarterdeck of quay. "The place is for sale," he added casually. "I thought you might like to buy it."

I nearly fell off the log. "Have you had the cheek to drag me down here to make an idiotic proposal like that?" I said. But even as I spoke I knew that the idea had hit at my imagination.

AND so it was that I bought Heronwater, and it became a convention for the O'Riorden and Essex families to spend August there. Those holidays now telescope themselves in my memory. There is the memory of Captain Judas, whose boat the *Jezebel*, was always anchored off shore. A queer, lovable old man, in whose mind an early sea disaster and the fact that his name was Jude Iscott had developed the illusion that he was Judas Iscariot, falsely accused of betraying his Master. In Oliver, Captain Judas fancied he beheld the young Christ, and this belief led him to an adoration of the lad almost as great as my own.

There is the memory of the summer that Kevin Donnelly and his daughter Maggie visited us. Kevin was a Dublin printer, a power in the movement

to free Ireland, and Dermot's admiration for the man caused him to plan to send Rory the next year to live with the Donnellys and under Kevin's tutelage take up the fight. Maggie was the same age as Oliver and Rory, a serious grey-eyed child so like Rory that it seemed inevitable even then that some day they should marry.

PART III

NELLIE was warmer in her manner towards me these days. I was forty. She was a year older. We had been married for nineteen years. Each of us realized the limitations of that companionship. Nothing had ever set it on fire; nothing had given it glory. During the last couple of years its comfortableness had deepened. I think perhaps Nellie was glad to have me to herself. Dermot and Sheila had gone to live in London, taking Eileen with them. Maeve was playing her first part in a London theater. I hadn't seen her in it. I should have to run up to town soon. Her work, when I had seen her once or twice with the Mary Latter Company in Manchester, had surprised and thrilled me.

Rory was in Dublin. I knew less of him than of the others. He had written occasionally to Oliver, but now Oliver was away at school, so I didn't see even the letters.

An inexpressible sadness settled upon me. I felt that a phase of my life was ended. Oliver gone. The one family in Manchester that had meant anything to me gone. Nellie was still there, sensing my trouble, being maternal.

Prowling about, restless as a beast in a zoo cage, fiddling with this and that, I knew suddenly that I would write no more novels about Manchester. I wanted to leave the place; I wanted to go to London. Maeve was growing up. Time I thought about that play I'd always promised to write for her.

The corners of the room were full of shadow and I was ruminating in my easy chair when I heard Nellie's voice calling from downstairs: "William! Can you spare a moment?"

I went down and found her in the hall with a big gaunt parson, the Rev. W. Wilson Wintringham. It appeared that there had been a breakdown in transport arrangements. The Rev. W. Wilson Wintringham had to get home that night and the car which was to take him to the railway station at Wilmslow had not appeared.

"I thought if you were not busy tonight—" Nellie appealed.

I got out the car—an open four-seater—and off we went. The train drew in as we reached the platform. A moment later we were watching the red taillight receding in the dusk.

We came through Cheadle and turned left into the road that led straight home. I gave the car an extra turn of speed. And there, strolling in the moonlight, came two lovers, oblivious of all save themselves. Oblivious of the car, until the sudden blaze of headlights wrenched them back to the world of sense. Then they stood stock-still, while my heart cried: "Oh, poor young fools! Leap! Backwards or forwards. But leap!" and Nellie's hand went to her mouth, smothering a cry.

They did not leap. They dithered now forward, now backward. On me, then, the decision fell, and I drove the car full pelt between them and the hedge at the side of the road. There was a tearing of shrubs and saplings, a sudden remembrance, piercing me like a knife, that the hedge hid a sharply falling bank, the car sliding with us beneath it for a little way, then coming to a standstill. I raised my arms, trying foolishly to lift the weight that oppressed us; I tried to move my legs, and agony forced a cry from me; I called: "Nellie! Nellie! Are you all right?" but there was no answer, no sound at all, except the sound of men shouting and of hands rasping on the fabric of the car as it was seized and lifted.

A fractured thigh for me. A broken neck for Nellie. They said she must have died instantly. A statement was taken from me in the hospital, but I could not attend the inquest. Dermot made the formal identification. Dermot and Sheila arranged and attended the funeral in the Southern Cemetery. It was a long time before I saw the grave. Early in the new year I hobbled out of the nursing home, whither I had gone from the hospital. My new car was waiting for me, with a chauffeur at the wheel.

Dermot had told me how to find the grave amid that afflicting wilderness of graves, and it was with a shock that my eyes fell presently upon the mound of clay where Nellie lay sleeping beneath the sodden remnants of the flowers that pity had heaped for concealment of the crude fact of burial.

THAT was a Saturday afternoon. There was a letter waiting for me at the nursing home when I got back. "Dear Uncle Bill"—I glanced at the signature—"Maeve." She was coming to see me tomorrow. "And you've got two things to thank for the pleasure—first, Livia; and, secondly, the intelligent management of this theater which doesn't put the play on on Mondays. That gives us a lovely long week end. Livia is dying to meet you. She's read all your books, and I don't think she quite believes that I know you. How wonderful to be a Person, whom mere people want to know! However, I live in hopes. It'll come!"

Livia. . . That would be the girl Dermot had told me about when he was up for the funeral, Maeve's roommate in London.

There was no more said at the time. Livia Vaynol, I'd gathered, was not much older than Maeve—twenty or so. She was an orphan with a little money; just enough to allow her to contemplate with humor a series of failures. She had scrounged a small part in the Mary Latter Company. That was where Maeve had met her. But she was not good enough. Then she had been in the chorus of a musical comedy and had hated it and left. She had dabbled with writing. She had, indeed, had a few short stories published in magazines. Now she was trying both to compose songs and to do what Sheila vaguely called "designing." "You know," she said, "she just draws shapes—squiggles—that look as if they meant something. Dermot says they're good."

Well, that was Miss Livia Vaynol; that was all I knew about her.

"MY dear, what a woman you are!"

Maeve had come impetuously into the room. Crippled as I was, I couldn't get up quickly, and she stood looking down at me, holding both my hands in hers, as I sat in my chair, then turned eagerly at the sound of footsteps on the stairs. "Livia!" She opened the door, and Livia Vaynol came in. "This is Uncle Bill," said Maeve, "or, if you want to be reverent, William Essex."

As she came into the room Livia Vaynol pulled off a leather motoring-helmet and at the same time shook her hair free from constriction. I think that hair, which had its own startling quality of vitality, was the first thing anyone noticed about Livia Vaynol. It was the color of corn, a gold that was almost white, yet sparkling and gathering to itself any light there was. The sudden apparition of that golden hair was so immediately impressive that I did not at once notice the broad white brow, the eyes that had the blue color of a cornflower, the compassionate mouth, and the way the whole face was shaped like the petal of a rose.

She was wearing a stained leather jerkin, and below that a tweed skirt and brogues. Her clothes seemed altogether too utilitarian for so decorative a person. We shook hands, and I said: "Miss Vaynol, you look like a fine flower in a jam jar."

"I've brought a suitcase with me," she said, "containing one or two porcelain vases." Her red mouth opened in a smile, revealing the even whiteness of her teeth.

That afternoon I left the nursing home and returned to The Beeches. For the first time since I had left it to drive to Wilmslow with Nellie and the Rev. W. Wilson Wintringham, I sat in my study. The girls were to share the bedroom that Nellie and I had used for so long. They were there changing now. I could hear them laughing and talking, then the bedroom door opened, and Livia came out alone.

I tried to get up, but at that moment she saw me, crossed the room, and placed both hands on my shoulders. I think she must have felt the tremor which passed through me. She smiled, and said: "Please—don't get up."

She crossed over to the fireplace. The bookcase that Dermot had made to contain my novels was over the fireplace. They were all there now. The latest—the twelfth—had arrived a few days before, but it was not yet published. Livia ran her slender fingers along the titles. "What lovely editions!" she said. "I know them all." And then, turning towards me: "I'm really very proud to know you. I suppose a lot of people tell you that?"

"Not many. I don't know many people."

She sat down in a chair facing mine and crossed one knee over the other, and considered me thoughtfully. Her regard was so calm and inscrutable that I wondered whether I was blushing like a schoolgirl. Presently she said: "When I put my hands on your shoulders just now, you trembled. Why was that?"

What answer I should have made I do not know. But at that moment the bedroom door opened. Livia put a finger to her lips and whispered: "Here's Maeve!" There was something conspiratorial about the gesture, that gave me a queer thrill of pleasure.

"You're lucky to have two such handsome wenches to take to dinner, Uncle Bill," Maeve said.

"Nothing like it will be seen in Manchester this night," I said. "Get your cloaks and let's be off."

WE had not gone far when something familiar in the appearance of a cyclist who shot past us, head down, hatless, struck me. At the same moment Maeve's grip on my arm tightened and she exclaimed: "Uncle Bill! Wasn't that Oliver?" I told Martin to turn back home.

Oliver stood under the light in the hall, his face pale and drawn, his golden hair wind-blown about his forehead. He was wearing no hat or overcoat, and his clothes were mud-splashed. He was altogether a dreadful apparition. He thrust his hands into the jacket pockets and grinned at us rather sheepishly. "Hallo, Dad! Hallo, Maeve!" he said. "I feel rather—ashamed. You all look so gay."

"This is Miss Vaynol," I said. "My son Oliver." The formality of it struck me as absurd.

Oliver and Livia Vaynol looked steadily at one another, and I had a strange feeling of exclusion—that Maeve and I were both excluded—from that regard. "Oliver," I said, "your presence requires some explanation." I took him by the arm, and led him towards the stairs. At the turn of the landing I paused and looked down. Livia Vaynol stood as if rooted to the ground, watching Oliver's dragging progress. He smiled down at her, but she did not return the smile.

"That's a marvelous girl, Dad," he said as he came into the room.

"Sit down," I said, unable to keep irritation out of my voice. "Would you rather discuss now what has brought you home, or wait till the morning?"

"I'm very tired," he said. "I've been riding for hours."

"Hadn't you better go straight to bed?"

"I'm very hungry," he said, "and I'd like a bath."

"Then you'd better have a bath quickly, and come with us. We're going out to dinner."

"Oh, may I?" he cried. "I didn't expect that. That's very good of you."

While he was bathing I talked with the headmaster by telephone. I told him that Oliver was at home, and begged him to excuse discussion of a grave matter by telephone. I would bring Oliver to school myself in the morning. The headmaster sounded grim, and reluctantly he left it at that.

The girls were hovering, restless and disturbed, in my study. "What a beautiful boy!" Livia exclaimed.

"Don't waste your sympathy on *him*," said Maeve with sudden sharpness, and took my hands in hers. "You poor darling," she said. "I do hope it's nothing serious. Oh, dear! I couldn't have a moment's peace with Oliver. Forgive me for saying that?"

I nodded, squeezed her hands, and gazed rather miserably into the fire. We said nothing more, just sat there, till Oliver came into the room. With the happy ability of the young, he had recovered his poise and his looks. He at once addressed Livia as though there were no one else in the room. "Father says I can come out to dinner with you!"

She did not answer him, but said to the rest of us: "Well, shall we go?"

At nine the next morning I went to Oliver's room. He was sitting up in bed, eating with great heartiness. I feared to open the matter which had brought me there. Oliver did not help me. He went on delving into the shell of a brown egg.

"Well—?" I began lamely.

"It was Grimshaw," he said. "I've told you about him. I don't like him. His father's a butcher."

"You should feel at home with him, seeing that your father was a baker's boy."

"He's always getting at me."

"Getting at you? As I remember him, he's a small weak boy."

"Yes, that's it. He thinks no one will hit him. Well, he was getting at me again, and I saw red, and before I knew what I was doing I kicked him—"

"You *kicked* that poor wretched child?"

Oliver burst out explosively. "I didn't mean to. It's the way he gets at me. We were standing at the top of some steps—I kicked him in the shin and he went backward down the steps. He lay quite still at the bottom of the steps."

I felt sick, took the tray off the bed to give myself something to do, and then sat down again.

"Well, everybody came crowding up. They took him into the san., and old Foxey"—who was Fox the headmaster—"went tearing along there. I hadn't moved off the steps, and when Foxey came back he said as he passed me: 'Come to my study in ten minutes.' I couldn't face it. That's all."

"I see. That's all. Without knowing whether Grimshaw was alive or dead, you cleared out." (But I didn't imagine there was much the matter with him, or Fox would have told me on the phone.)

"But you do believe, don't you," he pleaded, "that I just acted thoughtlessly?"

"I must believe that, if you say so."

"And you won't tell Livia what happened?"

"I should be ashamed to," I said. "You'd better dress. We leave here at ten."

THE interview with Fox was not easy. "The fact is, you know, Mr. Essex, that Oliver thinks he's *somebody*. What I mean," he continued, "is that Oliver seems to assume, because he is the son of a distinguished man, that he may, shall I say, take it out of a boy less fortunately circumstanced."

"I entirely disagree," I said. "I don't think that has anything to do with it. Don't let's get all wrapped up in theories about it. The facts are simple: There's a boy with an annoying tongue; Oliver couldn't stand his tongue, lost his temper, and kicked him. Now, whatever the provocation, it is agreed that kicking is a dirty trick, and what to me seemed worse was running away without discovering what were the consequences of the kick."

"As you know, they were fortunately light. A bruised shin, a superficial head-cut, a brief fainting."

We were interrupted by a knock at the door. It was the father of young Grimshaw. He was a sturdy hale-looking chap, and I gathered the impression that he was a better man than his son was likely to be. He shook hands with me. "Ah've bin talking to yon young beggar of mine," he an-

nounced, "an 'Ah've told 'im if'e can't keep a civil tongue in 'is 'ead Ah'll put 'im into t' butcherin'. 'E always was a one for lip. Ah reckon your boy won't be 'earin' much more from 'im, Mr. Essex."

After Mr. Grimshaw had departed with my thanks for his very generous view of the matter, I asked Fox point-blank: "Do you want to expel Oliver, or would you like me to remove him from the school?" There was a lot of tut-tut-tut-ting and deprecation of overhasty action. Some added discipline, no doubt, would meet the case. When I left, I was wondering not whether Oliver was good enough for Fox, but whether Fox was good enough for Oliver.

THERE was a time when the idea of spending six months or more out of England, with no one but myself to please, would have fascinated me. Now it would fascinate me no longer. I had done it.

I'd had no scheme, no timetable. I stayed where I liked as long as I liked and then passed on. By land and sea I visited most countries in Europe and some in Asia. In Constantinople I decided suddenly to take a ship home. I had avoided tourist routes, and whenever possible had traveled on cargo boats. I did so on the homeward journey. There was one other passenger, and we met at dinner in the captain's cabin. The captain introduced us—"Mr. William Essex, Mr. Josef Wertheim"—but, so far as I was concerned, there was no need for the introduction. I should have known Josef Wertheim anywhere. His reputation was tyrannical; it was said that he worked his artists to the bone. He had a genius for finding them everywhere.

He had read a number of my books and showed an understanding of life in the north of England that surprised me. He had put on several big shows in Manchester, and confessed that Manchester audiences frightened him.

I said that I felt I had said everything that I wanted to say about Manchester, I wanted to settle in London and try my hand at a play.

"A play," he said, looking gravely at the glowing end of his cigar. "That is something now." He pondered, and added: "I have never done a play. That would be satisfying. Musical shows, circuses, boxing—but a play—that might satisfy something here—eh?" He tapped his enormous chest. "I have thought I would do it some day."

It was on the last night of the voyage that Wertheim said: "You know, Essex, I have been thinking about that play you're going to write. You let me see it when it's ready."

I HAD told nobody I was coming home, and the next morning I walked happily about London. The only thing I lacked was agreeable company for lunch. With that idea in my head, my footsteps automatically made their way up the house where Maeve and Livia shared their flat.

Receiving no answer to my knock, I pushed open the door and saw Livia standing before an easel under the skylight. Maeve was not in the room, and though I had been telling myself that I wanted to take Maeve and Livia to lunch, I was aware of a leap of gladness at finding Livia alone.

"Good morning," I said, and Livia whirled around in surprise.

"Oh, the brown man!" she exclaimed. "What a bit of holiday will do! Thinner, if anything, and greyer—but most handsomely grey."

"Thank you. That's the first time anyone has called me handsome, and I must say I like it."

There was a healthy fire burning and an inviting divan stretched before it. I sat down, and Livia produced sherry. She sat at my side. "You know, I had no idea you were homeward bound. I must be the first person you've called on."

"You and Maeve. I wanted to take you both out to lunch. But I seem to be interfering with some work." I glanced towards the easel.

"Oh, that! Poof!" And Livia gave a comical push to her hair. "You wait till you see your new house," she said mysteriously.

"Have you been allowed to trespass?"

"I've seen one or two things—even," she added, "designed one or two things—the curtains."

"Well, I'm glad to know that," I said, genuinely pleased. "I shall be glad to have something by you in the house. And now, what about lunch? Will Maeve be in?"

"She will not," said Livia. "She's in Ireland, visiting her brother."

"Rory! How's he getting on?"

"I know nothing about him. I've never seen him, you know. All I can tell you is that Maeve's potty about him. They write to one another two or three times a week, and not long ago I was present at a pretty little row between Maeve and her father. She wants the boy to be brought back. She says keeping him in Dublin all this time is turning him into an Irish rebel."

I sighed. "Yes, I know all about that. It's an old, old story. Well, let's lunch. Café Royal?"

Livia got up and shook her head. "Oh, no—please," she said. "I've just got you back and now you want me to share you with a crowd. Let's have lunch here. There's so much I want to know—where you've been, what you've done—"

After lunch, when we were sitting in front of the fire, I asked: "What about Oliver? Tell me, how did you get on with him?"

During my absence that summer Dermot had looked after Oliver's holiday. Rory had remained in Dublin; Maeve's play was still running; so the party at Heronwater was small—Sheila and Dermot and Eileen, Oliver and Livia Vaynol. I gathered from letters that Oliver had invited Livia.

"Who wouldn't get on with him?" Livia now asked. "I think he's the most marvelous person for getting on with that I've ever met."

Once she was launched, she talked for a long time about Oliver. There was one adventure that evidently remained vividly in her mind. Oliver had taken her out in our boat, the *Maeve*, after dinner, and he had made a mess of things. He had taken the boat up the Percuil River on a falling tide.

"The tide was all right for the dinghy," Livia said, "but the *Maeve's* pretty heavy. She was on the mud. We had to get back ashore. It was lucky there were plenty of rugs."

"Lucky! It sounds providential," I said. Livia looked up sharply at the tone of my voice.

"You mean, you think Oliver—?"

"Well, one doesn't usually, when going for an after-dinner run, provide for a night out," I said bluntly. "You must have been there all night. You know, Livia, this seems to me to have been a rather foolish adventure."

The smile faded from her face. "I don't think it was foolish," he said. "I'm not a child."

"But Oliver's little more than a child."



When I went to Oliver's room to see him in his first dinner jacket he turned proudly from his dressing table. "Well, will I do?" he asked

"Is he?" Her brows went up, and there was a depth of meaning that shocked me. "He must have done a great deal of growing without your noticing it. I apologized to Dermot and Sheila for the uneasiness I caused them, and I'm sorry for that. But for the rest, I regret nothing that happened—nothing."

The strength of feeling in that repeated "nothing" made me feel as though I had awakened from a nightmare full of implications that were the more horrible because they were so illusive.

"LET'S have a look at you," I said, and I was pleased with what I saw. Oliver had said he would whistle across the landing when he was ready, he had whistled, and I had gone to his room to see him in his first dinner-jacket. He was sixteen.

He turned round proudly from his dressing table. He was shooting up in the most astonishing fashion. He must have been five-feet-ten, slender, graceful as a young tree. He had given himself a lot of attention. His blue eyes had an almost childish diffidence as he stood there asking: "Well, will I do?"

"Yes, you wear evening clothes well."

"Who's coming tonight?"

"Your Uncle Dermot and Sheila. A man named Wertheim—I've mentioned him to you, haven't I?—and his wife. She's an actress. They're the only people you don't know. Then there'll be me and Livia Vaynol, and you and Maeve. Are you ready? We must be downstairs when people come."

As we went out, he said: "By the way, guv'nor, Christmas is coming. I wish you'd give me a good cigarette case. Something you can offer people. You don't mind my smoking, do you?"

"So long as you keep it in reason. Were you really thinking of tonight?" He nodded. "Well, put this in your pocket. It's full. I make you a present of it now." I handed him my gold cigarette case.

"Oh, no," he protested. "I can't take yours."

"Take it. I don't mind offering people a cigarette from a yellow cardboard packet."

He put the case in his pocket. "Normally, of course," he conceded, "I think you're right. But when one's wearing evening clothes it's rather different, don't you think?"

This was the first dinner party in my new house. I sat at the head of the table, with Wertheim on my left and Mrs. Wertheim on my right. Next to Mrs. Wertheim sat Oliver with Livia beyond him. He was very attentive to Livia all through the meal. Everybody seemed happy, Dermot and Wertheim swapping stories based on their mutual love for modern art; Maeve and Sheila hobnobbing the more happily because they saw little of one another in those days; Livia and Oliver exchanging heaven knows what sweetness; and Josie Wertheim and I.

She astonished me by saying: "Jo tells me you are going to write a play for him. Would you like to tell me what it's about?"

I did; and Josie said: "You must call it 'Every Street.'"

"That's splendid! That fits it perfectly."

"Are you free tomorrow?" she asked, rummaging in the handbag which she kept on her lap. She produced an engagement book. "Eleven o'clock?" I said that would suit me. "Very well, then." She made a note in the book. "Bring the play with you."

I had imagined that Wertheim and I would have an hour's talk about the play, that perhaps I would read a bit here and there, and that then I would leave it for him to turn over in his mind. I hadn't known my Wertheim.

We were at it from the word Go. Lunch was brought in, and I stayed to dinner, and after dinner we were at it again. It was eleven o'clock when I set out for home. In my pocket I had a sheaf of notes, in my mind an immense respect for Wertheim. It was an exhausting, illuminating day. "And now, Essex," he said, laying his hand on my shoulder, "now we're on the way to making something of it."

And we were. "Every Street" went on in the following spring—1913—and ran till the war broke and killed it. But by then Wertheim knew what Maeve could do, and that was the important matter.

WHEN I look back across the gulf of horror—the world's horror and my own—to the years before the war, that April of 1913 shines with an especial radiance. It seems now as though there was something fatal about it, as though we were all too happy. Maeve, I think, was the only one in whose heart there was a premonition.

There we incredibly were, she and I, dining in the Café Royal, redeeming the ancient vow that we would dine together on the night when she was to make her first appearance in a play I had written for her. We had to dine very early, so that she could go on to the St. John's Theater, where "Every Street" was to try its luck. We had had difficulty in getting away. Everybody had wanted us: Jo and Josie, Livia, Sheila, and Dermot, Rory and Maggie Donnelly. They were over, those two, on their first visit since Rory's Irish apprenticeship.

But Maeve and I had got away. We should all meet at supper, anyhow, to count our laurels or lick our wounds. We leaned back on the red plush, with coffee before us. I gave Maeve a cigarette and lit it for her. "Nervous?"

She shook her head. "You did really write 'Every Street' for me?" she asked.

"Yes. Isn't *Annie Hargreaves* your part—down to the bone?"

"I'm very pleased with it. Oh, man, I'm so glad this moment has come at last. But, you know," with a valiant smile, "I didn't think that when the moment came you'd be engaged to another woman."

"My dear—" was all I could say.

She suddenly put out her cigarette. "Let's go."

If my engagement to Livia was painful to Maeve, it was incredible to me. It had happened so suddenly. It was on the night that I have written about, when I had a few people to dinner, that I knew I loved Livia. I had loved no woman before. I suppose I had come as near to loving Maeve as a man can come while yet feeling an affection too level and kindly for passion.

When we men went into the drawing room that night after sitting for a while over our cigars, I was conscious that the first face I looked for was Livia's and that the first face Livia looked for was Oliver's.

No one, I thought to myself, could fail to be aware of his extraordinary physical attractiveness; and on the thought my mind pulled up with a jerk. Physical? That was the first time I had qualified, even in my secret thoughts, Oliver's attractiveness.

It is a fearful thing when one love wars with another. Watching him and Livia, hearing no word they said, seeing the understanding in their looks, their smiling acceptance of one another that tortured me with implications of secrets, experiences shared. I felt my heart turning over, because I knew then that I wanted Livia Vaynol for myself.

Wertheim and the play kept me busy throughout that holiday of Oliver's. I didn't see much of Oliver except at meals. We went to a pantomime together and once or twice we walked together on the Heath. But he was at a stage which baffled me.

How much Oliver was seeing of Livia, where he saw her, I never inquired. She turned up at St. Pancras to see him off when the holiday was over. I was surprised to see her there.

It was the first chance I had had to speak to her since the night of the dinner party. I had told myself that I would wait till Oliver was gone, and now Oliver was gone—and there was Livia at my side.

I said: "I've been working over a play."

"Yes. Maeve told me about it."

"Wertheim and I have done all that's possible together. I must finish it alone. I shall take it down to Heronwater tomorrow. I've never been there in the winter. Would you like to come with me?"

"You'd never work with me about the place."

"Oh, yes, I should. I can do all that's necessary between nine in the morning and one o'clock. Authorship, you know, is one of the soft jobs, though authors like to pretend that it's arduous."

We stood beside my car, exchanging this banal chat, while my heart was beating so furiously that I wondered whether it could be heard by my chauffeur, Martin, standing there with face averted.

"I'm not sure that I ought to come."

I led her away from the car. "Would it help to regularize the position if we were engaged?"

She came to a halt, and gave a restless shake to her body. "Oh, send that car away," she said. "We can't talk about these things walking like a couple of fools in front of all this—" She helplessly waved a hand at the station façade. So I sent Martin away, and we walked out into Euston Road.

"For the best part of last year," I said, "I was gallivanting about the loveliest places in Europe. If you had been with me, I could have proposed to you on the pont d'Avignon, or on the ramparts of Montreuil. As it is, I propose in a gritty January wind in the Euston Road."

"Listen, Bill," she said, taking my arm. "Remember—when you were in the nursing-home in Manchester and I motored Maeve up?" I nodded.

"Well, I did like you. I knew your work, and I liked that. You didn't have much to say that day, you know. You were not brilliant, and I liked that, too. I couldn't live with a person like that."

"That's lucky for me."

"But, you see, that was just an elementary first impression. After all, we were only together for a few hours, and then Oliver came along. That altered things."

"Are you—are you—in love with Oliver?"

"I think all day about his beauty. I don't know whether I'm in love with him, but he obsesses me."

We walked on without speaking for a while, and I thought of the night long ago when Dermot and I had sat up late in his workshop, arranging the fate of our sons who were not born. "If I have a son," I had said, "I just want him to have everything. I'll work my fingers to the bone to give him everything he asks for and, seeing him enjoy it, I'll enjoy it myself and live my life over again." Now Oliver was asking for Livia, and I was not enjoying it.

At last she said: "I didn't know you were so serious about it," and the words were rather strained.

"I have never been so serious in my life," I said unsteadily. "I'm terribly in love with you, Livia. I've never loved a woman before. I've never known any of the things that I imagine marriage to mean."

"Why do you think I shall be able to give you the things you've lacked? If I married you, it would be because I liked you and because you were a very distinguished man. I'm vain. But you see, I'm honest. Oh, God," she added, "I wish you weren't Oliver's father!"

"Can't you forget Oliver, or think about him differently?"

"I don't know *how* I think about him. Why don't you wait? We're in a tangle. It will clear itself up if you give it time. Why don't you? You see, you offer such tremendous inducements. It's a pressure upon me. I don't think it's fair."

"I'm sorry," I said. "Forgive me." I called a taxi, and set her down a few moments later at her door.

MARTIN drove me to Heronwater the next day. "A bad day, sir," he said. It was. The Heath was a cheerless place under the rain; the sky seemed to be on top of our heads.

When we arrived at Heronwater, I donned gum boots and oilskins and went for a tour of the dark, rain-soaked grounds. I turned to go back to the house, stood as if rooted to the ground.

"It can't be you!" I said foolishly, and indeed in the darkness it was hard to make out the features of the face that glimmered whitely before me.

"Yes," said Livia.

"But, my child—my dear—in such a night! What are you wearing?"

I reached out my hand and felt the fragility of the dress, sodden with rain, gummed to her body.

"I'm being melodramatic." Her laugh was provoking. "I wanted to surprise you. Have I done it?"

I took her suddenly in both arms and drew her to me. She threw back her head, and I crushed my mouth upon her wet mouth, and upon her hair and her throat. She was dripping like a naiad, and I kissed the rain out of her eyes. Then I picked her up and waded awkwardly in those great boots of mine through the wet grass. She was easy to carry for all her height. I put her down on the porch and saw that her eyes were starry. "Go and change," I said. "You'll catch your death." She kicked off her soaking shoes and ran upstairs.

I took off my gum boots and oilskin, and went up to my room to wash. Livia was already in the study when I went down. When I entered the room she turned, her face lighted by a welcoming smile. I passed her a glass of sherry.

She raised her glass. "Here's to constancy. There's nothing I admire more."

"Here's to Livia, and constancy."

After dinner I filled my pipe and settled in a big chair by the study fire. Livia poured out the coffee which stood on a small table between us.

"Ever since I bought Heronwater," I said, "I have imagined what it would be like to come down here in the winter, work all day long with no one but Sam Sawle to look after me. Well, here I am. But I am not alone. Why?"

Livia sipped her coffee. "Of all the men! Didn't you invite me?"

"I formed a painful impression that my invitation had been refused."

"But I've told you, I'm a very inconstant and changeable woman. You must learn never to take me at my word. May I have a cigarette?"

I gave her one, and lit it. "Well, tell me—why did you change your mind and come?"

She considered my face thoughtfully. "You are one of those men who will not accept the accomplished fact, must have reasons. Was that not an accomplished fact, when you held me in your arms? Oh, dear! I have never before been hugged by a man in oilskins. I should hate to be a sailor's bride."

"You are not serious," I said resentfully.

Livia got up and threw her cigarette into the fire. "Serious!" she cried, suddenly dead-white with seriousness. "Why should I be serious? Is there anything to be serious about? Isn't it self-evident that when a girl has to choose between a schoolboy of sixteen who will probably be nothing, whom she knows to be as conceited as the devil and as greedy as hell—when she has to choose between that and a famous wealthy man, I ask you, isn't it self-evident that she'll choose the man? Let her do it without worrying her for reasons. What reasons can there be? One would think you were afraid of what Oliver could do against you. You're not, are you?"

"No," I said. "It's not a question of fear."

"Right. So long as you're sure of that. Here I am. I'm yours. It's your job to keep me."

I had risen, too, and I put my arms about her and felt her head sink onto my shoulder. She began to cry without restraint and I held her close and whispered comforting words to her. She looked up with eyes brimful of tears. "Oh, Bill! I do like you so much. If I loved you, it would be wonderful."

"You will. You will," I promised her.

She managed a smile, reached up her lips to be kissed, and said: "Let me go to bed. I'm tired out."

In the morning there was no sign of the storm. I went down to breakfast and found Livia there before me, already busy with coffee and eggs and bacon. She kissed me, rather dutifully I thought. "Now," I teased her, holding her tight, "a warmer kiss than that."

"You're lucky to get a kiss at all," she said, "coming down to breakfast at this hour. I thought I should have to go without seeing you."

"Go!" I said in dismay. "What do you mean—go?"

"Clear out. Partir. Vamoose. Abscond," she replied, buttering a roll. "Can you spare Martin to take me in to Truro to the train?"

"But today! The first day of our engagement! I thought we'd get about—see things."

"You see! I told you you'd do no work with me about! As soon as I'm gone, you'll settle down to your work. Please."

"Will you make a habit of running off just when I want you?" I asked miserably.

"I'm the most impulsive creature in the world. I don't make habits. So you see, you'll never be just one of my habits. That should be gratifying to a husband. Now, what about Martin?"

I ordered the car. She gave me a warmer kiss than the first one, and a moment later she was gone.

WHILE at Heronwater I began each day by writing to Livia. I found that there was an immense amount to say. The letter usually took an hour to write.

Livia replied regularly every day. But every time I read one of her letters, I had that feeling: That it was a reply.

There were only two points that were, so to speak, from Livia to me. "By the way, Maeve finds the flat rather small. She has decided she ought to have a place of her own. I told her, of course, about us. You wanted that, didn't you? Yours with much love, Livia."

That was one point, and I felt, somehow, I would rather have told Maeve myself. I ought to have told Maeve myself.

The second point was this: "By the way, I have just received a letter from Oliver, and it is pretty clear that he knows nothing about our engagement. Will you tell him, or shall I? Personally, I'd rather you did. Yours with much love, Livia."

"My dear Oliver. Livia Vaynol and I are engaged to be married. . . ."

Dreadfully abrupt! "You may be surprised to know that Livia and I. . . ."

"My dear Oliver: I have noticed that ever since you met Livia Vaynol you have felt affectionately towards her, and I think, therefore, you will be pleased to know. . . ."

Pleased! My God! Would he be!

"It is now more than a year since your mother died. . . ."

I tore that up, too.

Maeve wrote to me.

Dear Bill: Congratulations on your engagement. Rehearsals of "Every Street" begin tomorrow. I suppose you'll be there? If so, would you call for me and take me along? It's only a sentimental idea, but I feel I'd like to take up my first stroke on your play in your company. After all, we've had this play in mind for a few years now, haven't we? Besides, I want you to meet someone here at the flat.

It is a grand play, Bill. I've been in plenty, and I *know*. Wertheim let me read the whole script, and I loved it. And, like all my other blessings, it comes from you, dear Bill. Love from Maeve.

Maeve's new flat was in Bruton Street. I rang the bell, and stared, struggling with recollection, at the portly, rosy dame who opened the door.

"Tha's forgotten me, Mr. Essex," she said.

"Why, Annie, I'd have known you anywhere," I said. "You haven't changed a scrap."

Annie Suthurst smiled delightedly. Oh, dear! It must be the best part of twenty years ago, that Annie Suthurst, a young widow, had become the O'Riorden's first maid.

Maeve came out proudly to meet me. "Isn't the apartment lovely?" she asked, and when I said that indeed it was, so far as I had seen it, she took me around to see all the rest. Finally she opened the door of her sitting room. "Here's my surprise."

Rory came forward with a smile lighting his face, and farther into the room stood Maggie Donnelly.

"Well, Rory, my dear boy!" I placed both my hands on his shoulders. It was easy to do. He had not very much grown upwards like Oliver, whose eyes now looked at me almost from the level of my own. Rory looked up at me. The serious grey-eyed face had not changed much, except that it was, if anything, more serious.

"This is Maggie Donnelly," he said rather timidly. She had a strong, resolute look, but was tall and beautifully feminine.

"I'm staying over Easter," Rory said. "It'll be grand meeting Oliver again. Now that I have a job, we'll have lots to talk about."

"I'm sorry you won't meet him, Rory. He's not coming home for Easter. I wish you had let him know you were coming. Then I'm sure he'd have changed his plans. He's going to Scotland."

"But—" Rory began, his face clouding; then: "Ach, well, there'll be another time."

I walked across the room to look out of the window. With my back to him, I said, "I'm sorry, Rory. You mean, Oliver *did* know you were coming over?"

He came to me impulsively and put his arm through mine, looking down with me into the garden. "Ach, now, that's nothing at all," he said. "It's a good chance for Oliver. Scotland doesn't offer every day. Now isn't Maeve the lucky one, with this flat, and this bit of a view and all?"

"God bless the boy! He's got the jargon of a stage Irishman!"

"And why not?" Rory grinned. "You just wait a bit, and all Ireland will be a stage. You'll see."

After lunch Rory and Maggie left us. "She doesn't know the first thing about London," said Rory, "and all I know is what I learned those times when we were on the way to Heronwater."

AND now those rehearsals in a dreary hall in a back street were over, and the later rehearsals at the St. John's Theater were over; and Maeve and I got up from dinner in the Café Royal and walked out into Regent Street.

The play was all right. From the rise of the curtain, as I sat in my box with Livia and Rory and Maggie Donnelly I knew it was going to be all right. There was a laugh in the first line, and we got it. Soon there was that grand satisfactory silence which means that everyone in the theater is gripped by the play and is intent on every word.

I relaxed, I allowed myself to look about. In a box opposite were Dermot and Sheila and Eileen, with Josie Wertheim. Wertheim himself, a stout, uneasy ghost, was now standing at the back of the box, now vanished. Towards the end of the first act, the door of my box opened quietly and his soft heavy hand rested on my shoulder, and I felt it grip a little till the applause started, then it relaxed, and he joined in. It was applause well deserved. The company had put the act over beautifully, and Maeve had fulfilled all our expectations.

When the final curtain went down, the audience remained to cheer and cheer again. Wertheim hustled me down to the stage, and first I faced the audience in the midst of the smiling, weary, gratified company, then with Maeve alone. "This is it, Bill," she whispered. "It'll never come again—this first night of your first play." And holding her hand I told the audience how I had taken Maeve to her first play, how I had seen her grow up loving the theater, how I had promised that someday I would write her a play, and how this was the play.

BY HOWARD SPRING

When I moved into the wings, Wertheim exclaimed: "What a story! Every paper in London will print it." Every paper did print the story. Some called it a "romance of dramatist and actress" and printed photographs of me and Maeve. This "romance" atmosphere did the play a world of good and kept the theater full till "Every Street" settled down to run on its own merits.

THIS seemed to me the perfect opportunity to further my acquaintance with Livia. All I wanted now, with time on my hands, was to spend as much of that time as I could with her. And then things so turned out that she had not much time to spend with me. It was towards the middle of June that I had taken her to lunch, and at another table in the restaurant was Wertheim.

"I want to see you," he said. "Where can we talk?"

"Would I be in the way?" Livia asked. "There is my flat."

When we got to Livia's flat, Wertheim sank into an easy chair, and asked, "What d' you think of these musical revues, Essex?"

"I like them. I like their speed and color, and some of the sets are magnificent."

"Well, I've never done a revue," he said, "and I want to do the best one there's ever been." He smoked for a while in silence, then said suddenly: "Look at Maeve. That girl's versatile. There she is doing a magnificent piece of straight acting in 'Every Street,' and she has a grand sense of comedy. There's my leading lady. Now there's her father. He's got a marvelous sense of modern design. He could do me some grand sets."

"A family affair?"

"Yes. Here's Miss Vaynol."

Livia leaned forward in her chair, her eyes shining. "Do I come into it?"

"You'll have a chance," he said. "O'Riorden tells me you design dresses, and he likes them. Mind"—waving a fat finger at her—"I'm making no promise. It's a chance—if you can take it."

"And do I come into it?" I asked smiling.

Wertheim looked at me for a long time. "I don't know," he said. "I'd like you to, because I've liked working with you on your play. I wondered about the book. Does it appeal to you?"

"Oh, Bill, yes, yes. Let's keep it all in the family!" Livia cried excitedly.

I shook my head. "No. I don't see it, Wertheim. It's not up my street at all."

"Thank you for knowing your mind," said Wertheim. "It's rare."

And when, a long time after that, "Choose Your Partner" went on at the Palladian, I had had nothing to do with it. The book was written by Clive Seymour — brilliantly — and most of the songs, as well as the dresses, were Livia's. But I felt glad, all the same, that I had been present at that small conference of three which first discussed the spectacular affair that blazed through the war years, that produced songs that soldiers whistled and sang and played on gramophones in trenches and dugouts, the gramophone on which weary eyes are strained from tired faces, "When it's with you, it's wonderful."

And every man thought of the "You" his own heart meant, as he recalled the Palladian spotlight dropping its blue-white cone on Maeve, stock-still as if bewitched in its moony circle.

"Oh, man, I hate it! What must they think! So many of them going back tomorrow—tonight!"

"Dear Maeve! I know. I know."

"I can't go on doing it. They send me letters—flowers. . . ."

She went on to the end.

SO there it was. High summer of 1913 was on us, and my dream that Livia and I might do this and that—go to Heronwater, go abroad, perhaps even get married—faded out. Now she was a different woman. Now she had a job for her talents. Now it seemed she didn't want me at all.

LIVIA was gone away. Oliver would be home soon for the summer holidays.

I had called at Livia's flat unexpectedly and found her packing.

"I'm off," she said, trying hard to be casual.

"Off?"

"Yes. Holiday. I've worked hard for six weeks. But I ought to have told you. Well, see, there's the letter. I should have posted it at Victoria this evening."

"But—" I began.

"If I had told you, there would have been arguments, persuasions. I didn't want to tell you why I'm going. Oliver will be home soon. Oh, don't stand there looking anguished! I'm trying to *help* you. I'll write to you. I'm going to a tiny place in France where no one ever goes but me."

She stood there looking at me, white, defensive. There was nothing to be said except that, of course, I would come to Victoria and see her off.

The evening of Oliver's return, we had tea in my study. He balanced a cup in his hand, and his eye roved round the room. It came to rest on a photograph of himself, standing on a low bookcase.

"You haven't had me done lately," he said, nodding towards the picture and smiling. The white teeth gleamed in his sun-browned face. "I'd like a new picture. There's a practical reason for it."

Then his laughing impudence suddenly broke down. "Honestly," he said, his color mounting, "I want to give a picture to Livia Vaynol. I'm terribly fond of her." He said it with a rush.

My heart gave a thump. I had not expected him to make that avowal.

He went on: "She hasn't written to me all this term. She used to write."

Then for a moment he could again say no more. At last he said: "I've wanted to talk to you about this, but it hasn't been easy. Of course, you think I'm only a boy. I'm not. I feel quite grown up . . ." He stumbled again, confused, unable to find the words he wanted.



Livia admitted that her real reason for leaving was to avoid seeing Oliver when he came home. "I'm trying to help you," she explained

"Oliver," I said, "listen. Don't think that I misunderstand the feelings of a young man. I know how sincere and real they can be, and what pain they can give. But they pass. They change. I'm sure of this. Otherwise, I could never tell you what I have to tell you now—what Livia has asked me to tell you—she and I are going to be married soon."

He gave only one sign of emotion, he moistened his dry lips with his tongue. Then he said: "I knew you were very fond of Livia. What you say doesn't surprise me. But I think you are making a mistake."

Only when he had spoken the words very calmly did I see from the color in his cheeks, and from a pulsing vein in his neck, that he was deeply affected.

"What do you mean—a mistake," I said, half rising from my chair. Then I sank back again. "Oliver, do please understand—" But he rose and looked down at me, very composed. He put my own thoughts into words. "We can't discuss it, can we? We have nothing to say to one another."

Eight o'clock was our time for dining. Just before eight, I went to bring him down. He was in bed, a dressing-gown over his pajamas. "Hallo!" he said, smiling brightly. "Want me?"

"My dear boy, you've forgotten the time," I said, speaking with the same false brightness that had been in his smile. "Aren't you coming to dinner?"

"No, thanks. Not a bit hungry." Again the bright glassy smile.

"Shall I have something sent up?"

"Oh, no—no, really. Don't bother about me."

"Well, I'll tell them to be very quiet."

"That's awfully good of you. Good night." He turned to his book, dismissing me.

I hesitated at the door. "See you at breakfast?"

He smiled again, and this time I thought there was something hard and mocking in it, something which said to me: "Ah! I've got you jumping now."

"Breakfast," he said, considering it. "Ask 'em to send it up."

I couldn't stand the thought of dinner. I told them to take it away. I couldn't stand being in the house. I ate in a crowded restaurant.

A LETTER from Livia at Tour des Roches in Provence came in the morning. After describing her holiday in the French village it concluded with:

> I expect Oliver is at home now. Have you told him? Give him my love—if you think you ought to. I shall stay here at any rate till the school holidays are over. Love, Livia.

I refilled my coffee cup, and was twiddling the letter in my hand when the maid, looking flustered, came into the room. "Mr. Oliver isn't there, sir."

"Isn't there? But he said he'd have breakfast in bed. Has he got up? Have you seen him about?"

"No, sir. And I've asked everybody. Nobody's seen him. There's this letter, sir."

She handed me the letter, addressed to me in Oliver's writing and I strove not to seem excited. When she was gone I opened the letter.

> My dear Father—I am now just over seventeen years old—old enough to know my own mind. I feel much too old to be at school. I am tall for my age, much taller than most boys, and this makes me feel uncomfortable. I should feel worse if I went back to school. I should have asked you to let me spend a year in private study or something before going on to the university, but now it may turn out that I shall not go to the university at all. You may not want me to, and if I find a satisfactory job, the university may not be of any use to me. For I am going to try and find something to do. There is no need whatever for you to worry about me. As I told you last night, I am a man now and I have no doubt at my age you were looking after yourself. I've got one or two things in mind, though unfortunately I've never been brought up to do much either with my hands or my head. I will let you know what I am doing as soon as I have got something. I have £10 by me which will keep me for a bit.
>
> Yours, Oliver.

Not a word of Livia. Not a word of his real reason for leaving home. . . .

I knew in my bones that Oliver would never live under my roof again. He never did.

PART IV

SHORTLY thereafter Dermot and I went to Dublin. We stayed at the Hamman Hotel in O'Connell Street—the great flat-fronted building that was doomed to death by bombardment and by fire.

The sense of such things to come hung like a doom about the beautiful filthy city. It was early in August when we arrived and late in October when we left. For three month I lived with the sense of being in a dream that must have an evil waking.

A letter reached me from Oliver, sent on from Hampstead, announcing that he had been employed as a clerk in the brewery owned by the father of his school friend, Pogson, and that he had found some lodgings in Camden Town. "I enclose no address," he wrote, "because this is not the sort of place you would like to be seen in."

I had arranged to leave Dublin in a day or two, but I did not wait till I got home. I at once enclosed a five pound note in a letter, addressed to Oliver at Pogson's, congratulating him on the courage he had shown in setting out on his own, and wishing him luck. I suggested that, now that he was a wage-earner, he might feel differently about living at home, and said that I should be glad to see him at Hampstead whenever he cared to call.

There was a letter waiting me when I got back. It said that he would feel happier in Camden Town if he did not have the occasional contrast of Hampstead, and that he wished to rely wholly on himself. The five pound note was returned.

Livia had got back to London while I was in Dublin, and I decided to call at her flat on the day after my return and take her out to lunch.

But first I must see Oliver. I would not attempt to speak to him, no good would come of that. Only to see Oliver; that was all; and the next day at noon I was pacing Holborn on the side opposite the polished granite façade of Pogson's Limited. For a long time I paced up and down, scanning the face of everyone who left Pogson's.

Then I saw him. If I had expected to find someone crushed and humiliated, I was disillusioned. In his good-looking clothes, he looked content. I felt that all my solicitude was needless.

I watched the tall slender young man going down the street. Presently he paused under a clock hanging out over the street and began to look about him. Evidently he was expecting someone.

Suddenly I knew—knew in my bones the interpretation of the happy face that I had watched, the poise of a man content. I saw her come, bustling happily along the crowded street, still beautifully bronzed from her long stay in France, her hair bleached like a ripe harvest. I saw how, instinctively, each held out both hands, and, when the hands had clasped, how they stood there looking into one another's eyes.

I wondered whether Livia would tell me that she had met Oliver. She did. I rang her up and asked whether I might look in for tea.

She looked heartbreakingly beautiful when I called. And she was charming to me. She put her arms around me and held up her face with her mouth pursed like a bud for me to kiss.

"Sit down," she said, "and let me make a fuss over you. You look tired out. I suppose it's all this business of Oliver leaving home?"

"You know about that?"

"I do, indeed. I've just been having lunch with him. Why on earth didn't you let me know?"

She was so casual, that my heart began singing.

"I didn't want to disturb you with a thing like that while you were on holiday."

"Well, you let me in for a nice disturbance when I got back. There was a letter waiting, from Oliver, telling me the whole rigmarole. We had lunch together."

I smoked in silence for a while, then said: "He left home because of you. He left the night I told him we were engaged. He told me frankly that you meant a great deal to him. Did that come up? Or would you rather I didn't ask that?"

"No, please don't ask that," she said nervously. "I can manage Oliver all right. Don't worry."

JUST before Christmas in 1913, Oliver wrote to me again, asking that I send all his clothes to the Camden Town lodging house, which address, at last, he was sending me. When May came, Oliver's birthday month, I, not having seen him in the interval, was sorely tempted to write to him and send him a present. But I thought of the five pounds I had sent him from Dublin, and of how it had come back, and that made me hesitate.

Being convinced that Livia knew at this time more of Oliver's mind than I did, I resolved to take her advice about this business of the birthday present.

"I wonder whether this might be a chance to get in touch with Oliver again," I suggested. "Whether a present and a letter might help. Have you any idea what his feelings about me are now?"

"Bitter," she said briefly. "I don't think anything you could do would help—at the moment."

Then I burst out: "Why is it that he's turned against me because I'm going to marry you, and yet is so friendly with you, though you're going to marry me?"

Livia crushed out her cigarette. "After all," she said lightly, "I am the bone of contention."

"Contention!" I almost shouted. "What contention is there about it? Let's get married and settle this wretched business once for all. Once we're married, Oliver will come to his senses."

I got up in my agitation and paced towards a long mirror and pulled up short, suddenly appalled at my own reflection. Gaunt, almost haggard with the anxiety of the last six months. And I thought of the golden-haired boy, sauntering with self-possession to keep his appointment with Livia.

I turned to Livia, who was watching me as though she divined my thoughts. I wanted to say: "You don't love me. You have never loved me. You love Oliver, and he loves you. And that is right. That is as it should be." But I could not say it. Instead, I took her suddenly, hungrily, into my arms, as I had never taken her before, all the thwarting I had endured from her stimulating a desperate wish to possess her. She remained for a time rigid, almost resistant. Then her body relaxed and she gave me kiss for kiss.

"Will you marry me," I asked, "when you have finished this job with Wertheim?"

"Yes. I should be through in two months' time—say the middle of July. I'll marry you in August."

It was the next day that I poured out to Dermot all my anxieties and worries.

Dermot was aware that Oliver had left home, though we had never discussed that matter. He was aware—but I am not sure how deeply aware—that all had not gone smoothly with me and Livia. At the end of an hour I felt much better, happier even. This was the relief I had wanted. Too much had been bottled up in me.

Dermot put a hand over mine. "You can't have Oliver wandering about at a loose end like this. Send the young fool to me. I'll give him a job."

"I can't send him."

"No, of course not. Well, look, I'll advertise in the Daily Telegraph. See that Livia calls his attention to it and makes him answer. We'll hook him that way. And marry the woman! Don't wait till August. Marry her quick!"

All very well for Dermot to say: "Marry the woman at once." The woman would not be married at once. But Dermot's scheme for Oliver worked well enough. He wrote to the box number under which the advertisement appeared, and when a reply came from O'Riorden's, Livia told me, he at first shied away. Then the idea lit him up. "But imagine! Getting a job off his own best friend! That would be something, Livia, eh?"

DERMOT thought that a definite effort should be made to bring me and Oliver together. So he invited Oliver to dinner, not letting him know that I would be present.

It was not a success. When I went into the drawing room Oliver was already there with all the O'Riordens. He kept his self-possession marvelously. A quick shock of surprise flashed over his face, and then was subdued. He rose with easy good humor, and shook hands. "Good evening, sir," he said, and as he uttered that formal word I could have sworn there was mockery in his eyes.

When Sheila, Maeve and Eileen got up, Oliver said: "Will you all excuse me if I go now? I have an appointment in town."

It was in June—on Sunday, June 21—that this dinner was given by Dermot. It was a warm night. We had all trooped to Dermot's study after Oliver had left us, not one of them referred to what had happened. The silence was broken at last by Maeve saying in a low voice: "The longest day of the year. From now on we go downhill."

"I sincerely hope not," said Dermot, shattering with a laugh the solemnity that had come upon us. "I'd rather go for a holiday. What about you, Bill? Can't we join forces at Heronwater this year?"

The idea appealed to everyone, and we set about making plans.

Livia promised to join us at Heronwater as soon as she was able. Dermot and Sheila, Eileen and I, traveled on Sunday, June 28. It was a lovely day; and we were all in the best of spirits. Ahead of me, things looked clearer than they had done for many a day.

We clambered out of the car, and as we stood there stretching our legs on the gravel a wheeze of rusty music came drifting up from the river. I turned a questioning eye on Sam Sawle, who had come out to greet us. "That's Captain Judas, Mr. Essex," he explained. "He's been holding a service on the *Jezebel* every Sunday evening this summer. That's his harmonium you can hear. He do go through the whole thing proper," Sawle said, "and then he reads the anouncements and takes a collection from himself."

"What announcements?" I asked.

"Always the same one, Mr. Essex. 'The great and terrible day of the Lord is at hand.'"

"The poor man," said Eileen, and started for the house. We all followed, somehow subdued.

But we did not feel subdued in the morning. After an early swim Dermot and I joined Sheila and Eileen at breakfast. Martin came in at that moment with the *Western Morning News*. Dermot brusquely snatched it from him. I didn't bother. Only when I had taken the edge off my hunger did I ask: "Well, what's the world doing?"

"Nothing that matters to us," he said. "An Austrian grand duke was assassinated yesterday while we were so comfortably driving down here. At Sara—Sarajevo. Ever heard of it?"

"No."

"Neither have I."

Livia joined us on Saturday, July 18. That was the day Oliver's holiday began. A week before this, Dermot had said to me: "There would be no harm in giving Oliver a chance to join us here. I don't think it's likely he'll come, but anyway I shall write and tell him to take a fortnight's holiday."

He received an answer from Oliver thanking him cordially for the holiday but saying nothing about his intentions in any way.

On the eighteenth I took the *Maeve* in to Falmouth to meet Livia. Livia looked worn out. She explained it by saying she had been working too hard. She was glad it was all over. "Oh, it's so peaceful!" she exclaimed, breathing deeply. "You simply can't believe in war with all this about you."



Some months after their elopement I learned that Livia and Oliver were living in London

"War!" I exclaimed in surprise. "What on earth is there to go to war about?"

"It's Wertheim," she said. "He says it's here now—a matter of weeks."

Speedily, now, we were turning the last spit of land. I slowed down the engine, pointed the *Maeve's* bow to the landing-stage, and saw that Dermot, Sheila, and Eileen were all standing there, gazing across at the *Jezebel*. A small motorboat was alongside the black hull of the ship. A man sat at the engine, and a tall stripling stood up with his hand on the bell-pull. We were a good way off, but something familiar in that spruce upright figure started my heart beating quicker. I looked at Livia. Her face had gone white. "He must have been on my train," she said tensely, "and he's hired a boat to bring him on from Truro. He said he was going to do it but I thought he was fooling."

"But I'm glad," I said, "glad to have him. We'll all have a great holiday."

She looked at me wearily. "Will you? Oh, Bill, you fool! He hasn't come to give you joy. He's come so that his presence may taunt you. He's not calling on Judas for fun. He's going to stay with him." And then savagely: "Why can't he leave me in peace!"

She was trembling, her knuckles white as she clutched the gunwale.

There were times during the following week when I could have cut and run. The situation was agonizing. Wherever we went Oliver appeared. He would appear before us almost, it seemed, out of the blue, and with nonchalance be unaware of our presence.

I knew that all this was aimed at Livia, and it had its effect. She became irritable and moody and at last professed herself unwilling to join our outings because, she said, she could not stand the situation which Oliver had forced upon us. But she continued to accompany us until the Friday. We were all going to Helston that day, a fairly long trip, and Livia at the last moment—actually when some of us were in the boat and the rest stood by the dinghy loaded with lunch and bathing things—shouted to me that she did not feel up to coming.

I shouted: "I'll stay ashore, Livia."

Her voice came very clear over the water: "No, no. I'm not going to spoil your outing."

Dermot looked towards the *Jezebel*, and said quietly: "Stay with her."

I hesitated. Livia ran lightly down the steps and put her foot on the dinghy's bow. She pushed the boat out. "Go on," she said.

Dermot looked grave, but he did not speak again for a moment. Then he said: "She is gone!"

We in the *Maeve* had no sight of Oliver that day. We did not get back to Heronwater till just before dinner time. Livia was waiting for us at the landing-stage, gay and full of fun, eager to know all that we had done and seen. She said that the rest had done her good. "Tomorrow," she said, "I'd like to do a lot of shopping in Truro. Could I have the car quite early, Bill? I'd like to be there by ten."

I was delighted to find her in such excellent spirits, and told Martin to have the car ready. She wrote down a list of things that we all wanted: tobacco for me, wool for Sheila, and so on.

In the morning she was gone without my knowing it. I had been on the *Maeve*, overhauling the engine, and when I got back to the house I was just in time to see the car disappearing towards the road. It was a pottering morning. We had made no communal arrangements. I went back to the river and presently Dermot joined me, bringing a newspaper.

"There'll be war all right between Austria and Servia," he said. "The Austrian ultimatum expires today."

The sound of engines came through the drowsy morning, and presently the *Kay* of Copenhagen, steamed round the bend, making for the sea. The *Kay*, which ran between Copenhagen and Truro was almost as familiar to us as our own boats for its commander, Captain Jansen, was an old friend of Captain Judas, and we had often talked with him. As he drew near to the *Jezebel*, Jansen set the *Kay's* whistle screaming. Captain Judas appeared on his deck, with his hand raised to his cap in salute as the *Kay* went by. Went by, though I did not know it then, a coffin-ship wherein all that I had hoped for and worked for was interred. Livia and Oliver were aboard the *Kay*. Livia had made her decision at last. . . The bone of contention . . . She wrote to me when they reached Copenhagen.

She did not call me "Dear Bill." She just plunged straight into the letter like this:

> I am doing this because I must. You asked me once whether I loved Oliver, and I said I did not know. I think I was lying to myself even then. I have loved him from the moment I first set eyes on him, though, God help me, I expect little profit from it. But I have learned not to expect profit from love, and I have loved more than one man. I think it was the utter safety you offered me that I could not stomach, for I am too young to feel the need of safety. If I have done you wrong, it is not in robbing you of the marriage you expected, for that would have been small comfort to you, but in ever allowing you to expect it. For that I ask your forgiveness. Livia Vaynol.

That was all. The letter was addressed from a Copenhagen hotel. I saw no reason to answer it.

IT was from Wertheim that I learned of their Odyssey and it was at the beginning of December, that he told me: "Livia's back. She's brought him with her."

A day or two later I saw Oliver. I was crossing Waterloo Bridge on a raw blustery afternoon, darkening towards twilight. Coming towards me from the north side was a marching company of men, such as one saw then at almost every hour of the day. I could not have overlooked Oliver. He was the tallest man there and he carried his body straight and his head high.

I felt my throat contract with emotion. Oliver! If I had called his name he would have heard me. But I dared not. I dared not risk the sightless, unacknowledging turn of those blue eyes. I stood

there in the wind whistling up from the river till the high golden head was gone from my sight.

The encounter emphasized my loneliness. I was forty-three. There were men of my age dyeing their hair, scrounging a way into the army by one deception or another. But I did not do it, or at any time feel an inclination to do it. Later, my reputation as a writer got me work with the Ministry of Propaganda. There is no need to go into any of that now, but I write this to show that I had an occupation of sorts while the war lasted. But at that time I had not even this shadowy consolation.

I had been suddenly overcome by the absurdity of a man in my position, with no family and no hope of a family, owning two large houses. So I shut up both of them, sold my car, and lived in a small obscure hotel, rarely venturing out.

Living thus alone, I fell into a morbid condition of body and mind, a hypochondria in which I was hugging my griefs to me, inviting them to kill me.

The encounter with Oliver was the last thing needed. When he had marched by, the wind seemed shrewder, the world more bitter, and I made my way to the back-street hotel that was my lair in a spirit of mental and physical hopelessness.

After dinner I was the sole occupant of the lounge. Presently I gave a violent shiver, and pulled my chair nearer to the insufficient fire. I asked for whisky, compounded a grog of sorts, drank it, and went to bed, dozing fitfully.

I awoke out of one of my dozes to find the dreary room lit by a bedside lamp. I was aware that people were in the room, but I did not know that they were a doctor and Annie Suthurst. The manager knew that I was the author of "Every Street," and, being alarmed about my condition, he'd decided to ring up someone who might be supposed to have an interest in me. He found Maeve's name in the telephone book. So Annie Suthurst was sent for a doctor, under whose sedative I slept clamly that night, and I awoke in the morning weak and feeling very foolish.

Three days later, when I had got back from a tottering walk with Maeve, she raised the question which she had already settled for me.

"Where are you going to live now? You can't stay in this place."

I said I would think about it. "I've been thinking for you," she told me sharply. "It's high time someone did. There's a furnished flat on the floor below mine. It'll be empty at the end of the month."

"Thank you. I'll go. Who'll look after me?"

"Annie Suthurst, of course. My place doesn't take all her time."

"I'll speak to her."

"I've done the speaking, and taken the flat, too."

I kept the flat as long as the war lasted. When Maeve was dead, Annie remained with me.

AS we lived in the same building, Maeve and I developed the custom of always lunching with one another. On a Wednesday in March, when lunch was over, Maeve, said: "If you want to see Oliver, be at Charing Cross about half-past three." She closed the door and ran down the stairs.

This was the first time she had mentioned either Livia or Oliver. I was not aware that she knew anything of their movements, nor do I know now whence she obtained this information. I put on my overcoat and walked to Charing Cross, with my collar turned up about my ears and the brim of my hat pulled down in front. Those were not fashions I was accustomed to. I admitted an instinctive attempt at disguise. I had come to spy on my son.

It was Livia whom I saw first. Her cheeks glowed with happiness, and with a possessive pride that she did nothing to conceal.

The exercise of the last few months had broadened and toughened Oliver. Brown boots, shining like chestnuts, were laced up his calves, and the skirts of a well-cut overcoat swung as he strutted. I could not avoid the word: He was strutting.

How, even then, I would have outdone the father in the parable who, when his son was yet a great way off, ran! How I would have run, and abased myself before this young, jocund Mars, whose love had once been as unquestioningly mine as the sunshine and the rain! But I knew that I could as soon call back Nellie from the grave as hope to see those blue eyes smile at me, as they were smiling now at Livia, not turn to cold indifference.

So I lurked behind the bookstall, with my collar up and my hat-brim down. The engine strained and panted, and I saw Livia Vaynol running back through the barrier, not smiling now, but with loneliness and desolation upon her unmasked face.

That was in March 1915. In memory the year is strewn with fragments like bits of wreckage seen on a beach long ago. The Dardanelles, Tipperary, put one of these saccharine tablets in your coffee, Maeve O'Riorden, "When It's with You, It's Wonderful," casualties, shells, casualties, *Lusitania,* white feather, PUT THAT LIGHT OUT! . . . We got used to everything. There's nothing you can't get used to. It's the new thing that shakes you up. And the new thing came.

Dermot rang me up on Monday, the seventeenth of April 1916, and said he was coming round to have lunch with me and Maeve.

"Don't ask me how I am, Dutch Uncle," Maeve exclaimed defensively, coming through the door. "I'm just suffering from ten years of overwork. That's all. I shall get over it." She sat sideways in the window seat, so that she could get a squint into Berkeley Square, where the leaves were unfolding on the plane trees, delicate and beautiful against the brown prickly maces of last year's fruit.

"Leaves," said Maeve, "and flowers; and yesterday there were lambs—white tottery little things—so lovely. We saw them in a meadow."

"Who were *we* this time?" I asked.

"Oh, you wouldn't know," she said wearily. "I only met him myself on Saturday night. Someone brought him round to my dressing room, and he *besought* me to come out with him on Sunday." She got off the seat and stood up, looking out of the window. "You never saw such a boy," she spoke over her shoulder. "He looked about sixteen, with blue eyes and smooth round cheeks. He's been out once, and he's going again today. In the Air Force. I wished him luck, and d'you know what he said?"

I shook my head.

"He said: 'I've lasted longer than Freddie and Bunnie, anyway, so I feel lucky.' Freddie and Bunnie lasted a week. They were at school with him a few months ago."

I almost wished she would cry, or show some emotion. But she went on in a flat voice: "He said: 'Those lambs made me think of something Bunnie said. It was the first time we ever saw anti-aircraft shells bursting. Bunnie said: "That's a pretty sight—like white lambs in a blue field." Old Bunnie was a bit of a poet. Or d'you think that was a dappy thing to say?'"

Suddenly I stopped her. "For God's sake, Maeve, shut up!" I shouted. I hoped it would be like a slap in the face. It was. She spun round in surprise, looked at me for a moment dreadfully hurt, then collapsed into my arms and cried. I let her have it out. There was nothing more I could say. I could only think: "Dear Maeve! Dear Maeve!"

Annie Suthurst put our after luncheon coffee on a table in front of the window seat. It was a big seat—room for us all. When Annie was gone Dermot put on his spectacles and took a letter from his pocket. "I haven't shown this to Sheila," he said. "She'll know soon enough."

He unfolded the letter and handed it to me. Maeve read with her chin resting on my shoulder. The letter was from Rory.

> My dear Father—I wouldn't be such a fool as to post this to you in the ordinary way here in Dublin. We don't trust the Castle, you know, and just now, I think, they're particularly busy steaming open letters. A friend I can trust is crossing to England and will drop this into some inconspicuous letter box.
>
> Well, I think I ought to let you know that before long now anything may happen. I'm only having a guess. I know you think I'm no end of a person in the movement, but I'm small beer really, and I'm kept pretty much in the dark. But there's something in the air, more marching in uniform than usual. There's plenty of ammunition flowing in. I know that.
>
> Another thing that makes me feel we are on the verge of something is this: Donnelly is so gay and yet so secretive. Of course, he's at the heart of things. He's away attending conferences all day and half the night, and he's singing at the top of his voice. But not a word out of him.
>
> You know, my dear Father, last August I was with the multitude that followed the body of O'Donovan Rossa to his grave at Glasnevin. Padraic Pearse was there, wearing his uniform, and he spoke with his hand on the hilt of his sword. He said: "I hold it a Christian thing, as O'Donovan Rossa held it, to hate evil, to hate untruth, to hate oppression, and, hating them, to strive to overthrow them."
>
> I thought, as I heard those words, that they were the very heart and soul of all that you yourself have ever taught me. I shall go into battle remembering them and remembering you.
>
> One thing more. I hope to come out of this alive. The chances that Donnelly will do so are slenderer than mine. If our attempt is made, and if it should fail, no mercy would be shown to Donnelly. I have learned to love him, Father, and I wonder if you know that I love Maggie, too? I shall marry her some day however this matter turn out, but if Donnelly should be taken from us I shall marry her at once.
>
> Give my love to my Mother. Kiss Eileen. Kiss Maeve.
>
> Rory.

The sheet trembled in my hand as I put it down on the coffee table. For a moment no one spoke. Then Maeve said to Dermot: "Well?"

He sat still, looking straight before him.

"Well—are you happy?" Maeve demanded.

Still Dermot did not move. She got up and moved across the room till she faced him. "I ask you," she said, her voice rising shrilly, "are you happy now? You've got what you worked for. Does it please you? You've killed Rory, that's all. You've killed Rory! You've killed Rory. . . ."

She broke down hysterically. Dermot put his hands before his face and murmured weakly: "Don't, Maeve, don't!"

I got my arms round her shoulders and led her, weeping, upstairs to her own flat. When I came down again Dermot was gone. Rory's letter lay on the floor. I picked it up and put it away.

SO you see, when the new thing came—that Easter Monday rebellion in Dublin—Dermot and I were not surprised. It flamed into the headlines of the newspapers, it staggered the unsuspecting English public; and few people knew what a pitiful, bungled, lamentable affair it was. The heart was gone out of an army that had been ready to spring; and only a remnant paraded on the fatal morning when the visionaries at last set out on their brief pilgrimage to the grave.

One of the remnant was Michael Collins, a thick-set playboy with a wing of black hair tumbling over his brow, almost unknown, but destined to learn that not thus must Ireland be fought for. Not with windy proclamations and the pretence of uniformed might. This became clear to Collins and to one other of the remnant who paraded on Easter Monday—Rory O'Riorden.

On Monday, May 1, Dermot brought me the letter that had come from Rory. It had been written on the Wednesday night of the rebellion week.

When I had read the letter I could not look Dermot in the face, for I knew, as he knew, that by then Pearse had handed in his sword. It was not easy to make some of the men obey his order to surrender. Some smashed their rifles rather than hand them in. Among those who did so was Rory O'Riorden.

Rory had told his father in a letter that if Donnelly were executed he would marry Maggie at once. Donnelly was executed, but Rory did not marry Maggie then. Rory was one of the thousands who were sent to English jails. He went to Frongoch where one of his fellow-prisoners was Michael Collins. It was late in 1916 that Dermot received a letter from Rory containing the phrase: "I am bound to Michael Collins by the most solemn and fearful oath."

The page fluttered in Dermot's nervous fingers. "I hoped it would be ended when Donnelly died," he said. Then he folded the letter and went away. He looked old and very tired.

THAT was on an autumn afternoon. When I had left Dermot I walked in the streets that were beginning to fade into a gloomy dark, bought an evening paper, and took it into Gunter's teashop. I spread it open and my heart gave a bound as I saw Oliver's face looking at me from the page. I hardly dared read the letter-press. Killed in action? Wounded? Then I saw beneath the picture: "Captain Oliver Essex, V.C."

The room had been swimming. Now things took focus again. I filled my cup, drank, and then read the paragraph. It announced that the King had conferred the Victoria Cross upon Captain Essex, M.C., Croix de Guerre. "The action which earned Captain Essex the highest award for valour took place during the Somme offensive, which still continues. Captain Essex is the son of the famous novelist and dramatist, William Essex."

I looked at the picture staring at me out of the paper. It was of no Oliver that I had ever known. The eyes were incredibly hard, staring straight out of the face with a fanatic and inhuman regard.

"God! Doesn't he look a killer!"

It was almost as though my own reluctant heart had spoken. Then I saw that two young officers at a table next to mine were considering the same picture that had captured my fascinated regard. "A killer, all right," he said. "I was with his mob for a time before I transferred."

"Well. He's a damned good soldier."

"Oh, he's a good soldier, all right. But I didn't like him. Something about him—I don't know. He enjoyed it. I've seen him as bloody as a butcher with his white teeth laughing."

I paid my bill, and went out. I walked round Berkeley Square with the Air Force man's phrase vivid in my mind: "Bloody as a butcher with his white teeth laughing." Oliver! Twenty. Twenty last May. Captain Oliver Essex, V.C., M.C., Croix de Guerre.

IT was a fortnight later that Maeve said: "Oliver will be at the Palladian tonight. Did you know he was on leave?"

I shook my head.

"Wertheim told me. He's invited Oliver to a box."

Wertheim would. He knew the publicity value of personalities, and Oliver was a personality.

"Will you be there?" Maeve asked.

"Not much good trying to get a seat at this time of night," I said.

"I've got a ticket. I took it for a friend and now she can't come." Maeve laid the ticket on the table. "You do want to see him, don't you?" she asked.

I nodded, unable to speak.

What an incredibly different Maeve it was I looked at few hours later! And what incredible circum-

stances they were in which I looked at her!

I entered the theater just before the rise of the curtain, just in time to catch the animated buzz of talk that contended with the music of the orchestra dashingly dispensing the opening airs of "Choose Your Partner." The principals of the show came one by one; Maeve appeared last of all. In scene after scene, she was the focal point, the personality on which all pivoted, and she threw herself into it that night with all that was in her. I felt that all the passionate sorrow that was in her heart, all the grief for dead men and for those who were about to die that I knew obsessed and burdened her, was here transmuted into the provision of the most perfect moments which she had it in her to create.

Only once did she come onto the stage alone, and that was when she sang "When it's with you." The stage was darkened of all light save the blue cone that fell upon her white, still, lonely figure.

> All by myself the night seems long.
> And the stairs are hardly worth climbing.
> But when it's with you, it's wonderful!

It was on that third line that the spotlight rayed through the dark of the theater, found a box, and lighted up the face of Oliver.

There they were, the two who had played together as children, each famous now. On each a spotlight rested. But between them was a great space of darkness.

I could see that Livia Vaynol was sitting at Oliver's side. There was something frightening about Oliver now. What had been good looks of a most melting sort had been changed to a startling mature beauty, scratched, damaged, and half effaced, sinister even. Maeve sang on, and now she opened her eyes and looked at Oliver, seemed to be singing to him alone.

The song ended, the curtain swung down, and pandemonium broke loose. Half the crowd shouted: "Maeve! Maeve!" and half shouted: "Essex!" The curtains parted and Maeve appeared. The house lights were still dimmed. The spotlight remained upon Oliver's box. He sat for a long time, impassive, then stood up, unsmiling still, and raised a hand in a stern greeting to the mob. Then he turned and bowed stiffly towards Maeve. She dropped in a curtsy, then blew him a kiss, which set the house howling with delight, and then the curtain fell. Certainly Wertheim knew what a hero was worth.

Her dressing-room was cluttered with flowers when I went round, and cluttered with the customary mob of men and women. I put my arm through hers and drew her aside. "Come along home," I said. "Leave all these people for once."

I don't know what she would have answered, but at that moment Wertheim came bustling into the room. With him were Oliver and Livia Vaynol as well as three or four men and women. Oliver spoke to no one, he smiled at no one, but the chattering crowd intinctively parted to give him passage.

Maeve greeted him radiantly, as though he were a long-lost lover. She had never looked more charming. "I'm so glad you came round," she said. "I hoped you would."

"It was a good show," he said brusquely. "I congratulate you."

"Oliver, old boy, introduce your pals," one of the men said. "I've never met Miss O'Riorden, you know." He screwed the glass into his slightly bulging eye and ogled Maeve.

"Major Pogson," Oliver said briefly, and introduced the other people who were with him.

"Look, Maeve," he said. "I want to take you out to supper. Can you manage it?"

"But I'd love it!" Maeve cried.

"Bravo!" Pogson shouted. "We'll make it a party."

Oliver looked at him with a cold, almost insolent, stare. "Excuse me, Poggy, I don't feel like a crowd."

Again the crowd opened for him. Maeve put her hand on his arm. "Good night, Livia," she said.

I watched Livia's face, saw her eyes narrow, scrutinizing Maeve and Oliver with the quiet vigilance of a cat. Oliver seemed unaware of the scrutiny. He seemed unaware of Livia. But Maeve saw all. She must have seen the spasm of hatred that shot across Livia's face when she said: "Good night."

OLIVER and Maeve made an even more attractive pair for the picture-papers than Oliver and Livia had done. "Captain Oliver Essex, V.C., and Miss Maeve O'Riorden, the popular star of 'Choose Your Partner', somewhere in Soho."

They were everywhere together. "You see," Maeve said to me with frank pride, "I'm someone. Who's ever heard of Livia Vaynol, except a few people in the theater? It flatters him to be seen about with Maeve O'Riorden."

I suppose that was how she did it. Oliver had been given a temporary job at home. It seemed to leave him plenty of leisure for suppers, dances, dinners, and all the flim-flam of the time.

Maeve and I had been shifted by the war into different worlds. We rarely met now at lunch, as we had been used to do: There were so many other claims on her time. There was nowhere else where I might meet her. I did my job each day at the Propaganda Ministry — Information I think they called it—and at night I was glad enough to withdraw into my own thoughts.

On a morning of early January 1917, I was awakened by a banging on my bedroom door. "Who's there?" I shouted.

"Me—Annie."

I stepped out of bed, slipped on a dressing-gown and opened the door.

"Eh, Mr. Essex! Ah'm that scared. Miss Maeve hasn't come home."

Her fear communicated itself to my own heart, but I said reasonably: "She's often late, Annie. I expect she's dancing."

"Dancing! Who'd be dancing a five in t'morning?"

"You'd better go to bed," I suggested.

"Ah'll not go to bed," she said obstinately. "Ah'll sit here till Ah know what's happened to Maeve. No good. Ah reckon."

MAEVE came in at seven o'clock. She looked dead-tired, yet excited, almost exalted. "For the love of Mike, Annie, give us a cup of tea," she said. Then with a pale smile: "I find you two in very compromising circumstances."

Neither Annie nor I spoke. The silence made Maeve uneasy. She got up and walked about the room for a while, then burst out: "Oh, why do they send troop trains away at such a godless hour of the morning!"

"Troop trains?"

"Yes." Then the strength seemed to go out of her. She sank into a chair and murmured: "I've just been seeing Oliver off."

"So Oliver's gone back?"

She nodded. "I knew it was coming, but I didn't want to bother you with it, Bill. You don't mind, do you? It would have been—no good, you know."

"Yes, I see. Would you like to tell me anything about Oliver? You've been seeing a lot of him."

"Every day. You know how it started, don't you? That night at the theater? I wanted to take him away from Livia. Because you wanted Livia."

So that was it! Of course that was it, you fool! Couldn't you see it without having it put into words? And I hadn't wanted Livia after all.

She pushed me down into my chair, then said: "I know I made a mistake. You don't love Livia. You don't want Livia."



"Maeve, my love," I said, and took her into my arms. "My love," she whispered. "You've never called me that before . . . my love. . . ."

I shook my head miserably.

"You've been a long time finding it out," she said. "I didn't think you knew."

She almost snorted in her impatience. "You didn't! Does it take much finding out? Does a man who loves a woman and is pursuing her spend all his leisure time stewing in a flat? Give me credit for a little commonsense. And there I was landed with Oliver for weeks and weeks. He wouldn't go back to Livia. Heavens, no! There you are. Grand theater, isn't it? Heroine's generous gesture recoils on her own head. How do we go on from there? You're a playwright. Tell me."

What was there to tell? Abased, I had nothing to say. Presently Maeve sat down and lighted a cigarette, more composed. "Don't think I've been suffering," she said, "except from a flat feeling that I had made a fool of myself. You've done a great deal for me in your time, Bill, and here was the golden opportunity to do something for you. It wasn't nice to see it wasted. But Oliver's not bad."

I looked up at that more hopeful note. She smiled at me like someone encouraging a despondent child. "Light your pipe," she said. "No, he's not bad," she went on. "You know I never really liked him, but at least I've liked him better these last few weeks than ever before. He's more real now. There's something rather terrifying in his realness. At times I felt frightened with him. He would be silent and brooding for hours together, melancholy—mad."

I asked, "Does Oliver want to marry you?"

"They all do," she said wearily, "but I suppose I'm not a marrying sort."

TOWARDS the end of February I received a letter from Dermot. It contained some trivial message which he asked me to pass on to Maeve. After breakfast I ran up to her flat, and went straight into the sitting-room. The door leading thence to the bedroom was open, and I could see Annie Suthurst standing outside the door of the bathroom which opened off the bedroom. Her face was drawn and haggard. I heard the sound of a faint moan, followed by painful retching.

Annie took my arm, walked me through the bedroom to the sitting-room, and then sank into a chair. She rocked to and fro, stricken with grief. "The same yesterday morning, Mr. Essex. God help us! Oh, Miss Maeve! Miss Maeve!"

I stood looking down at Annie Suthurst crumpled in a chair. I took her by the shoulders and shook her gently. "Annie! Pull yourself together! Remember, Maeve wants your help now more than ever she did. We'll manage this between us."

"Eh, Mr. Essex, it looks to me like summat that's got to manage itself this time."

Uncomfortable words! They were in my head as I sat at the table facing Maeve a few hours later. She was pale as usual, but quite composed.

"Have you heard," Maeve asked, "that Livia's gone away?"

I poured out her coffee, shaking my head.

She looked at me gravely and said: "So wasteful! So wasteful! What a bad schemer I make! My parts should always be written for me."

"Perhaps they are," I said sententiously.

"You mean predestination and all that? It would be such a comfortable doctrine," she said, "that whatever I did had been prearranged—that I couldn't personally be blamed *whatever* I did."

There was something tragical in her stillness, in the way her beloved mouth let drop those words; but all I did was to say: "My dear child, I cannot imagine you doing anything very terrible."

She turned away suddenly, her eyes full of tears. "I just wanted you to tell me that I haven't disappointed you," she sobbed. "You expected so much of me, I know."

I sprang out of my chair. "Disappointed me?" I shouted. And I knew that in all the sad tangle I had made of my life, Maeve stood clear and uncomplicated, the one thing that had never given me a pang, the one presence in which disappointment could never be felt. I crossed the room to her and took her in my arms. "Maeve, my love," I said.

She looked up at me in wonder. "My love," she whispered. "You've never called me that before . . . my love. . . ."

"Let me call you that always. My love."

I tried to get my face upon hers. She forced her head backwards, away from me, gazing deep into my eyes; and suddenly I saw a look of horror born into her face. She gave a little cry and dragged herself free. She buried her face in her hands.

"My love, my sweet," I besought her. "What is the matter? Maeve, I love you. I love you."

"God help me, Bill," she said in a sobbing whisper, "I love you so that I could lie down and let you walk on me and the child that's in me."

"I know about that; don't be afraid about that."

"It's not that I'm afraid of. It's you. You didn't want Livia till Oliver wanted her. You didn't want me till Oliver wanted me. What is it about you that seems to prey on young lives? There was something . . . in your face . . . It frightened me."

"My dear, you're ill. You're imagining things. God forgive me if my face could bear anything but love for you"

"No, no! It's the look that Oliver's got now—hungry—a look that wants to consume lives. This is Oliver's child. You can't have me. You can't pretend to be the father of your grandchild."

She reached a hand out blindly across the table, and I took it and as blindly stroked it. Presently she raised her head and I could have cried at the wreckage of her face, especially when a pale wisp of smile waked like a ghost amid its desolation. "So there we are, Bill," she said. "There we are."

"Maeve, we must talk about this child. What are you going to do? How can I help you?"

"You can't help me. You can't! But you do understand, don't you, Bill? You don't despise me?"

I stroked her hand. "Hush, my dear."

But she went on rapidly: "You know, it had to come. There have been so many men who wanted me. Well, it happened with Oliver."

I looked at the white wreck of Maeve. "Don't think about it any more. Let's consider the present."

"There's only one thing to be done at present. That's go to bed."

At seven the next morning Annie Suthurst came knocking at my door. One look at her distraught face set my heart racing. She could not speak; she just stood there with her shaking fingers fumbling

at a shaking mouth. I pushed past her and ran up the stairs, through the sitting-room to Maeve's bedroom. She lay with one long white arm hanging out of the bed. Her head was fallen a little to one side. The face, framed by the black hair, looked childish and hurt and puzzled.

PART V

ON Armistice Night Annie Suthurst asked: "Will you be going out tonight, Mr. Essex?"

I shook my head. "I don't think so, Annie. No; I really don't think I could stand it. They cheered and went mad when the war started. Now they cheer and go mad because it's ended. The two things don't make sense to me."

When I went to my study, I found the curtains drawn, my chair pulled up to the fire, and my slippers on the fender. Alongside the chair was the little table with my pipes and tobacco-jar and spectacles. Annie looked after me well.

The fact was, of course, that Annie would always spoil me because she had never got over the miracle, as she thought it, that I had achieved, in having Maeve's death listed as a heart attack rather than suicide. The shame that had been averted from the memory of her dear Maeve . . . Annie had proved utterly reliable. Not even to me had she ever mentioned what had happened.

It all surged upon my memory as I sat in my room that Armistice night and listened to the jubilation. All through the evening the songs came up to me: "Tipperary," "When It's with You, It's Wonderful," "Till the Boys Come Home."

There would be that, too. Oliver would be coming home. Around the chill of my heart a faint warmth awakened at the thought. Livia . . . would he want Livia now? Would Livia want him? I saw nothing there. And Maeve was gone. Did I remain? Did I count? I had yet to find out. I had written him when Maeve died. Twenty months ago. There was no answer. I waited for six months, then sent him food and tobacco. There was no answer.

There was a ring at the door of the flat. I heard Annie shuffle out from her bed-sitting-room and break into cries of pleasure. She came bustling into my room, so overcome that she forgot to knock at the door. "Coom in, Mr. Rory. Coom in."

Yes, it was Rory. "I'll see you later, Annie," he said, seeing that she hovered there, making ecstatic noises, unwilling to take her eyes off him.

"Well, Uncle Bill?"

He stood grinning in his old diffident fashion.

Our hands met in hard grip. "Sit down," I said. "You don't change much, Rory."

"No, so Maggie says. She says I just—deepen."

"How is Maggie?"

"As well as can be expected," he said grimly. I knew he was referring to Donnelly's death.

"You'll be able to marry Maggie now," I said.

"We are already married. She is staying at Father's house. We thought there was no need to make a fuss, so we just got married, as soon as I was released from prison."

"I wish you joy, Rory, Maggie's a fine girl."

"Uncle Bill, I believe we do understand something of one another, you and I. Otherwise, I couldn't say what I'm going to say now. But I came to say it, so here goes. Thank you for what you did for Maeve."

"But, my dear boy, I did nothing. I. . . ."

His grey candid eyes were looking me through and through. I hesitated, flustered. "I don't know how you did it or exactly what it was you did," he said. "But, you see, I know that Maeve committed suicide. And I know that no one knows that—not even Father and Mother."

I felt perspiration trickling on my forehead. I wiped it away with a handkerchief, got up, and poured myself a drink. There was utter silence in the room, broken only by the light tinkle of the decanter against the whisky glass.

"She was going to have a child by Oliver."

I had taken a drink, and turned to face him as he said this. His eyes seemed to have shrunk to little points having the hard grey glitter of granite. "She wrote to me from the theater the night she died. She must have scribbled the note in an interval and given it to someone to post. She told me what she was going to do and why she was going to do it." He added simply: "You see, we were very fond of one another, and I was proud of Maeve. We told one another everything."

He glowered at the fire for a while, then went on: "I expected the papers to be full of it—the inquest and all that. And there was nothing—nothing except that Maeve was dead, and all the columns of praise. Then I knew that somebody had cooked it, and I guessed it was you."

I broke in eagerly: "Yes, I—"

He interrupted me with the holding up of one big hand. "Please! Say nothing. I only want to thank you. I'm glad you did it. I should have hated. . . ."

He broke off, frowning. Presently he said: "I did you an injustice. At first I thought in my bitterness that what you had done was to save Oliver's skin. I apologize for that. You did it because you loved Maeve. Always and always. Those are Maeve's words: Always and always. I want you to know that, too. She always loved you, and believed that you loved her but that you were too blind to know your own heart. It's a pity. I wish you had married Maeve. So much would have been so different. Because now. . . ."

He got up, leaving the sentence unfinished, but my own heart finished it for him. *Because now Oliver and I have a matter to settle.*

EVER since leaving Manchester I had continued to read the Manchester Guardian. It was towards the end of the following winter—in March of 1920—that I came upon a paragraph in that paper which threw the next beam of light upon Oliver's affairs. It was a report of bankruptcy-court proceedings, and the Official Receiver was frank about the affairs of Messrs. Newbiggin and Essex. Books, he said, had been improperly kept and the whole conduct of the business had shown a reckless disregard for customary commercial procedure, but in view of the splendid military record of one of the partners he would give them the benefit of the doubt and assume that ignorance of business practice had led them to their present position. The inquiry was closed.

It was this which led me at last to visit Manchester. Perhaps now was the time. . . .

But all I got out of my visit to Manchester was the news that Oliver had joined the Black and Tan Auxiliaries and was then on service in Ireland.

When I got back to town, I rang up Dermot and asked him: "Do you know anything about these Black and Tans and Auxiliaries that are going to Ireland?"

"Yes, Bill, I can tell you in a nutshell. They're the dirty scum and off-scouring of England sent to demonstrate what this government thinks of the rights of small nations. Why?"

"Oliver's joined the Auxiliaries."

Dermot didn't answer that. There was a silence; then I heard the receiver click back onto its hook.

I HAD been writing for an hour. The room was full of the extraordinary silence that accompanies a fall of snow. The scratch of the pen over the paper, the flames in the grate flapping like little blown banners; that was all I could hear.

The telephone bell shrilled, bringing me back with a heart-thump to the moment: to nine of a snowy March night in 1921. It was young Guy Langdale. He had married Eileen in the autumn and they had a small house at Richmond. He was speaking from there in great agitation. Could I come at once?

"But what is it, man? Is Eileen ill?"

"No," he said, "it's not Eileen—it's Maggie."

"Maggie? You mean Rory's wife?"

"Yes. Rory's dead."

I put down the receiver and looked dazedly about my familiar room. Just there Maeve had stood that day, confronting Dermot.

You've killed Rory! . . . You've killed Rory!

God help you, Dermot, now.

Guy himself opened the door and led me to a small room at the back which he used as a study. "You know what these people are when for years they've been sleeping and waking for a cause. We don't know yet what it is, but there's something terrible on that girl's mind. She was delirious. She kept shouting: 'I betrayed him!' and then there was a lot of babble about Essex. That's why Eileen wanted you to come. We thought there was something she wanted to tell you, and that if you were here and she became sensible it might help. But now she's asleep. The doctor's been and seen to that. He says she should sleep till morning. There's another thing. We gathered that she came to Eileen because she dared not go to Rory's father. She couldn't face that. So you see," said Guy, his knuckles white as he clutched his glass, "someone has to tell O'Riorden that his son is dead." He added after a while: "Eileen is in no condition to see her father. And frankly I loathe the job. Will you do it?"

MAGGIE was sitting up in bed. She was alone when Dermot and Sheila and I went in. She was in possession of herself; her hysteria was ended; but a world of woe looked from her grey eyes.

While Dermot and I stood just within the doorway, Rory's mother crossed the room and kissed Rory's widow. It was a cold perfunctory kiss, and suddenly I knew that Sheila's heart was burning with hate. I knew, too, that Maggie felt this.

Tears grew in her eyes, flowed out onto her cheeks. She wiped them away and said: "I mustn't cry."

"It doesn't do much good," Sheila said. "I've lost two children, and I know." That was the only visit she made to Maggie.

A few days later I called alone, and found that Maggie was up and dressed. So I took her out to lunch, and then we went for a walk in Richmond Park. We had not been walking for long when she put her hand shyly on my arm and said: "Rory was very fond of you."

"I believe he was," I said, "and I'm glad of it."

"Do you think I was—good enough for him?"

"I knew Rory well enough to know that he wouldn't have chosen anything second-rate."

"His mother thinks I'm a coward—that I ran away."

"It's difficult just now for Rory's mother to be as fair as she usually is."

Suddenly Maggie sat down on a seat and buried her face in her hands. "I *did* run away," she sobbed. "I did. I did. I *was* a coward."

I tried to comfort her. "My dear, who can blame you? You have been through so much."

But Maggie needed the comfort of words, needed at last to break the silence she had so long maintained about Rory's death. Rory, she said, was the leader of a group of four lads who had withstood for a long gruelling day a siege from a Black and Tan contingent. Towards evening, Rory had been wounded and Maggie and Dan Conroy, whose wrist had been shattered, had managed to half carry, half drag him to an old barn in the loft of which the men had, weeks before, built a narrow secret room, stocked with a little food and first aid equipment. Here Maggie began to bandage Rory's wounded knee, and, lacking splints for the job, she crept back downstairs in search of wood that might serve.

SITTING on the beach in Richmond Park, Maggie paused and looked round in wonder, as though from the horrors she had been recounting she had stepped suddenly into an awareness of the graciousness about her. "I must go on," she said. "It will hurt you." I nodded, and she continued:

"When I got downstairs to the floor of the barn, I was afraid. I had the tiny light with me, and it made the shadows more frightening than if there had been no light at all. I felt as though someone were walking behind me, and someone was. He said suddenly: 'I was sure there were three of you. Where are the others?'

"I stopped quite still. He said: 'Don't move. Don't turn round. There's no reason for you to see me.' Then he took the little light from my hand and stuck the end of the torch in a truss of hay. 'That's excellent,' he said. 'Now I can see you, but I can remain invisible as I have been ever since you left the house. Where are the others?'

"He had a beautiful voice. He spoke so pleasantly that I was almost bewitched into answering.

"He reached out his arm from behind me so that I could see he held a revolver. Then he drew it back, and there was nothing but the voice.

"'Well, 'pon my soul,' he said at last, 'if you don't speak soon, then by the word of an Essex—'

"And then I knew. All the time he had been speaking, that voice coming out of the dark seemed to be coming out of the darkness of years and years ago. It had been puzzling my memory, and when he said the name everything lit up. And I thought of swimming and sailing and fishing, and he and Rory loving one another. And I thought my heart would break with joy, because I knew I had only to turn round and see a face I remembered and say: 'But, Oliver, it's Rory. He's upstairs. You won't want to hurt *him*.'

"And then I turned round, and he said: 'Humph! Inquisitive? Well, here I am.' And with that he turned a strong torch of his own full on his face. And, oh, dear God, it wasn't the face I knew. It was cold and cruel. And my heart dried up, and fear came on me, and suddenly I shrieked.

"And that was how I betrayed Rory.

"There was silence after I shrieked, and then he shrugged his shoulders and said: 'That ought to fetch 'em.' He didn't know me.

"And then there was nothing to do but wait. He had snapped out his torch. I could hear a creeping and crawling along the floor of the loft. He could hear it, too. It went on for a long time, till I knew that Rory was at the opening over the ladder. Then suddenly a big electric torch flashed from up there down into the floor of the barn and began searching for us. It was Conroy holding it, so that Rory could shoot. When the shot came I screamed again, and the thunder in my ears drowned the noise of my own cry. Oliver had fired over my head. Rory slipped head first down the ladder, his arms sprawled out, his wounded leg folded up under him when he came to rest. Conroy watched from above. He had no revolver.

"First, Oliver took the revolver out of Rory's hand and put it in his pocket. Then he turned him over. He knew at once. His own revolver fell from his hand. All the marks seemed to go out of his face as though a sponge had cleaned them off. He looked soft and young and gentle. Then they flowed back. He picked up his revolver and turned to me. 'Maggie Donnelly?' he said.

"'Maggie O'Riorden.'

"'Christ!' he said. 'Christ!' and ran out of the barn.

She had stayed in the barn all night, sitting with Rory's head in her lap, her hands stroking his hair. Towards dawn she crawled behind the hedge, and what was left of the flying column of Black and Tans trailed past her in the dawn. Oliver marched at the head of them. Suddenly one of the men began to sing. Oliver turned upon his savagely: "Shut your blasted mouth!" he said.

The man protested: "Can't a feller sing?"

Maggie said, Oliver's face went blind with fury. He was carrying a heavy stick and he turned and belaboured the man over the head till he reeled

and fell. The others closed about him, muttering. Oliver took a revolver from his belt, formed them into ranks, and marched them off.

"So you see," Maggie said, "that I couldn't tell Mrs. O'Riorden how it was. And if I'd talked about it," she added, "it would have been very hard not to mention Oliver. And I didn't want to do that, because Rory was very fond of you, and he loved Oliver once. He wouldn't have wished it. There's sorrow enough in the world, without my coming between friends."

Then I cried, cried as I had never cried before, as I shall never cry again, tears of anguish for the wrong that had been done, tears for Rory lying beyond the reach of tears in a far-off draughty barn, tears for Oliver venting his savage sorrow as he marched hopelessly along the road of twilight, tears of humiliation at the wisdom and steadfastness of the girl at my side. She walked along quietly, embarrassed by the sobs that shook me, looking shyly into my face from time to time.

"You're too good, too good," I managed to say at last. "Why should you protect me like this?"

"Good?" she said. "No, I'm not good. I'm trying to be sensible, that's all. Aren't you sad and lonely like the rest of us? Very well, then."

We walked in silence for a while, and then I asked her: "What are you going to do now?"

"Do?" she asked with surprise. "Why, I must go back."

"MAY it please your lordship; ladies and gentlemen of the jury. On the first Monday in December last, Percy Lupton, a young man of twenty-seven, went out to his work in the district of Higher Broughton in Manchester.

"Lupton's work was this. His uncle was a builder who owned a great deal of house property. On Monday afternoons, he was to make the rounds of houses which his uncle owned and collect the rents.

"You will hear that Oliver Essex, who stands there before you accused of the murder of Percy Lupton, lodged in one of the houses at which Lupton collected the rent, that he was aware that Monday was the day for the collection, because his landlady, Mrs. Newbiggin, had once left the money and asked him to pay it when the collector called.

"Evidence will be given that Essex had done no work for a long time, that he was in debt not only to his landlady but also to many tradespeople. One of these tradespeople, a tailor to whom he owed fifteen guineas, had pressed him for payment the week before Percy Lupton was killed. He will tell you that Essex said: 'Don't worry. You shall have the money soon if I have to do someone in to get it.'

"Well, now, let us return to Percy Lupton. Just as he was leaving the last house at which he had to call, he met an acquaintance and old army comrade, Henry Sugden, and Sugden will tell you the exact time at which he parted from the dead man, because he looked at his wrist watch, and he remembers saying: 'I must push off. It's twenty past six.'

"As it happens, we have a check on time a little later. A young waiter named Daniel Kassassian had arranged to meet his sweetheart, at a street corner opposite Lupton's office, at six-thirty. Kassassian, as soon as he arrived there, looked at his watch to see if he were on time for his appointment. He will tell you that he noted he was dead on time—six-thirty; and that at that very moment he heard a terrible cry.

"It is the contention of the prosecution in this case that in those ten fatal minutes Oliver Essex murdered Percy Lupton.

"Now Kassassian proceeded to investigate the cry, colliding near Lupton's office with a man with such violence that the man's hat was knocked off. A black felt hat, within which, as you will hear from the hatter who sold it to Oliver Essex, were the initials 'O.E.' Kassassian entered the office, and to his horror, stretched before the open door of the safe, he discovered the body of a man, later identified as Percy Lupton, and he rang up the police. . . ."

The grey wig surmounting the unmoving blur of scarlet; counsel twitching his gown as he wove mesh after mesh of the net; twelve intent faces of jurors; all about me here in the public gallery the livid eager faces of men and women in at the kill.

Suddenly, it all seemed meaningless, a staged fantastic show, nothing to do with me, nothing to do with Oliver. I got up and stumbled down the stairs, my heart crying: "O, Oliver, my son, my son!"

He had destroyed so much that I had loved: Livia Vaynol, and Maeve, and Rory, and Maggie; but he had called me "Father" again; not "Sir" as in that time when there was ice between our hearts. Oh, why should I sit there and listen to the words and the words and the words, when I knew better than any of them what had happened? He had told me himself, and somehow, God help me, there was comfort in that.

He ran into the fog, and as he ran a voice kept crying in him: "You've left your hat, you fool; you've left your hat." But even if he had known incontrovertibly that the hat would hang him, the impulse to run was now stronger than the impulse to go back. "I had killed so many men," he said with brutal candor; "I had been applauded for killing them, promoted for killing them, given medals for killing them; but don't let any fool tell you there's no difference between killing in peace and war. In three seconds after I had killed that man I knew the difference. I knew that I had killed one man too many."

So, panic in his heart, he ran.

I read of the murder of Percy Lupton; I read that a black felt hat had been handed to the police by a man named Kassassian, and that the initials "O.E." were on the lining-band. It meant nothing to me.

By the afternoon the murder was a big affair. It was on the front pages. "Famous V.C. and murdered Cashier." The hatter had identified O.E. Yes, he remembered selling the hat, only a week before, to Major Oliver Essex, whose "present whereabouts are unknown."

In the morning I went to Paddington and took the train to Truro.

So far as I knew, there was only one man in England to whom Oliver could turn now, and that was Captain Judas. I didn't know what I intended to do, except that I must get to Heronwater. I told nobody where I was going—not Dermot; not Annie Suthurst. Just to go, just to feel that at this last desperate moment I might get near to Oliver.

No light was visible in the *Jezebel*. I tied up the boat to the ring in the hull and pulled on the bell-cord.

"That you, Judas?" The voice was a cautious, fearful whisper.

"No, Oliver. I am your father. Let down the ladder."

He let down the ladder and I climbed up and stood beside him on the deck. He was the first to speak. He said: "I'm glad you've come, Father."

I could not answer him, because I knew I had come too late. I looked at him with my heart breaking. He is twenty-six, my thoughts kept saying. . . . He looked ageless: Haggard, drawn, and dissolute.

At last he spoke. "Why did you bother?"

"I want to help you."

"Why? What am I to you?"

"You are my son."

He said with his lips twisted into a grin: "'This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased.'"

There was nothing to be said to that. After a while he said: "There's nothing you can do—nothing at all. But I'm glad you came."

I thought of practical things. "What about Captain Judas?"

"He won't be back till the morning," Oliver said. "His friend Jansen is in at Truro, and he's gone to spend the night with him."

"Does he . . .?"

I couldn't say it. The words stuck in my throat. Oliver helped me out. "You mean does he know the police are after me?" He pushed his hand wearily across his brow again. "God knows what the old fool thinks. He expected me. I know that. I didn't surprise him. He swears they shan't take his Lord this time. He'll show 'em whether Judas is a betrayer. And that's all I can get out of him."

He sprawled down on the timbers, and I sat beside him. I took out my tobacco-pouch and pipe. Oliver produced a pipe and blew through it. I handed him the pouch. Soon we were both smoking.

"D'you remember writing to me about Maeve?"

I nodded.

"I got that letter all right. And the tobacco and food later. I wish that I had come straight back to you when the war was over. But I was too proud. I wanted to go on hurting you. I wanted to go on hurting everybody." He buried his face in his hands. "I oughtn't to have come here," he said. "This place is too full of Rory." And then: "Let me tell you—"

"No, no. Don't distress yourself. I know all about that. Maggie told me—told no one but me. She knew that you didn't know it was Rory when you shot him, and she said that Rory himself wouldn't have wished anyone to know. She seemed to understand."

"I wasn't in their class," he said slowly. "I wasn't in the same class as Rory and Maggie. Or Maeve, for that matter. Sorry, Father. God gave you the one bad lot of all the bunch."

IN the pitch-darkness I could feel Oliver's head resting against my shoulder. We had talked and dozed, and waked and talked again, far into the night.

I moved my hand and felt his hair, long and silky. I fondled it very softly, fearing to wake him, and tears scalded my eyelids and then began to flow quietly down my face. I wished we could both die there, in the darkness below the *Jezebel's* decks, with his head on my shoulder, his soft hair under my hand.

Suddenly his whole body twitched violently and his head was wrenched away. Then, as though he had recollected where he was, he sighed and leaned back against me. "Hallo, Father," he said.

I could see by the illuminated dial of his wrist watch that it was seven o'clock. I wiped my eyes furtively.

I lit the galley fire and made some coffee, cut bread and butter. It was not much of a meal, but it was many years since we had eaten together. He recurred to a thought that had troubled him before.

"I don't know why you're doing this," he said.

"Never mind why I'm doing it," I answered. "Don't you know that I'm very happy? I've got a son again. If you had had a son you might know what I mean."

"I might have had," he said. "Maeve might have had a son . . . Poor Maeve . . . Then it would have been so different."

"She loved you very much," I lied.

"Did you ever see Livia Vaynol again?" he asked.

I shook my head. "Never since the night you left her in Maeve's dressing-room."

"Nor I. I treated her pretty badly." He added after a pause: "There's only one thing in my whole life that I'm glad about at this moment."

I looked at him questioningly.

"I'm glad Mother didn't live." We were silent for a moment, then he asked: "Had we better descend again to the underworld?"

"It's not necessary. Stay here where the air's fresher. No one can see you, and we can see anyone who approaches the ship. What are you going to do?"

He sat with his hands drooping between his knees. "Hang," he said.

At that, a cry was dragged out of me. "No, no!" I said. "Don't say that! For God's sake don't talk about that, even as a possibility. We must think. We must devise some scheme. . . ."

I lost control of myself. I was standing up, shouting, quivering. Oliver put an arm round my shoulders, and a strange shudder compounded of joy and repulsion went through me at the touch. "Calm yourself," he said. "I know you would do anything for me. I have always known that, pig-headed swine that I've been. I've always known you were there. There were times when I hated you, but I never doubted you. Is it any consolation to you to know that?"

I nodded my head, unable to speak.

"I'm glad," he said, his grip round my shoulders tightening like a vice, "because now it's too late. You can do nothing more. Look!"

The arm that was not holding me shot out towards the window, the long scar pointing like an arrow. As I looked, his strong arm held me up, or I should have fallen. "That's the end," he said.

He released me, and I gripped the edge of the table for support. My knees were like water. Oliver held out his hand. "We'll say good-by now," he said.

I took his hand. It closed on mine like iron. He was not afraid now. I could see that.

"Thank you for coming—and for everything," he said. Then he dropped my hand.

We stood face to face at the table, not speaking for a moment, listening to the engine of the approaching motorboat. The engine dropped to half-speed as the bows pointed in towards the *Jezebel*.

Then he spoke again. "Don't fool yourself with hopes. There's no earthly chance. I want you to make me a promise."

I couldn't speak. I looked at him in anguished silence.

"Don't come to see me in jail when it's all over. I shouldn't like that. Promise?"

I nodded.

THERE is nothing more to be said. They hanged Oliver in Strangeways jail. I do not know whether a bell was tolled or a flag flown at half-mast or a proclamation nailed to the prison door. I know only that in the desolate street I lingered till, almost without seeing, I was aware that the small crowd had broken up and was drifting away.

Rain was falling as gently as mercy, and a woman, walking with long swift strides, went by me. Her open umbrella brushed my cheek and she half turned with a muttered word. It was Livia Vaynol, her quick walk making me think that she was fleeing, as she had fled that day when for the first time she saw Oliver leave for France. Recognition struck instantly between us, but she did not stop. A strong shudder seemed to shake her as she strode ahead of me through the mist.

I knew that she had been saying good-by, and wondered at her faithfulness.

But this is not the place where I shall say good-by. I shall go back to London and rest awhile, for I am very tired. Then some day I shall take a train from Paddington. At Fishguard I shall go aboard the little liner that takes you to Cork. I have never been there, but I am told that, having traveled all night, you awake in a wide harbor with a loveliness to make you wonder.

I shall do that, and I shall go ashore and go to Ballybar and find there the grave where Rory lies. Because in my heart you, too, Oliver, will always be lying there. It was not you who went that day and struck, and stole, and ran. That was the simulacrum that remained after you had died at Ballybar. You died when you killed your friend. There was nothing for you of good or evil after that. So I shall say good-by to you by Rory's grave.

Perhaps Dermot will come with me. We shall say good-by to you together—to you and to Rory—and remember the night before either of you was born when in pride and blindness we told the years what they should do with our sons.

THE Camera SPEAKS

Hollywood's "Age of Innocence"—not the classic by Reynolds, but our ultramodern, 1940 model, Sandra Henville, star of "Sandy Is a Lady"

Estabrook

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF *Lillian Russell*

as it really happened





In 1879, seventeen-year-old Nellie L tired from her first job to wed m cian Harry Braham (not in the fi



Soon after her divorce in 1884, ex-Mrs. Braham wed composer ward Solomon (Don Ameche in f

Henry Fonda, Alice Faye (as Lillian Russell) and Don Ameche in the soon-to-be-released film version of this fabulous career



No longer the "Airy Fairy" Lillian, but still dazzling, she was headlined in 1911 as "Vaudeville's Greatest Capture"



Diamond Jim Brady (played by Ed Arnold) wooed her but never won not even with his $50,000 em

Photographs from:
Albert Davis Collection
Culver Service
Brown Bros.

PHOTOPLAY presents, in a series of rare photographs, the true story of the Incomparable Lillian—the story the movies cannot tell of golden-haired Nellie Leonard from Clinton, Iowa, who became Broadway's first glamour girl







on Tony Pastor "discovered" her, gave her the of Lillian Russell, made her an overnight sen- at his renowned 14th Street Variety Theater

At Tony Pastor's, Lillian gave up her grand opera ambitions to trill the songs of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan and shock the town by wearing tights

As her career waxed, her home life waned with the death of her baby son from an accidental overdose of drugs

The Russell craze was manifested in an amazing flood of songs, flowers, gowns, cigars bearing the magic name









's beloved daughter, Dorothy, came union, but also came disillusion— arriage to Solomon was terminated

La Russell then forswore love, until, in 1894, singer Señor Perugini swept her into a marriage that lasted just four months

At this time, the fulsome prima donna of Broadway's Casino was the epitome of the Gay Nineties—era of the wasp waist, pompadour and plumed chapeau

At the turn of the century, she left the Casino to join Weber and Fields at their famous Music Hall. (The comedians play themselves in the film.)







ax to a varied marital career was Miss Russell's marriage in 1912 to rich ander Moore, Pittsburgh editor. A more glamorized version of this twilight nce is given in the film, with Henry Fonda portraying Lillian's fourth husband

Postscript to a great career was the film, "Wild Fire," made at Fort Lee, N. J., in 1914. Likewise was a series of beauty talks—"How to Live a Hundred Years"—given by Miss Russell throughout the country

The War turned her to public service, and up to her death in 1922, Queen Lillian remained—as always—in the spotlight!

Double

"My Favorite Wife," cries Cary Grant—cribbing the title of their new film—as he clasps Irene Dunne. She relaxes happily, while he looks ahead for trouble—as well he might, since the scenario also has him married to Gail Patrick!

Ardor in Africa, displayed by those stellar travelers of Paramount's "Safari," young Doug Fairbanks and Madeleine Carroll. Film's lion-hunting background is exciting, but could anything be more—er, gripping than such a scene as this?

Headers

The ultimate in double-double billing — four features (count 'em), starring a double mixed quartet whose raised voices can command first billing anywhere

Spring thaw seems to have set in on "The Primrose Path"—hastened, no doubt, by Joel's and Ginger's smiles. However, the McCrea-Rogers duo has many despairing moments every bit as dark as Ginger's hair in this dramatic new RKO picture



Romance—glittering, glamorous, melodious romance—enters the film life of Anna Neagle after a series of historical dramas. Now, in "Irene," Anna laughs, sings, dances, holds hands with Ray Milland—and doesn't age a single year!



1 Josh and Ace: "No ushers are greater in any theater"



2 Mima, Josh and Ace—"Sweet Potato Pipers"



3 "And yet the moon seems

THE Lyrical "ROAD TO SINGAPORE"

All set, everybody? Then let's sing
With stars Dottie, Bob and Bing—
And follow their film-story, too;
Though we won't reveal the ending,
You should find a happy blending,
In Paramount's tuneful revue!

1

JOSH MALLON (Bing Crosby) had returned from a highly pleasurable cruise on board a tramp steamer with his pal, happy-go-unlucky Ace Lannigan (Bob Hope), to find an irate father and a clinging fiancée. Joshua Mallon, Sr., shipping tycoon, demanded that Josh settle down and take an interest not only in their profitable business but in Gloria, whose desire for an early marriage he supported completely. Josh finally yielded but the night their engagement was to be announced on the yacht of Gloria's father, he disappeared to meet Ace. He popped up again with his buddy and the duo broke up the very swank, very austere party by clowning and singing:

"CAPTAIN CUSTARD"

VERSE:

A crowd has stormed the music hall,
Will someone please put in a riot call!
Where's Captain Custard?
They're milling left, they're swarming right;
It always happens when they have Bank Nite.
Where's Captain Custard?

CHORUS:

There's Captain Custard,
Undaunted and unflustered,
With his troops officially mustered.
No ushers are greater
In any theater in town.
Quick, can't you see, sir?
Oh, goodness, gracious me, sir!
Will you look at Company B, sir:
I think they're retreating,
This Bank Nite is beating them down.
He'll halt their advances
With firm and fearless glances;
They shall not pass the center aisle,
He's armed to the teeth with a smile.
Brave Captain Custard,
Undaunted and unflustered,
While around him women are clustered.
He knows all their wishes,
They're waiting for dishes;
It's not his uniform spic and spruce
'Cause he looks too much like a Charlotte Russe.
Brave Captain Custard,
Dear Captain Custard.

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2

Josh and his father, inevitably, quarreled once more, and the heir to the Mallon fortunes shipped out to unknown ports with Ace. They ended up in Kaigoon where, starting with a brawl in the island's one and only hot spot, they met Mima (Dorothy Lamour). A three way partnership was organized and Mima, in a very respectable fashion, moved in with the boys. Ace tried to solve the pressing food problem by placing soapy water in bottles and selling it to the natives as a no-work, all-play cleaning fluid. The trio attracted crowds by a little musical trick all their own:

"SWEET POTATO PIPER"

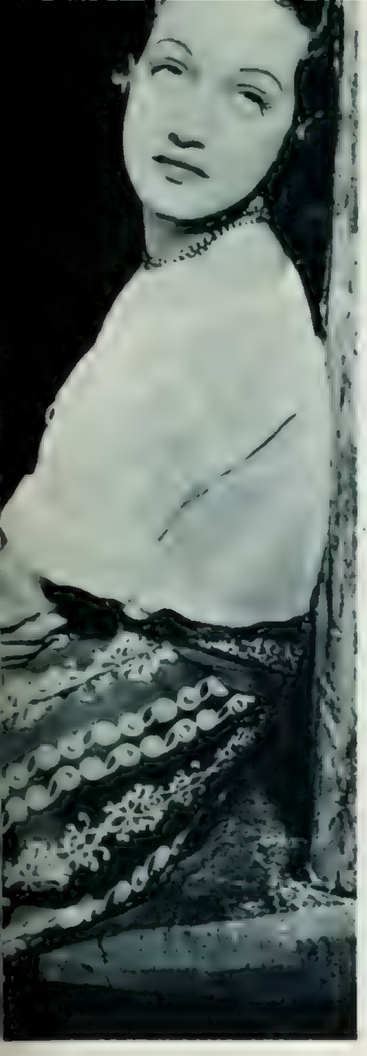
VERSE:

Do you remember Yuba who played the tuba
And made the rumba a popular beat?
The "Peanut Vendor" was a solid sender,
Not to mention "Piccolo Pete."
Of course you've heard of Sammy
From Alabamy, the old accordion man;
Well, while we're on the subject,
Do you know why the Beguine began?

CHORUS:

Music soothes the savage,
That's a well-known phrase,
But your heart becomes
Full of kettledrums
When the Sweet Potato Piper plays.
Go on, throw your hat up,
Shout a few hoorays,
'Cause you can't hold back,
You're a jumpin' Jack
When the Sweet Potato Piper plays.
Tho' it's not a magic flute,
There's a fascinating toot.
It's not exactly beautiful,
It's sort of like an I-don't-know;
I guess you'd call it cute.
Sunbeams try new dance steps,
Songbirds sound their "A's"
And the world joins in
With a great big grin,
When the Sweet Potato Piper plays.

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my love will soon be here"



4 "You're much too near and I'm too romantic"

5 "And, before you know it, you'll be wearing sarongs"

3

Josh and Ace, afraid of the complications of a woman in their lives, tried gently to ease Mima out of the picture. But peculiar feelings had already begun to swirl around in their bosoms. The young lady stayed and, if either of the two gentlemen had been awake one gorgeous tropical night, they could have heard her slip out on the porch of their native hut and sing to the moon and misty silver of the lagoon:

"THE MOON AND THE WILLOW TREE"

VERSE:

When shadows fall and the sky is dark and deep
I've a rendezvous that I must keep
Or my poor heart wouldn't sleep.

CHORUS:

I have two friends, the strangest company,
The gay lighthearted moon and the willow tree,
The sad willow tree,
And when we meet, notice suddenly
The moon begins to smile, but the willow tree
Starts weeping for me.
Somehow I know it's about my love,
The willow must doubt my love will ever appear.
And yet the moon seems to say my love will soon be here.
Which one is right, they never quite agree;
The smiling moon and the weeping willow tree.

Copyright 1940 Paramount Music Corporation

4

Great events got under way with Josh and Ace discovering simultaneously that lovely Mima could be a great deal more than an efficient housekeeper. But Josh beat Ace to the punch and that hapless Romeo returned one day to find his two friends confessing:

"TOO ROMANTIC"

VERSE:

The folks who knew me as a child have often said to me,
That they don't recognize the little boy I used to be.
They tell me I was ferocious, and so heroic'lly brave,
And quite grown-up and precocious; or that's the impression I gave.
But now I'm very cautious of most ev'ry thing I do—
I'm not exactly a coward, but just between me and you:

CHORUS:

I'm so afraid of night, 'cause I'm too romantic,
Moon light and stars can make such a fool of me.
You know you're much too near and I'm too romantic.
JOSH:
Wouldn't I be a sight on bended knee?
MIMA:
Don't ask to hold my hand 'cause I might agree
I'm startled when you whisper,
I'll run if you should sigh.
I must be careful or I'll kiss my heart goodby
You shouldn't let me dream 'cause I'm too romantic—
Don't make me fall unless it could come true.

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5

Love, though, was absolutely helpless when it came to answering the food problem. Temporarily, they solved their culinary troubles by unearthing a native feast. Romance, food, laughter were all there but they fled, helter-skelter, when Papa Mallon and Gloria suddenly appeared to end successfully their long search for the missing heir and sweetheart. Josh, caught by respectability and tradition, left love and Mima to Ace and the tropics. He departed, mournfully, to the throbbing music of the natives' own song:

"KAIGOON"

VERSE:

Kaigoon is an island somewhere near the moon;
Unless you're a dreamer you won't find Kaigoon.
I've been told the life is so romantic and gay
If you travel there you just go native and stay;
You become susceptible to laughter and songs
And before you know it you'll be wearing sarongs.

CHORUS:

Music, Love and Laughter—Morning, Night and Noon!
Kaigoon is an island somewhere near the moon
Whispering waves are there that seem to say
A dream is not so far away.
While the irresistible drums are putting you in the mood to dance
And the scent of sandalwood trees is tempting your heart to seek romance,
What would you do but sigh and say:
"I guess I'll stay forever"
There where there's pleasure
There where it's tranquil
Other lands may worry and fret but no one has ever worried yet
At Kaigoon, peaceful old Kaigoon.
Unless you're a dreamer you won't find Kaigoon;
Kaigoon is an island somewhere near the moon.

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Score three hits for Hollywood! Betty Grable, Bert Lahr, Ethel Merman in "Du Barry Was a Lady"



Donald Cook and Gertrude Lawrence of the stage (but not unknown to films) proved "Sky Lark" so gay and appealing it's been purchased for Claudette Colbert of the screen



In the dramatic "Key Largo" —film-king Paul Muni, with movie-possibility Uta Hagen

BROADWAY, *The*

BY CHARLES HOPKINS

(Famous Broadway Theatrical Producer)

ONCE upon a time—and a glorious time it was, too, for the theater of those days—the scores of plays which flooded the Broadway stage each season were given their tryouts everywhere but in New York before being brought to town. Sometimes, other large cities were selected for this occasionally dubious honor. More often, the choice fell on some little hamlet somewhere in neighboring New England states.

To blasé Broadwayites, this system was known as "trying it out on the dog." If the dog liked it (or didn't show too conclusive proof of not liking it), the show was finally brought to Manhattan and exposed to its critical first-nighters.

The changing times have wrought a subtle difference. Broadway now finds itself being used as the dog for all the rest of the country. More and more, its plays are being previewed right in Manhattan. In the old days, New York companies went out on the road *after* the long Broadway runs were finished. Today, Chicago and Pacific Coast companies are chosen with as much care as the original Broadway casts and sent out to cash in *during* the New York run—and to clear the way for Hollywood.

For Broadway is now Hollywood's dog, too. Hollywood has been buying up its plays and players at a rate of time and money which is

(Continued on page 84)



A trio of "Men Who Came to Dinner": Manhattan's Monty Woolley, Chicago's Clifton Webb (stripes), and the West's Alexander Woollcott (in polka dots) —who inspired the role!

land" (with John Craven, Luther Adler) to films

Broadway box offices hailed Hollywood's Hepburn in "The Philadelphia Story" — with Joseph Cotten, Van Heflin

Hollywood triple-threat man Elliott Nugent scored a double in "The Male Animal," with Ruth Matteson

Dog

Another on-stage season for Franchot Tone, this time in "The Fifth Column" with Katherine Locke

One of "My Dear Children": Elaine Barrie—papa: John Barrymore. Below, two mamas in "Life with Father": Lillian Gish, Chicago; Dorothy Stickney, N. Y.

Tallulah Bankhead's personal triumph in "The Little Foxes" may return her to the screen

A toast to Julie Haydon—once in films—playing in "The Time of Your Life"

LOVE



A million years ago: The courting caveman says it with gifts—when mama thinks the pile is big enough, daughter will show him it's all okay by offering him a drink

Another way to propose—tossing nuts into her lap. If she keeps them, fine. If she throws them back—"Nuts to you!"

Undaunted he comes around to help her with the housework (there's an idea!) but, if the family doesn't ask him to stay to dinner, he's still unaccepted

But if she mends his shir they're as good as engag

At the wedding, he picks her up and carries home (wrapped in sheep's clothing—?)

Bride and groom indulge in a friendly, though highly symbolic, tug of war. See anything familiar about these "old-fashioned" customs?

1,000,000 B.C.



At last, mama approves, daughter accepts —and so it's cocoanut cocktail for two

With no movies to take her to, he shows off in his own little drama of strength

He hands her his version of a comb and asks her to do his hair. If she refuses (and why not?), he's just out of luck

helps with the housework—the first day. After that, she's her own, but must hold on to his belt whenever they go out

All they missed was the clinch—they didn't kiss in those days. They only rubbed noses, as shown here by Carole Landis and Victor Mature, heroine and hero of this thousands-of-years-old romance!

Leap Year loot: Exclusive poses by the stars of Hal Roach's "One Million B.C."—to show your own caveman how much simpler it is today, if he'll only try!

Photographs: Stax

WE COVER THE STUDIOS

This month's gay tour exposes some movie miracles—and helps to answer George Brent's inquiry on page 4!

BY JACK WADE

EVERY month we feel the urge to toss a few orchids to the miracle makers who conjure up the sights which perpetually dazzle our eyes. The set designers and builders, for instance; the cabinet makers, the painters and antiquers; the electricians; the make-up men and women; the hairdressers, wig makers, costumers; the research delvers and trick-effects wizards.

Well, this month the urge has finally sneaked up on us. So, salute! Bravo! Three rousing cheers! Because never have we witnessed as many amazing sets, clever costumes, authentic atmospheres, marvelous make-ups and tricky techniques.

"Our Town," for instance, the Sol Lesser picture which holds much of Hollywood's interest this month at United Artists, has thirty-eight New England village sets, done by William Cameron Menzies, and so perfect in Down East atmosphere and detail that we don't dare mention them in anything but a Yankee twang. And "Our Town" was a hit on Broadway with only a bare stage and not a stick of scenery, except a ladder and a couple of broken-down chairs! Broadway could talk about "Grover's Corners"—but Hollywood shows it!

On the set, we find Frank Craven with his pipe, the ubiquitous Thomas Mitchell, William Holden, Fay Bainter and Martha Scott, a fragile, lustrous-eyed girl with a young, sensitive face and talent to burn, who made a Broadway hit as *Emily* in "Our Town."

IT'S almost evening outside, but it's dawn in "Our Town." The sleepy village is awakening as master electricians pull switches, and dawn's pale, early light steals uncannily over everything. Director Sam Wood signals cues for villagers to pop their heads out of doors and windows as milkman Stu Erwin clatters by. The light grows wider and brighter. Then everybody, except the actors, anxiously turns to watch a pen of live chickens near by. There's a cocky rooster strutting around his harem. Is the artificial dawn realistic enough? Will he crow? If he doesn't, the scene's just no good.

The suspense is terrific—then there's a flapping of wings and "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" shatters the strained silence. "Cut!" cries Sam Wood, and the electricians mop their damp brows. They've a right to be proud of their false dawn. It's pretty hard to fool a rooster.

But if a whole picture company worries about kidding a mere chicken, think of the worries Darryl Zanuck's costumers have bringing Lillian Russell to life again, right down to the last curve in her corset. This time the problem is to convince thousands of theatergoers who still remember lavish Lillian, or have read enough to know what's what about the Gay Nineties.

What a job this is you can't possibly realize unless you could see Alice Faye, as we do, and Henry Fonda, Don Ameche, Edward Arnold, Lynn Bari and Warren William, all properly togged for high life in the Dear Dead Days. The set is in a big barn-like stage on the old Fox Western Avenue lot. The vast place is literally packed with beautiful extras. They're waiting to do a wasp-waist wiggle as Alice sings.

"The Life and Loves of Lillian Russell" is to be another "Great Ziegfeld" type of screen extravaganza, strung along Russell's fabulous thirty-year reign on Broadway, from the time she clicked up and through her very last marriage. There were four Russell weddings, actually, but that is too many, even for Hollywood; two are cut out. We find the gold-plated bicycle she rode in Central Park leaning against a set parallel. A Gay Nineties gown binds Alice's figure.

(Continued on page 78)



Trouble in "Our Town"? Unique camera methods make many problems for Director Sam Wood, Fay Bainter, Bill Holden and Adviser Ed Goodnow

Disregarding real-life love, M-G-M's "Pride and Prejudice" teams Laurence Olivier (not in costume) with Greer Garson (in period gown)

That Bob Taylor mustache may add zest to love scenes—but Vivien Leigh still thinks only of Olivier when not emoting for "Waterloo Bridge"

No wonder Linda Darnell and John Payne are in such high spirits for "Stardust"! It may pave the way to stardom

PHOTOPLAY *Fashions*

BY GWENN WALTERS

Fashion Editor
Assisted by: Frances Hughes
June Smith, Peggy Sweet



Jean Arthur's honey-colored hair makes her a natural for beige, the smart new color of the season. That's why Irene created this charming costume of beige crepe for Jean to wear in the Columbia production of "Too Many Husbands." The frock features gathered fullness and amusing medallions of wee flying fish in gold thread and sequin embroidery

Irene makes the fitted coat of beige sheer wool with a clever diamond-shaped cutout to reveal the blouse medallion of the frock. The veiled sailor is of beige felt

Prices quoted on the fashion pages vary in different sections of the country

THE COLOR — NAVY

THE ACCENT — WHITE



SOFTLY FEMININE—a navy frock in Swing Parade crepe (woven with Celanese rayon yarn) with frothy white collar and cuffs that add a flattering touch. The lively, pleated skirt joins the blouse at the new low waistline. $22.95. Saks Fifth Avenue, N. Y.; Chicago

TRIMLY TAILORED—a princess dress of navy Record Breaker crepe (woven with Celanese rayon yarn) that sports stripes and a bow of white piqué. $17.95. Jane Engel, New York. The hat's a navy sailor with white accent. Around $6.00

A DAY WITH

DEANNA





The crack of dawn—and already Deanna Durbin is up and about. Her buttercup yellow dress of Moygashel's cracker-crisp Shan-Crush linen is belted in cool green. Over her shoulder she slings a checked topper. All the Durbin fashions on this page at Franklin Simon, N. Y. If you would like further information about Deanna's costumes, write the Fashion Secretary, Photoplay, 122 East 42nd St., N. Y.

For her luncheon date Deanna changes into this rustling, checkered frock of navy blue and white Crown Tested rayon taffeta with wee sleeve edgings and removable gilet of crisp frou-frou frills of organdie

Come moonlight, Deanna's off to a dance, captivating everyone in sight, as you would, too, in this sheer white rayon crepe evening frock and hooded jacket spiced with plaid. Deanna will appear next in Universal's "It's a Date"

ROBIN'S-EGG BLUE—for dark beauty! Brenda Marshall, currently featured in the Warner Brothers picture, "City of Conquest," wears it here in a full, sweeping gown of sharkskin, with wings of eyelet embroidery for sleeves and a tiny baby collar and bow. Brenda selected it from Bullocks, Los Angeles; it is a Patricia Perkins original design

Welbourne



CECIL BRUNER PINK—to accent the allure of blondes! Priscilla Lane's dream of a dancing frock is made of dotted swiss, with eyelet-embroidered daisy edgings on the three tiers and the ruffled off-the-shoulder décolletage. Priscilla's appearing in Warners' "Three Cheers for the Irish." Her Patricia Perkins frock is from Bullocks, Los Angeles

Welbourne

The Longer JACKET



At left: Ona Munson, the superb Belle of Selznick's "Gone with the Wind," models a gentlemanly double-breasted jacket with flap pockets and completely feminine gored, flared skirt. Jacket and skirt—both of corduroy—come in soft pastels to be contrasted or matched according to your fancy. Around $11. Russeks, New York

Geoffrey Morris

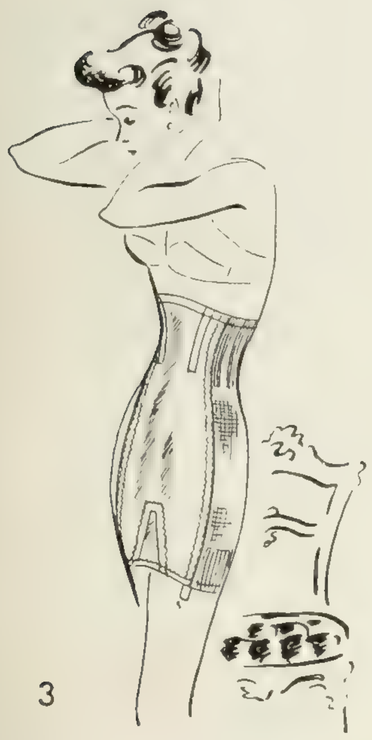


At right: Twenty-six inches of plaid jacket in colors to rival Joseph's coat! Ona teams it with rancho-pleated flannel skirt in sky blue, matched to Debway's cowboy felt hat. The jacket is $17.95 and the skirt is $7.95. Sketched above: Girls are lifting the little boy's Botany flannel coat to wear casually for sport, street and evening. That belted back is news! $10.95. Jacket and coat are from Lord & Taylor, N. Y.

THAT LONG *Lean Look*


1

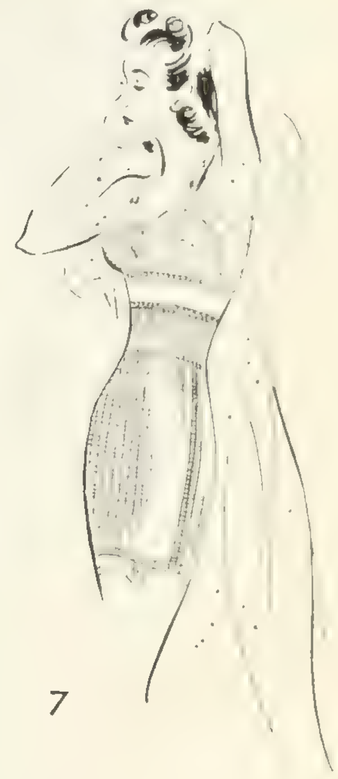

2


3


4


5


6


7


8



Geoffrey Morris

American girls are famous for that *"look,"* and it's frocks like this—with the proper foundations—that give it to them. The long sweep of jacket tops a basic dress of Duplan's navy rayon sheer with pleated skirt and crisp lace collar. Around $22.95. Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago

1. Lastex-knit longer-torso girdle leaf-striped for beauty, boned for extra control. $1.50. Net bra-form with tuck-in shields. $1.25. Kleinert

2. A "Smoothie" in batiste with fagotted bra, non-stretch front and back panels, Lastex sides, Talon to waist, and part-laced back. $5

3. "Hi-Top" achieves its figure-molding thru its long, slimming top, knit-in boning, Leno-Lastex sides, satin-Lastex front and back, and specially knit stay-down bottom. $5. Jantzen

4. "Once Over" tapers you with a satin, lightly boned front-panel, satin-Lastex back, fagotted bra and Talon-fastened side. $7.50. Maiden Form

5. Frivolous but firm—"Complete," with satin-Lastex fore and aft, floral lace-Lastex sides, lace bra and Talon-fastened back. $7.50. Carter

6. Cool as a summer breeze—Lastex-net all-in-one with daintily embroidered, scalloped front. Double net flattens the tummy. $5. Munsingwear

7. Girdle combining lisle and Lastex, with an elongated waistband that's designed not to roll, sides that are Nylon-stitched and Inviz-A-Grip garters. $5. Spiral-knit bra. $1.50. Vassarette

8. Light Schiaparelli girdle of net and Linatex with the famous "Circle Waist" and Talon fastener. $7.50. "Night-Life" bra. $1.75. Formfit





MAGIC formula

WITH three little words, "Double or Nothing," Dorothy Lamour, appearing in Paramount's "Typhoon," reveals her magic formula for dressing on $25 a week (with money left over for the rent and food besides).

True, Dorothy now earns a handsome weekly wage from her screen and radio contracts, but she well remembers the days when she was working for a $25 salary.

Her magic formula of "Double or Nothing" simply means this—that every dress you buy must be born to do double-duty.

To show you how it's done, Dorothy poses in three spring costumes.

First, an ensemble of Flagship black rayon crepe as shown left at the top. The coat (which may be worn as a coat-dress.also) whisks on and off in a twink because it buttons from collar to hem—beneath it is the gayest of five o'clock frocks sporting a peek-a-boo pink net blouse atop a black skirt. The ensemble around $20. J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Chas A. Stevens, Chicago; Saks 34th, N. Y.

Dorothy's next is a Corticelli print ensemble—tiny white scrolls on black rayon crepe. Team the coat with a black frock now and a white one later on; team the dress with a black coat for change. Around $15. The Broadway, Los Angeles; Mandel Brothers, Chicago; Lord & Taylor, N. Y.

The magic formula works for evening, too. Dorothy wears a formal gown that boasts its own little jacket which makes the costume perfect for informal invitations as well. The ensemble is of white rayon Jersanese—wear the red embroidered jacket with separate skirts of red and navy. The formal gown is a real masterpiece of Grecian simplicity. Around $20. Wanamaker's, N. Y. and Philadelphia.

Put double life into "your" clothes by trying Dorothy's magic formula!

Team Mates

Fashion flash from Hollywood—better still from Gwen Wakeling, currently creating clothes for the Twentieth Century-Fox production, "Stardust." "This season it is smart and new to team dresses with matching hats." From this Hollywood tip we select "teaming" dress and hat designs. The symbol (Ph) is your identification for PHOTOPLAY-McCALL PATTERNS



3712—a design you'll prize for a couple of playtime frocks. Make one from the design as shown, another sans the sleeves. There's a heap of style, as well as freedom, in this frock that features gathered fullness released from a trim yoke, and a button closing that may be Talon-fastened if you prefer. You'll find the gay matching turban easy to make, for it's cut all in one piece



3713—an excellent casual frock for every occasion. The band-stitched trim, fly-front closing, shoulder fullness and many-gore skirt give a fresh new look to this basic shirtwaist design so loved by fashion. There's a casual mood, too, in the very new chignon turban that drapes softly over the skull and finishes low on the neckline with a figure-eight roll, trim as can be



3719—a double-duty costume that will prove its weight in gold. The bolero conceals the short-sleeved blouse of the frock which has, as you see, neck-to-hem button closing and a flaring gored skirt. Contrast trim adds a gay touch of color. The jaunty military hat, with visor brim, ribbon band and bow, is stitched in front to hold its flattering shape

The hats sketched are from a group of four in Pattern No. 763

Penny Wise

FIVE LITTLE PRINTS

THIS LITTLE PRINT GOES TO MARKET—
red and white bowknots on grey rayon crepe, with a buttoned bolero and a red-stitched baby collar of crisp white piqué. $12.95. At B. Altman, New York and at Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago

Geoffrey Morris

THIS LITTLE PRINT TAKES THE SUN—
red, white and blue stripes, whopping big pockets and shiny silver buttons. A "Claire Tiffany" model of crease-resistant rayon and linen. Around $7. McCreery, New York; Mandel Brothers, Chicago and Famous & Barr, St. Louis

Fashions

(*Trademark*)

THIS LITTLE PRINT HAS FUN—
The Stork Club . . . and champagne . . . nothing's too good for this little Rambling Junior cable net (woven with DuPont rayon and acetate yarn) frock with swishy skirt. Dress and hat are abloom with hyacinths. $15. Russeks, New York; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; and at B. Siegel, Detroit

THIS LITTLE PRINT SERVES TEA—
Something new . . . Enka's rayon Twilla-twill in Alice blue, printed with white flora, fauna, teapots, boots and windmills. The widest skirt and the deepest pockets ever! Around $16. McCreery, New York and Marshall Field, Chicago



THIS LITTLE PRINT KEEPS A DATE—
A nosegay print of dotted Swiss, and you'll be the prettiest flower of them all with this old-fashioned ruff around your shoulders. Around $15. R. H. Macy, New York and Mandel Brothers, Chicago Wear this little print to snare your mate—save it for that dancing date.

PHOTOPLAY'S GOLD MEDAL WINNER

"GONE WITH THE WIND"

NOW it can be told! PHOTOPLAY is happy to announce that the motion picture selected by votes of our readers as the outstanding picture of 1939, and, thus, the winner of our famous Gold Medal Award, is Selznick-International's epic film version of Margaret Mitchell's epic novel of the Old South—"Gone with the Wind."

In spite of this great film's limited and late release in 1939 by M-G-M, it rapidly forged ahead in the vote count, and, when the polls closed on March the first, it headed the list of many distinguished films, such as "Balalaika" (second in vote) and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" (third), which were released during the past year.

We feel, with our readers, that David O. Selznick's masterpiece is well worthy of this signal honor bestowed upon it by the moving-picture goers of America. As one of our voters expressed it, when she sent in her choice: " 'Gone with the Wind' is the outstanding picture of 1939 —and *any other year.*" In its faithful translation of a literary classic; in its superb cast; in its meticulous adherence to historical accuracy in settings and costumes, in its advance use of Technicolor, in its sweep and movement and color, it is, indeed, a milestone in the development of motion pictures.

Not only is "Gone with the Wind" entertainment in its highest form, but it is also an example of a man's faith in a great idea. When, way back in 1936, David Selznick bought the motion-picture rights to a first novel by an unknown authoress from Atlanta, he had a hunch it would be better-than-average screen material. Immediately afterwards, the book swept the country like wildfire, and, on the heels of its phenomenal success as a best-seller, were reams of publicity and curiosity regarding the film version. It became a parlor game to cast the picture; friendships of long standing were severed in the arguments as to whom could best play *Rhett, Scarlett, Melanie* and *Ashley.* Skeptics in Hollywood and elsewhere were convinced that a novel on which such strong opinions had been formed, could never, no never, be successfully screened. And nobody envied Producer Selznick's job.

He was, however, a man of determination and perseverance, and, after four years of unceasing labor, endless conferences, countless dollars spent (he set the temporary final cost at nearly four million) and an unremitting confidence that he was not going to let the public down, David Selznick released "Gone with the Wind" to a delighted and completely satisfied world—*and,* laughed last!

No one can quarrel with the choice of a superlative cast. Clark Gable is the reckless, charming *Rhett* in the flesh; Vivien Leigh of England stepped into the hard-to-fill shoes of *Scarlett O'Hara* of Georgia to become the most talked-of actress of the year and win one of the coveted Oscars (see page 16). Olivia de Havilland jumped many rungs up the ladder of screen fame with her tenderly sincere *Melanie,* and Leslie Howard deserves his own measure of praise for his *Ashley.* From the principals right on down to every wounded soldier and carpet-bagger — from Ona Munson as *Belle;* Thomas Mitchell as *Gerald O'Hara,* Hattie McDaniel (another Oscar winner) as *Mammy,* Barbara O'Neil as *Scarlett's* Mother, Laura Hope Crews as *Aunt "Pittypat,"* to the many minor roles, there is perfection of casting and honesty of performance.

Since **1920, when "Humoresque" received** the first Gold Medal Award, our readers have selected a splendid array of pictures. War films, biographical films, romance films, have all had their place on the list of Award winners. It seems fitting that in the year marking the twentieth anniversary of PHOTOPLAY'S poll, a picture such as "Gone with the Wind," which combines so marvelously all the elements of popular appeal, should win the Gold Medal.

To Selznick-International, to M-G-M, to Producer David O. Selznick, to Director Victor Fleming, to the actors, the research workers, the technicians, the cameramen, the musicians, the wardrobe department, to everyone, in fact, who has been both closely and remotely associated with the making of this great film, we extend heartiest congratulations. These felicitations are expressed in behalf of the staff of PHOTOPLAY, and our many readers who selected, as the winner of PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal Award, for 1939, the moving picture, "Gone with the Wind."



PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

1920 HUMORESQUE
1921 TOL'ABLE DAVID
1922 ROBIN HOOD
1923 THE COVERED WAGON
1924 ABRAHAM LINCOLN
1925 THE BIG PARADE
1926 BEAU GESTE
1927 7TH HEAVEN
1928 FOUR SONS
1929 DISRAELI
1930 ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT
1931 CIMARRON
1932 SMILIN' THROUGH
1933 LITTLE WOMEN
1934 BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET
1935 NAUGHTY MARIETTA
1936 SAN FRANCISCO
1937 CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS
1938 SWEETHEARTS



By their outstanding performances in "Gone with the Wind," Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh helped win the Photoplay Gold Medal for David Selznick's superb film

Cal York's GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD



Happy in Hollywood—now: The Charles Laughtons

Hymen (god of marriage) catches Hyman (camera demon) in a photo-finish: Rudy Vallee, Joan Crawford, the new Mr. and Mrs. Fink, Cesar Romero, at the Victor Hugo

Cal's no Kipling—but his "Plain Tales from the Hills of Hollywood" are required reading in star-study

"Flash" Fink Conquers Matrimony

THE groom was calm and collected, the bride was calm and beautiful. The best man looked pleased and happy. But the matron of honor? That's another story.

Yes, our own Hymie Fink became a benedict when he married pretty Billie Carey at the Victor Hugo café recently. Hymie never once flinched when camera bulbs were flashed his way, although this time he was in front instead of behind the cameras. The bride was lovely in a princess satin gown, especially designed by Joan Crawford. Best man Cesar Romero, with a great big smile, along with Rudy Vallee, who gave the bride away, helped cut the cake, but matron of honor Joan Crawford was so nervous she could only stand and quake.

Joan, one of the most nervous young women in Hollywood, and one of Hymie's best friends, beamed her blessings on the pair, even if her teeth were chattering too violently to say much.

Here's Cal's blessings on our demon photographer and his pretty bride. May faulty flash bulbs be the only blow-ups this grand couple meet in life.

Jack and Venita Varden Oakie—is that "Dictator" pose getting to be a habit?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Also at Ciro's: Bruce Cabot, Ann Sheridan, Pat di Cicco, Phyllis Brooks—a provocative foursome if we ever saw one!

But the Lewis Stones are still faithful to the perennially popular Cocoanut Grove



"Supper at Ciro's" is the new social catchword—rehearsed at this table by Julie and George Murphy and Virginia Bruce

New Native Son?

TO say Hollywood was surprised when Charles and Elsa Lanchester Laughton recently purchased a Bel-Air home, announcing their intentions of settling down here, is putting it mildly. Perhaps the most English-minded pair of Britishers in Hollywood, the Laughtons have made their necessary trips to Hollywood with the greatest of reluctance in the past.

But now—"the town's got me," Charles vows and, except for vacations abroad, they're here to stay. Arm in arm, this happy pair can be seen at parties or tramping the hills near their new home. The town was amused, however, at Charlie's attempt to have a costly painting transferred from his London home to America. Discovering the shipping tax alone would cost $2,300, Laughton went wild trying to stop the shipment.

Beg Pardon!

Much as it hurts Cal's pride to admit it, an error has appeared on these pages—not, he is much happier to say, in his own columns, but in identification under the pictures illustrating his March "report." Hymie's candid photos of the Lehr-Rathbone charity party should have been credited to the Beverly Hills Hotel, where this truly gala affair took place. PHOTOPLAY'S deepest apologies, both to the hotel and to Mr. E. J. Caldwell, its manager, for this omission—and Cal's promise that he'll personally see to it that it doesn't happen again!

Tact

EVERYONE knows that May Robson is one of the best actresses in Hollywood. But everyone knows, too, that, if not watched, she is inclined to "mug" before the camera. This happened during a certain scene in "Irene." Anna Neagle, its star, was supposed to be showing May a dress, and May was taking it big—head first on one side, then the other; hands in constant motion; eyes positively rolling with the effort to put herself over. All of which would have been wonderful for a stage performance, but was downright hamming in a picture.

Many a director would have forgotten the fact that May was probably acting before he was born, and would have called her down plenty. But British director Herbert Wilcox, unfailingly mindful of his manners, merely cocked his head and asked a dry question:

"What's the matter, May? Fly bothering you?"

At which May grinned wryly, and did the next scene right.



The studio planned it but Bob Shaw and Linda Darnell are taking it seriously!



Another screen threesome at Ciro's—maybe Miriam Hopkins is telling the Lewis Milestones about her real marital plans?



William Gargan and Mary Astor, at the Roosevelt Hotel — but their actual hearts are elsewhere and they're married to 'em!

Oscars and Onions

NOW that "Oscars" have been passed out by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, Cal thought he'd assemble his own merit and demerit list based on personal contact and experience with Hollywood's Great!

"Oscars" to: Anne Shirley for continuing to be the nicest screen actress we know; to Joel McCrea for being the nicest actor; to Anna Neagle and Bob Stack for being the nicest newcomers; to Dorothy Lamour for giving the frankest interviews; to David Niven for being the wittiest, and also the best "copy"; to Joel McCrea for talking the most interestingly about someone other than himself; to Rosemary Lane for being the friendliest; to Anne Shirley and John Payne for preserving the happiest marriage; to Ann Sheridan for being the most beautiful off the screen; to Clark Gable for being the best-looking off the screen; to Olivia de Havilland for being the best listener; to Margaret Lindsay for having the most poise; to Madeleine Carroll for being the best educated; to Claudette Colbert for being the best dressed. . . .

And onions to: Ray Milland for being too sarcastic; to Brian Aherne for being too particular about his publicity; to Nancy Kelly for having illusions of grandeur; to Carole Lombard for her too free use of "slang"; to Lana Turner for rushing too fast into marriage; to Jean Arthur for taking herself too seriously; to Tyrone Power for increasing his head size; to Edgar Bergen for seeming to forget his manners on occasion; to Fred MacMurray for being the poorest "copy" (but we like him, anyway); to Orson Welles for being the most egotistical; to Nelson Eddy for denying his romance one day and getting married the next.

Shhhh, But They Do Say That:

ARTIE SHAW telephoned Mary Healy twice for a date on the very day he and Lana Turner eloped. Now wouldn't it have been strange if Mary instead of Lana had accepted that date?

Carole Lombard and Clark Gable had their first little tiff in public the other day, and Carole walked out of a party in a huff. . . .

Sabu, the famous Indian actor, is so overcome at the plague of Hollywood turbans, he's wearing a bright red one to outdo the competition. . . .

Don Ameche is a wretched man over the roles he's been asked to play and the fact his wife's health is so precarious these days. . . .

Confirming our story in the April issue of PHOTOPLAY, eyes are still focused on Sonja Henie and Alan Curtis. Friends claim that Sonja hasn't been so interested since her romance with Tyrone Power, despite the rumors of her interest elsewhere. . . .

When Brenda Marshall divorces her husband within the year, William ("Golden Boy") Holden may be the next man of her dreams-come-true. . . .

As soon as his former wife, Edna Best, divorced him in Nevada and married Nat Wolff, Herbert Marshall purchased a home for Lee Russell, and it was all ready for their recent elopement. . . .

First Love

WHEN Lana Turner and Artie Shaw raced away to Las Vegas, Nevada, and were married, the papers had quite a little to say about Lana's former boy-friend, Gregory Bautzer, and how he felt about it, and about Artie's former girl-friend, Betty Grable, and how *she* felt about it. But nobody mentioned another character in that little drama (maybe you'd call her the "ingenue")—Judy Garland.

Of course, Judy's just a kid, but she's been carrying the torch for Artie Shaw a long time—ever since he was ill last year and she used to go to the hospital (every day, according to her friends) to cheer him up. Artie was grateful for her loyalty and he took her around a bit after he got well, but when he saw how things were with her, his common sense and sense of fitness asserted themselves and as gently as he could, he cut things off between them. Not that there was anything really.

Time went on. Artie left Hollywood and, finally, "tired of the strife of a band leader's life," chucked everything and dropped out of sight. Recently, though, back in Hollywood and busy organizing a new band, he renewed his old friendship with Judy. They were seen places now and then. 'Tis said that Judy, still carrying the torch for this first love of hers, actually

(Continued on page 86)



THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER—Paramount

IN case you think this is related in anyway to those traveling salesmen stories you're due for a disappointment. Instead, you'll find out what happened to Martha Raye—she's here, toned down a little in keeping with the decline of her loudmouthed fad, but still amusing. The story has to do with a rural barn-theater where a Broadway producer, very broke, puts on a show backed by a New York angel. This angel wants to get his scheming, gold-digging girl-friend out of town, you see. Martha, a simple country lass bursting with good honest emotions, gets tangled up in the cross fire at the theater with all-to-the-good results. You'll like Charlie Ruggles, Gertrude Michael and the others, and you'll laugh like anything most of the time, too.



FREE, BLONDE AND 21—20th Century-Fox

THIS studio rather liked its idea of "Hotel for Women," and so has run up another little number along the same lines. The background is a hostelry which admits only girls, among them Mary Beth Hughes, Joan Davis and Lynn Bari. We're afraid you're not going to be very excited by the story. Mary Beth is a flighty, hard-boiled gold-digger and gets herself in just a terrible jam, because of some murders; Miss Bari holds out on men as a species and works hard, thus getting a millionaire as reward. Joan plays a chambermaid and turns in the only performance, as such, in the film. She's wonderfully funny. Henry Wilcoxon and Robert Lowry help somewhat, and Chick Chandler drives a taxi and is affianced to Joan, the chambermaid.

THE SHADOW STAGE

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES



★ YOUNG TOM EDISON—M-G-M

THE biographical craze is at its peak now, and here's the latest—perhaps the best—of the cycle so far. A new Mickey Rooney who does not mug has the plum role of the young Edison, a precocious adolescent whose family thinks he is a nuisance. What makes the picture so important is that its makers have not been content with a simple portrait of a young genius, have not devoted every scene to reminding you that this is Edison, the inventor. M-G-M has made the character purely human, in circumstances of truly American flavor, and the result is warm, sympathetic, completely entertaining. Rooney has never been so good. The character could be named John Smith and still fascinate you as a human being with Mickey playing the role. The story is that of Edison during his early youth at Port Huron, Michigan, and stops at the time when he left home to become a telegraph operator. Of course, the youngster is misunderstood by family and schoolmates; he is content with nothing, he possesses a yen for knowledge that will not be denied, he experiments with gadgets until his family is frantic and his school expels him. The episodes of this period in Edison's life are merged with each other rather than strung together, giving the finished film unity. Rooney brings to his subject a wealth of humor and the timing for which he is famous. Fay Bainter is as good as she usually is as the boy's mother, Virginia Weidler plays his sister and George Bancroft his father. Eugene Pallette is a train conductor.



★ MY SON, MY SON!—Small-U. A.

MR. SMALL has taken some justified liberties with Howard Spring's absorbing book, and has created one of the most gripping dramas of the year. "My Son, My Son!" is a superb study of an adoring father who gives his boy everything he wants and of the son who, with objective malice and deliberate contempt, ruins the lives of two entire families. The sweep and dignity and searching characterizations of this film are difficult to describe; each performance is faultless, mood is sustained through every moment of action, and the melodramatics are so restrained, are in such good taste, the resultant emotional impact hurts. Brian Aherne plays the young writer who rises from poverty to riches, inspired by the son he worships, only to discover the lad is a liar and a cheat. Aherne's first wife, Josephine Hutchinson, brings him no happiness and at last he meets Madeleine Carroll, who brings him love and understanding. However, the son, played with finesse and gusto by Louis Hayward, is in love with Miss Carroll also—and has no compunction about being his father's rival. It is a long picture, with ramifications of plot too involved to discuss here, but it does not drag. Henry Hull plays Aherne's best friend, an Irishman whose two children, Laraine Day and Bruce Lester, both are victims of young Hayward's vicious selfishness. Aherne displays an ability and dignity of portrayal which raise his performance to the heights; Laraine Day is so appealing it is safe to predict stardom for her; little Scotty Beckett is incredibly good.



★ ROAD TO SINGAPORE—Paramount

WHEN you read those stories about Bing Crosby, Inc., being one of the richest men in Hollywood, and wonder how a mere crooner can do such, go see "Road to Singapore" and then you'll know. It's just that he gets better all the time, and his pictures stay good. This time he has Sarong Lamour and Bob Hope to help him, not that he needs help—and the result in your theater is one of the gayest and amusing films ever to decrease the suicide statistics. It's all about the son of a very rich shipowner, and this son is fed up with working in an office, the life he's leading and particularly the glamorous female he's engaged to. He leaves her at the altar, roots out his laziest pal, and bums on down to a South Sea Island. There the Bing—for Bing it is who has this fine idea—and Bob Hope, the work-hating friend, settle vaguely on the sands for a try at beachcombing. And it might have worked, too, if it weren't for Dorothy. They rescue her from a brawl, she moves in on them, and peace goes chattering out of the window. Crosby's role is strictly suited to him, famous as he is for his colossal inertia; he has lost a lot of weight, is in full voice, and has perfected his timing for comedy lines to a masterly degree. Hope has never been better. The dialogue is inspired and slaps out at you often with some very surprising triple entendres. Miss Lamour has little enough to do except to look South Slea-zy. Judith Barrett waits and wails at the aforementioned altar. Don't miss this. It's good for the digestion, laughing the way you will.



★ **THE PRIMROSE PATH—RKO-Radio**

IT is a shock, and a pleasant one, to see Ginger Rogers, the actress, moving across the screen in a simple, honest, somewhat disconcerting story that is more than likely to irritate many movie-goers. It is not a pretty story, of a family whose nominal head has a weakness for gin and a mother who supports a grandmother, two daughters, and a husband by going out on parties, with men who can afford fur pieces and money to buy groceries that are badly needed on *February Hill.* Joel McCrea plays a strong lead opposite Ginger, and is perhaps the most convincing he's ever been. If you don't mind a love story without pretense that life is tough on the "have-nots" and which presents a Ginger Rogers with no make-up, you will find this a different film.



DR. CYCLOPS—Paramount

THE weird tale of a mad scientist who finds a radium mine in Africa, and with it makes people shrink until they're the size of rabbits is here presented in Technicolor. It's a fascinating thing to watch, although the plot is penny-dreadful stuff. The scientist works his magic on a group of visiting doctors, including a woman biologist, and after that the film depends on the adventures of the tiny creatures and their efforts to escape *Cyclops.* Albert Dekker does a fine job in the title role and is supported well enough by Thomas Coley, Janice Logan, Charles Halton and others. A novelty, which will keep youngsters in a dither of suspense and adults in a state of surprise that such camera prestidigitation is possible.



THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES—Universal

REMEMBER when you had to read this in high school and study the style of Nathaniel Hawthorne? Now Universal has brought the barren New England background and the stony, bigoted characters to the screen and you may enjoy them at last. The atmosphere of evil and superstition is well created about the old house. Vincent Price plays the son who wants his father to sell the mansion because of its associations, George Sanders, the Cain-like brother who has Vincent sent to prison for a murder he didn't commit. Ever-faithful to Price is his old-fashioned sweetheart, Margaret Lindsay, who suffers Sanders' continuing menace until her lover can return to her. There's nothing very cheerful about all this, but then it's frankly a type of horror story.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Young Tom Edison
My Son, My Son!
Northwest Passage
Road to Singapore
Too Many Husbands
Rebecca
The Primrose Path

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Mickey Rooney in "Young Tom Edison"

Brian Aherne in "My Son, My Son!"
Louis Hayward in "My Son, My Son!"

Spencer Tracy in "Northwest Passage"
Robert Young in "Northwest Passage"

Jackie Cooper in "Seventeen"

Bing Crosby in "Road to Singapore"
Bob Hope in "Road to Singapore"

Laurence Olivier in "Rebecca"
Joan Fontaine in "Rebecca"

Margaret Lindsay in "The House of the Seven Gables"

Joan Crawford in "Strange Cargo"
Ian Hunter in "Strange Cargo"

Ginger Rogers in "The Primrose Path"
Joel McCrea in "The Primrose Path"

Jean Arthur in "Too Many Husbands"
Fred MacMurray in "Too Many Husbands"
Melvyn Douglas in "Too Many Husbands"



★ **TOO MANY HUSBANDS—Columbia**

SOMERSET MAUGHAM, when he wrote the original story of this swell picture, thought it would be fun to complicate the eternal triangle by making the girl a bigamist. Further, she might be in love with both men and each man could be in love with her. Then what? Well, you'll find out when you see Jean Arthur and Fred MacMurray and Melvyn Douglas worrying the problem around amongst them. MacMurray, Jean's original husband, goes off on a yachting trip and doesn't come back. The coast guard reports that he is lost at sea and Jean thereupon marries his partner in a publishing business, Melvyn Douglas. But, of course, MacMurray has been resourceful enough to find a desert island and ultimately is rescued, returning with a full beard and a lusty yen for his wife. You'd think this situation would make Jean feel perfectly terrible, but it doesn't. She loves it. She can't make up her mind which one she wants to keep and finally you get a sneaking hunch she doesn't want to let either one go. (Which husband would *you* choose? The dependable chap who takes his work too seriously—or the colorful one who's apt to leave a lady in the lurch?) The entire film is a succession of fairly suggestive slap-happy scenes all played to the hilt and with a lot of flair by the three stars. Dorothy Peterson is swell as the secretary who is also in love with both men, her bosses. Dialogue is by Claude Binyon, direction and production by Wesley Ruggles. And all superlative. Excellent entertainment that will make you forget your cares.



★ **REBECCA—Selznick International-U.A.**

PSYCHOLOGICAL studies are always difficult to screen so that they make sense to the lay mind and still maintain pace. "Rebecca" poses even a greater problem as film material: The main character never appears, being quite dead before the story begins. Yet she dominates the whole. *Rebecca,* the corpse of which we speak, was the first wife of the hero, Laurence Olivier; she has been drowned in a small boat and Olivier, wandering at loose ends about Europe, meets and marries Joan Fontaine, a shy but pretty professional traveling companion. Back to his great country estate, *Manderley,* Olivier carries his bride and there she discovers . . . well, since the secret of "Rebecca's" success depends on the recurring surprises and twists of plot, it would be unfair to spoil things for you by revealing more of the story. Nothing is as it seems, and just when you've made up your mind about something, somebody does or says something else, and then you have to start all over again. The mood of haunting fear is magnificently contrived, aided, of course, by Olivier's intense performance and the really fine acting of Miss Fontaine. The character of the malicious housekeeper is clearly and sensitively drawn by Judith Anderson, but all the supporting cast is good. George Sanders gives a sense of subtle indecency to his role as *Rebecca's* cousin, but never offends; Reginald Denny does his faithful old friend portrayal. The picture is a strange mixture of mystery, melodrama, scenic effects and pathos.

(Continued on page 99)



Geraldine, with Merle Oberon
Warners' "'Til We Meet Aga

TIME OUT FOR A *Lullaby*

Once before Geraldine deserted Hollywood for this historical old house in County Kildare (above) and husband Edward Lindsay-Hogg (below)

BY WILBUR MORSE, JR.

The cradle won out over the camera

when the stork and stardom knocked

on the door of Geraldine Fitzgerald

"SHE can go just as far in Hollywood as she likes. She can be one of the most important stars there . . . if she doesn't get bored with it. My guess is, that at the end of a year, she'll leave the screen to have a baby . . . or something."

Leaning against the bar in a little pub off Fleet Street, last summer, a British journalist who had known Geraldine Fitzgerald in the days when she was battling for recognition in the London studios, gave me a penetrating picture of the redheaded young Irish actress who at the moment was the talk of the film world on both sides of the Atlantic.

"Geraldine Fitzgerald," continued the Fleet Street critic, "has more ability in her little finger than most movie stars have in both their hot, eager fists. And she's as ambitious as she is able, so she'll climb right on up to the top. But once she's there . . . Well, I'm wondering! She's a restless girl. Her husband is as rich as all get out, so she doesn't need to work. Once she's won stardom she may want something else."

That prophecy of the English newspaperman came back to me as a stunning reminder a short time ago. For just what he predicted has happened.

Geraldine Fitzgerald, whom many regard as the most important acquisition in years to the far from overcrowded ranks of talented film actresses, is deserting the screen . . . at least temporarily.

She is going to have a baby in May.

And once again, just as Hollywood was about to zoom her to stardom, the unpredictable Irish actress has traded her chances for fame for the penchants of her private life.

For almost two years, ever since she swept on to the American scene with a magnificent performance in Orson Welles' Broadway production of "Heartbreak House," Hollywood has been trying to get Geraldine to settle down in the film colony long enough for the boys of the "build-up" brigade to fit her for the cloak of stardom.

And from the very first Geraldine has regarded her cinematic career as only secondary

(Continued on page 95)



Take the screen stars' tip—try this ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL *for 30 days*

COSMETIC SKIN: unattractive little blemishes and enlarged pores—spoils good looks. So don't risk *choked pores*. Use cosmetics all you like, but take Ann Sheridan's tip. Remove dust, dirt and stale cosmetics *thoroughly*. Let ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS with Lux Toilet Soap protect the beauty of your skin—help keep it smooth, attractive.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



"Tangee Theatrical Red Lipstick Is a Gorgeous Color and It Really Stays on My Lips"

"I seldom need to 'touch-up' with my Tangee Theatrical Red Lipstick", says Martha Peery, lovely blonde artists' model. "Its creamy base really makes it stay on longer. And what a color! It's simply beautiful."

WE BELIEVE that you, too, will never again be satisfied with an ordinary "grease-base" lipstick once you've tried Tangee. Its exclusive *cream base,* developed and perfected in Tangee's scientific laboratory, makes this world-famous lipstick go on smoother and look smoother. It's non-drying, non-greasy and actually stays on the lips longer than you ever thought possible.

Tangee Theatrical Red shade is a brilliant, glamorous color that brings out the natural loveliness of blonde types and sets off to flattering advantage the deeper tones of brunettes. Try Theatrical Red with your new spring outfit. And be sure to complete your make-up with Theatrical Red Rouge and your favorite shade of Tangee Face Powder. When you want less vivid make-up, ask for Tangee Natural.

TANGEE
Theatrical Red
A VIVID RED SHADE

Home Sweet Hollywood

(Continued from page 21)

poka . . . A bearded Russian who bestows the blessings of the best "piroshki" in the world on those discriminating few who understand their "piroshki" . . . A blacker-than-the-ace-of-spades Negro from South Carolina who believes—and justly so—that, come the Revolution, people will be still clamoring for a second helping of fried chicken, corn pone and sweet potatoes . . . A methodical Swede . . . But what's the use? All nationalities are represented in Ann Warner's kitchen and I know of no way of putting Ann to the acid test except by bringing the former Emperor of Abyssinia to California. There are no Abyssinian cooks in or around Hollywood, not within a radius of ten thousand miles, and Ann would have to cook that "one hundred per cent Abyssinian meal" all by herself. . . .

ARTHUR and Myrna Loy Hornblow also are leading entries in Hollywood's domesticity derby. There was the day out at Twentieth Century-Fox when the last scenes of Louis Bromfield's "The Rains Came" were being shot. Everyone was watching Myrna, who was playing a part which her fans have long since ceased associating with her personality. A hard-hearted, cynical wife of an equally hard-hearted and cynical English Lord, she was supposed to die at the end of the picture. The scene of her death was naturally one of the most important scenes of all. The associate producer, the director and the cameramen were prepared to do their best by the dying Myrna. Everything was in readiness when a messenger boy arrived with a package he was told to deliver to Miss Loy. Now were I a Winchell . . . But I am not. So let me hasten to explain that the package was sent to Myrna by her own husband, Arthur Hornblow, that it contained a corsage of orchids and a note which said:

"Darling, I hope you will die beautifully but promptly. Those people we invited to dinner will arrive at eight sharp."

Myrna does not employ a score of cooks nor does she let the nationality of her guest of honor determine the contents of the meal, but she will be long remembered by all lovers of a "homemade chicken sandwich" as a woman who restored the prestige of their favorite. Her recipe is not known to me but it is the consensus of opinion in Hollywood that nobody makes better chicken sandwiches. You may think that there is no particular trick in making a chicken sandwich, but take my word, the word of an old and dusty traveler who spent nearly forty years in search of an honest-to-goodness chicken sandwich, that any fool can make crêpes Suzette but it take a veritable artist to make a chicken sandwich. Sunday afternoons at Myrna's are unique, not only because both she and her husband are gay, witty, intelligent, and hospitable but because of those chicken sandwiches made by the hands of one of the world's highest paid stars.

And speaking about food—as I invariably do—every man imagines that he and only he knows how to cook a steak. In my humble opinion, however, the very best steaks are being cooked by none other than Kay Francis. She knows it too. It is my hunch that the praise showered on her because of her steaks impresses her more than the very best reviews of her pictures.

I suspect I'm giving a rather distorted view of Hollywood . . . Sweaters, chicken sandwiches, steaks . . . How about some glamour? How about it? My friends in New York tell me that "Hollywood is glamorous" but my eyes tell me that domesticity, and not glamour, is the main trait of Hollywood.

Take, for instance, Grace Moore. That she is beautiful and glamorous nobody would dispute, but what fascinates me about Grace is neither her beauty nor her glamour but her long-distance telephone calls. Whenever her husband is away she never fails to get him on the wire shortly before midnight and hold a lengthy conversation with him. I shall never forget the night when Grace suddenly discovered that it was already 11:45 P.M. while she had promised her beloved Valentin to telephone to him at half-past eleven sharp. The way she begged the operator to hurry up, the way she bit her lip and tapped her foot . . . A stranger would have thought that her whole future depended on that telephone call . . . Did she have anything important to tell Valentin? Not a thing, except that she was having a late dinner with Elsa Maxwell.

Take Tyrone Power and Annabella. Are they glamorous? Of course they are, but the key to their characters is not their glamour but the thing which absorbs their entire attention at the present moment. After buying Grace Moore's house, guess what they did with it. They refurnished and redecorated it in a French style. Not that anything was wrong with Grace's furniture, but Tyrone thought that Annabella would feel more at home in an out-and-out French house.

And, finally, take a typical evening at the Troc. Who is dancing with whom? Carole Lombard with Clark Gable, Hedy Lamarr with Gene Markey, Margaret Sullavan with Leland Hayward, Gary Cooper with Mrs. Gary Cooper.

Did I say that domesticity is the main trait of Hollywood? I was wrong. I should have said "relentless domesticity." So relentless that when I am about to give a party in Hollywood I have to forget all that I learned about the art of party-giving in New York.

As a rule, whether in Hollywood or in New York, I invite from four to six hundred guests to a party. Let us say, for argument's sake, that I have decided and happen to be able to afford a party for five hundred people. In New York, I would invite three hundred men and two hundred women. I would attempt to keep the same sixty-forty ratio in Hollywood. But—and what a whale of a "but" that particular one is—not more than fifteen or twenty per cent of the people I invite in New York insist on bringing their wives or husbands along. At least ten per cent would not come at all if I invited their spouses. In other words, the typical Elsa Maxwell party in New York consists of about one hundred married couples and two hundred men and one hundred women who are either single, divorced or prefer to go out "by themselves."

That's how it is in New York and that's how it is *not* in Hollywood. I would no more dream of inviting "Mr." and not inviting "Mrs." in Hollywood than I would dream of trying to engage Greta Garbo in a conversation. The net result? Well, the net result is that when I give a party in Hollywood I invite two hundred married couples and pray that the mother of Mickey Rooney, the aunt of Freddie Bartholomew and the custodians of the Dead End boys will let those young gentlemen attend my little affair . . . I know of no other way of maintaining the sixty-forty ratio in Hollywood.

Could it be that what I term "relentless domesticity" is but a fad and that in five years from now Hollywood will regain its former personality? I doubt it. In fact, I would be willing to bet that in five years from now a hostess attempting to give a party in Hollywood would have to consider the in-laws of her guests. Even now one hears more and more that the mother-in-law of this or that star is "really a remarkable woman" but in five years from now . . . Why in five years from now Hollywood might easily become the first settlement on the North American continent to adopt a brand new form of invitations. To wit: Instead of inviting Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Cantor, their five daughters and two sons-in-law, a hostess would have to add still another line:

"And all those they love best."



Seeing the Harry Joe Browns (Sally Eilers) together at Ciro's confirms our author Elsa Maxwell's theory about film marriages



Their Hero Arrives on the Next Bus

Thinks of himself as Daddy — just a fellow like millions of others making the most of every day...working with a purpose and then relaxing to live with his family and friends. His age? He feels so young that the years don't matter. He's the best playmate his wife and youngsters ever had. And why not? No setting sun sees him bringing home the cares of the day. No rising sun fails to find him refreshed and eager to greet the new day. * * *

Advice to Wives: One of Home's greatest charms for Daddy is the icebox — especially when well stocked with Budweiser and other good things. It gives the busy man-about-town the urge to be a gracious man-about-home.

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We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 56)

Before the chorus number, Director Irving Cummings checks over his cuties. When he comes to Alice, he shakes his head and points to her wasp waist. "Lillian did better than that," he says.

"Another notch," Alice says resignedly to her wardrobe girl, and Alice is a half-inch cuter around the middle. She steps up among the merry maidens in the chorus to sing "After the Ball."

But in the middle, a look of dismay crosses her face. "I can't breathe in this strait jacket," she pants, "let alone sing! My hat's off to Lillian! She was a better gal than I am!" They hurry to unbind Alice. In a minute she's back in the Gay Nineties groove, slightly less cute, but plainly a darned sight more comfortable!

THE next picture we find in Zanuckland is the screen saga of Hollywood's Cindrellas, titled "Stardust."

Having a generous helping of real life Cindys, Zanuck is using them. Linda Darnell, Mary Healy and Mary Beth Hughes are having a ton of fun playing pages from their own lives, with John Payne, Roland Young and Charlotte Greenwood faking the fiction.

All the familiar movie metamorphoses come out in the script—new coiffures, make-up changes, voice lessons, screen tests (you'll see the actual test of Linda Darnell), studio dramatic schools. It's in one of these that we find John Payne and good old rubberlegs Charlotte Greenwood in a red-hot love scene—and we mean red hot!

Johnny and Charlotte are having a wrestling match in the studio drama coach's office. She's showing him how to make love, and Director Walter Lang finds it hard to get the scene. Somebody's always laughing right in the middle. Suddenly the backdrop sizzles like an egg and bursts into flames!

We duck out of the way of the studio fire squad which quickly squelches the blaze, but not Charlotte Greenwood's wit. "Remember that, Sonny," she tells John Payne. "When I love 'em, they go up in smoke!"

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, at present, is filming the Jane Austen classic, "Pride and Prejudice," with a British cast that would warm the authoress' heart. Laurence Olivier, Greer Garson, Maureen O'Sullivan, Heather Angel and Canadian-born Ann Rutherford you'll recognize at once. Edward Ashley and Bruce Lester are two new importations.

"Pride and Prejudice" is as English as roast beef. It's about an upper-class family who have committed a grave social blunder. The father married a shopkeeper—dear, dear—and because of this disgrace, marrying off his daughters, though they're beautiful, is pretty tough going. Especially when Laurence Olivier, a wealthy and snobbish young blade, comes to town and hands them all the ritz—until love for Greer teaches him better manners.

What meets our eyes the day we peep at "Pride and Prejudice," is a big ballroom where gay aristocratic country gentlefolk are gathered to dance. Olivier is in tight fawn breeches, a dark coat and stock. Greer, her copper tresses subdued by a prim coiffure, floats around on his arm, sweeping the floor with her long silks.

It's all looks very simple. But—we know Metro's amazing research department has checked everything on this set to see if it fits the early Nineteenth Century period of the story.

Laurence Olivier has eyes only for Vivien Leigh, as all the world knows. But in a pal way he's crazy about Greer Garson, too. It dates, Greer tells us, back to the time when she got her first big stage break in London—and got fired the first night! Olivier, the star, stepped right in and said, "No Garson—no me!" Greer hasn't forgotten it, although you wouldn't think so by what happens in a minute.

When the quadrille dissolves, Greer grabs Director Bob Leonard by the arm and leads him over to her dressing room. There her butler stands with CoCo, Greer's French poodle. Greer's trying to land CoCo a film job, but Leonard says, "He isn't trimmed right!" Greer says she'll fix that, and pulls out some scissors. CoCo objects.

"Laurence!" calls Greer. "Will you help?" He takes hold of CoCo—and CoCo returns the compliment! They're sewing Mr. Olivier's fawn panties up when we leave to watch Vivien Leigh making "Waterloo Bridge" with Robert Taylor.

"Waterloo Bridge" is the war play Mae Clarke and Douglass Montgomery did for the screen some years ago. M-G-M has brought it up to date by setting it in a 1940 London blackout. Bob's a young subaltern on leave, who meets Vivien, a ballet dancer, on Waterloo Bridge over the Thames. They fall in love, plan to marry—then Bob's called away and Vivien reads he's been killed. War pulls her down in the gutter, then Bob shows up again and—but this is one ending we won't give away!

It's almost pitch dark in the little restaurant set where Vivien sits at a table with Bob. Only the tables' candles light the scene.

Bob is in uniform. Handsome he is, too, with his new black mustache. The mustache started out as a property lipwig, but underneath it Bob thought he'd try one of his own. Barbara Stanwyck liked it so well he kept it and now, in full flower, it's perfect enough to photograph.

Mervyn LeRoy, whom we're glad to see directing again, calls for the few candles guttering in the darkness to be snuffed out. "Just the cigarettes, now," he orders. Out go the tallow sticks, and then, here and there in the darkness, little lights glow. Bob's and Vivien's faces are outlined eerily. It's effective, but what baffles us is—we don't smell any tobacco smoke! We look closer. They aren't smoking cigarettes at all—just holding white sticks with little batteries in them and lights on the end! We say another bow is in order to the studio Edison who figured them out.

That's not the Spencer Tracy Edison, of course. We call on him next in "Edison, the Man," the follow-up and major portion of the two M-G-M "Edisons," which Mickey Rooney started off with "Young Tom Edison."

Spencer takes Edison from twenty-two to eighty-two and he's as worked up as a kid about playing the famous inventor.

Thanks to Henry Ford, "Edison, the Man," will probably be the most historically accurate movie ever made of a real and very great life. He painstakingly collected all important Edisoniana back in Greenfield Village, at Dearborn, Michigan. There Spence pilgrimaged before shooting a frame of film. There, too, unheralded, tracked M-G-M's researchers, property men and set designers.



"All This, and Heaven, Too" becomes a peculiarly appropriate title when it gives us Bette Davis and Charles Boyer as a team in the film version of the best seller. The stars themselves seem to be getting a kick out of it

The scene we watch is Edison pleading with the New York municipal bigshots for his famous lighting project. "Gentlemen," begins Spence, "I ask no assistance except—" he looks lost, "no assistance—except," grins the already blown-up Academy Award winner, "—except a little assistance to remember my lines!" Not even an Edison, we suppose, can invent dialogue when memory flops.

OVER at Warners, Errol Flynn is swashbuckling through derring-do drama that's exactly his dish. We mean "The Sea Hawk," which you'll remember as one of the silent picture epics. It's an adventurous tale about an Elizabethan privateer who sails the seven seas and loots for Good Queen Bess.

In the old days, Hollywood had to go on location all over the coast of California to make "The Sea Hawk." Now—we hate to disillusion you—all Errol has to do is walk a few yards from his dressing room to the largest stage ever built in Hollywood.

This stage was built especially for the picture. It's colossal. Two ships, a caravel, and a galleass, are mounted on contraptions that make them pitch and toss realistically enough to make everybody seasick. Full-rigged they are, too, weathered and salty. Wouldn't be a bit surprised if barnacles nestled on the hulls.

On the deck, Errol, shiny in a tin breastplate, is clashing swords with Gilbert Roland, while Mike Curtiz, the director, looks on—and the camera crew lays bets on the battlers! We push through the crowd of mean-looking extras, done up as Jolly Rogers, and up on deck to watch the fun. And whom do we find rooting in ringside seats but Queen Elizabeth, King Phillip II of Spain, his ambassador, and the ambassador's beautiful daughter!

Flora Robson is Queen Bess (and far more convincing to us than was the great Bette Davis), Montagu Love plays King Phillip II, Claude Rains, his Spanish ambassador, and Brenda Marshall gets her biggest Hollywood break yet as the beautiful baby who traps Errol into galley slavery.

The fight is one of those running, leaping duels, all over the place, with the camera wheeling after in hot pursuit. It's a warm day, too, and when finally Mike Curtiz cries his "Cut!" both Sir Roland and Sir Flynn are streaming sweat and panting like horses. Errol makes for a chair and starts to sit down, but after several tries, he shakes his head in disgust.

"Think of that!" he exclaims, "I'm dog-tired, and I can't even sit down!"

"Good Heavens!" cries Gilbert Roland, "did I stab you there?"

Errol laughs, shakes his head, and points to his unbendable tin jacket. They drag him out a couch.

ON another Warner set, we see Hollywood's one veteran of World War II, Charles Boyer. He's in a bedroom with Bette Davis and Barbara O'Neil. It's a very fancy bedroom, too—full of rococo Louis Seize furniture and mirrors. "All This, and Heaven, Too" was inspired by authoress Rachel Field's great-aunt's life, so the story goes. It tells of a governess—that's Bette—who teaches children in the home of a Parisian duke—that's Charles. And that's also dynamite! It's a great and tragic love story of Paris in the middle 1800's.

The scene shows Bette interviewing the duke and his duchess for her job. She's very plain in a green dress and bonnet. They're very dignified. And Director Anatole Litvak, with his snowy hair, is very handsome. As for us, we're very unobtrusive—or so we think. The "Quiet—we're rolling!" rings out, and everyone hushes up like mice. Bette, Charles and Barbara get halfway through their lines, when the cameraman yells, "Hold it! and points to the mirror. His finger seems to poke us right in the eyes!

Well, never did we think we'd be in a scene with the great Davis and the impeccable Boyer. But that's the trouble. The mirror catches our shrinking violet personality, by some odd reflection. Everybody stares—and is our face ruddy! We get out of there fast!

Paramount and RKO-Radio are usually two of Hollywood's most hustling studios. Both are slowed down to an ambling gait. "The Ghost Breakers," second of the Bob Hope-Paulette Goddard team terrifiers, is spooking up Paramount with thunder and lightning and foul play.

"The Ghost Breakers" is all about an

(Continued on page 80)

At Atlanta's World Première



Ardent Horsewoman, ncy often rides along the d which winds through g-leaf pines, magnolias and anish bayonets on the turesque Southern estate.





Miss Nancy Calhoun, charming debutante daughter of Mrs. Andrew Calhoun, smiles from the porch of Tara Hall, which was restored for the plantation scene at Atlanta's "Gone With the Wind" Ball.



Hall of the spacious Calhoun nsion, "Tryggvesson," on ely old Pace's Ferry Road, ncy and friends prepare leave for the première.

She was a Belle of the Ball

—She wrote it up



—BOTH ARE SOUTHERN BEAUTIES —AND BOTH HELP KEEP THEIR SKIN LOVELY WITH POND'S

Susan Jones Medlock, bright young reporter, originated the *Atlanta Journal* column called "Peachtree Parade" in which she records Society's doings.

Before the Première—Atlanta was alive with parties—Susan Medlock interviews guests on "new" 1860 gowns at buffet supper, while Mammy's serving old Georgia punch—"sillibub."

In A Box at the Ball, our reporter gets highlights for her column—rushes back to her office to meet the deadline with comments on the festivities.

We interviewed Miss Calhoun . . .

QUESTION: *So many Georgia girls have "peaches-and-cream" complexions, Miss Calhoun. How do they do it? It's easy to see you have the answer!*

ANSWER: "Well, really, I'd say Pond's 2 Creams are the answer—at least for *me!* Morning and evening I cleanse my skin carefully with Pond's Cold Cream to make sure every trace of make-up is removed. And before putting on fresh powder, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream."

QUESTION: *Do these two Creams do anything else for your skin?*

ANSWER: "Yes, much more. You see, besides cleansing, regular use of the Cold Cream softens my skin and brings a warm glow, and the Vanishing Cream helps protect it against weather—smooths little roughnesses right away, too!"

We talked with Susan Medlock . . .

QUESTION: *Isn't it a tough beauty assignment to hurry straight from a newspaper office looking fresh enough to "cover" a society party?*

ANSWER: "No, because I always keep jars of the 2 Pond's Creams right in my desk—ready to freshen up my complexion in a jiffy. Pond's Cold Cream is just perfect for a thorough, easy cleansing. It leaves my skin feeling so sweet and clean—and soft! Then, before make-up, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream."

QUESTION: *Do you mean you get a quicker and better effect with your make-up when you use both Pond's Creams?*

ANSWER: "My, yes, and I'll tell you why: Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens my skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream is a different kind of cream—it's a non-greasy powder base that takes make-up smoothly—keeps it mighty nice for hours."



SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. 15-CVE, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Eye-catching wooden necklace and buttons that match in vivid multi-colors decorate this wonderful jacket with curved pockets to emphasize its nipped-in waist. It's a love of a dress beneath.
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That exciting torso look in the new longer jacket with large saddle bag pockets that minimize your hips. Novelty buttons with yarn bow-knots add a note of bravado. All-around pleated dress beneath.
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We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 78)

American girl who inherits a haunted castle in Cuba. And about a New York gossip columnist of the Winchell stripe, who talks too much (perfect casting for Hope, we'd say!) and has to leave town. The pair of exiles start laying ghosts in the West Indies, which sounds like fun.

We catch Paulette and Bob in a Hollywood electrical storm that scares us out of our oxfords. Again, those behind-the-scenes fellows take the bows. Electricians have rigged up carbon arcs, wires, fuses and things we know absolutely nothing about. But when they shoot the sherbert, Herbert, it sounds—and looks—like the crack of doom! In one blinding lightning flash a red hot carbon bounces to the floor, and Paulette steps on it! Mercifully, we draw the curtain of censorship here.

"CURTAIN CALL," at RKO, is quite likely to be one of those occasional Hollywood "sleepers" you never hear anything about, until suddenly everybody is talking about it!

The story is both clever and cute. It's about a small-town girl (Barbara Read) who writes an atrocious play. Broadway Producer Alan Mowbray buys it just so he can cast stage star Helen Vinson in it and ruin her career (he doesn't like Helen!). That's the springboard for backstage comedy.

Our visit to "Curtain Call" reveals a property man's love's labor lost. The set is the "Sky Room," patterned obviously after Radio City's famous Rainbow Room. Alan Mowbray, in white tie and tails, is city slicking Barbara Read, ga-ga in her first evening gown. Formal "dress extras" (at twenty-five dollars a day) dance by as the waiter brings the fancy food. One dish is caviar, and we're surprised to note it's the real stuff. Usually Hollywood compromises on BB-shot. But Barbara has to eat this. And when she does—she makes a face and gulps wryly.

"I—I'm sorry," apologizes Barbara, pushing the caviar away. "But I just can't stand caviar. It reminds me of cod-liver oil!"

The property man near by explodes. "That—" he informs her, "is real Russian Mollosol fish eggs. It took me two days and twenty bucks to get it. And now you won't eat it." He looks as if he might cry. "Okay, Joe," he tells a helper, bitterly. "Get currant jam!"

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

"MOLLY" IN THE MOVIES

QUITE some time ago, PHOTOPLAY ran serially the Frances Marion story, "Molly, Bless Her," prior to the filming of the screen version by M-G-M, with Sophie Tucker in the title role. I read the story, enjoyed it immensely, and eagerly awaited the film.

For some reason, the film was never produced. After such a terrific build-up, this is puzzling. I think it is a great mistake to let this great story gather dust. It would be a wonderful tribute to beloved Marie Dressler to present "Molly, Bless Her" on the screen.

ROBERT EARLE HAYNIE,
Washington, D. C.

To Reader Haynie and all anxious inquirers: Latest news of "Molly, Bless Her" is that 20th Century-Fox has purchased the story from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as a future starring vehicle for Great Britain's popular Gracie Fields.

BOUQUET FROM BATAVIA

I WANT to contribute my mite in behalf of that new, rising star, Geraldine Fitzgerald.

Playing for the first time with such stars as Merle Oberon and Bette Davis (in "Wuthering Heights" and "Dark Victory"), it must have been far from easy not to pale into insignificance. But she didn't; and why? Because she is a real personality. She has the right stuff of which stars are made, and within a short time the whole world will be convinced of it. Just watch her!

FRIEDA SWART,
Batavia-Centrum, Java.

KEEPING UP WITH KANSAS

SO Kansas is a stage of corn-fed greenhorns!

Why, oh, why does everybody pick on Kansas? In Cal York's March gossip, Norma Shearer drove a limousine and behind her was a tin lizzie with a Kansas tag. In "The Return of Doctor X," Wayne Morris was a corn-fed reporter from Kansas. And in ever so many pictures Kansas has been ribbed.

Please, please put Kansas in its true light. Believe it or not, we're not all corn-fed greenhorns.

YVONNE PEARSON,
Concordia, KANSAS.

LITTLE OLD LADY

I AM a loyal Davis fan, and when I read Mrs. Bryson's March attack against Bette's excellent performance in "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex," I wanted to straighten matters out.

Perhaps if Mrs. Bryson had referred to her encyclopedia, she would have found that Queen Elizabeth was sixty-eight when she had Essex beheaded—and not forty-nine. Isn't it likely that Queen Bess had no control over her head at that age?

Bette deserves all the "Oscars" in Hollywood, not alone for this performance, but also for all the other fine performances she turned out in 1939.

Mrs. Byron herself deserves an "Oscar" for having the courage to knock a truly great actress.

CHARLES FSTERHAMMER,
Chicago, Ill.

HELP FROM HOLLYWOOD

WE movie fans have built the movie industry into one of the world's greatest. We have helped the stars, producers and studios, now they can help us if they will.

We have unemployment, economic stress. We also have vast wastelands to be reclaimed, room for everybody, *but*—we need inspirational pictures depicting modern America conquering her last frontiers.

We Americans don't have to be all huddled together. We can make room for all who wish to be comfortable. Will the movies help us fire our ambitions with inspiration?

JOHN S. GALLAGHER,
Utica, N. Y.

(Continued from page 30)

the Pacific to Honolulu, to Samoa, to Pago-Pago and finally to Sydney, Australia, my confidence grew. The captain became jollier by the minute and even played deck games with us, and when, on parting at Sydney, he told Martin I was "all right," it seemed to me I should die, I was so proud.

The next few months were disappointing and anxious ones. In whalers, luggers and merchants we sailed from island to island of the Solomon group and found many primitive blacks, but always Martin shook his head and pushed on. He insisted that because our film was so limited we could use it only when he had found savages that were completely untouched by civilization.

FINALLY his decision was made. Malekula, second largest island of the New Hebrides group was, he learned, the subject of disputed ownership between the French and British, and this meant a lack of the usual patrolling and discipline. If man in his savage and original state existed any place in the world, he existed here.

We returned to Sydney, and here Martin searched out the captain of a small ship that was leaving in a few days for the upper part of the Hebrides group. Once aboard, and our destination and purpose made known, a storm of protest and warning broke around us.

"Savage, cruel, murderous black devils!" The captain thundered. "I'll not go off my course to set you down on Malekula, understand? Not with a woman along! It would be murder, that's what, woman-murder!"

I couldn't even look in Martin's direction, for it was I—my coming with him—that hampered all his plans. Already we were in sight of Malekula. In length it was seventy-five miles or more a recruiter of blacks told us, shaped like an hour-glass and about thirty miles across its widest part.

"There's around forty thousand savages on that island," he continued, "strong fellows, too, but much as I'm needing blacks, I'll get 'em some place else."

Martin's interest sharpened. "Strong fellows, you say?"

"The most powerful tribe on the island, and they've got a chief, Nagapate, that's a holy terror."

I could see from the way Martin looked off toward the blue-grey mass that was Malekula, that somehow he would contrive to get there. A smaller shape, separated from the big island, now appeared, and quickly Martin asked about it.

"That's the island of Vao," the recruiter said. "About a mile and a half across and maybe four hundred savages." He paused, with a look at me. "You know," he said, "I think Vao would be the very ticket for you and the little lady here. Four hundred wild men would be about as many as you could get in that camera of yours anyhow, and, even though the British patrol boat often circles the island, I hear that those fellows on Vao still bury their old people alive and eat long pig."

"And how far did you say Vao was from Malekula?" Martin asked.

"About a mile," the recruiter answered, "and there's a French mission there, too, run by Father Prin."

Martin seized his hand. "A great idea," he shouted. "Great!"

The captain eyed us suspiciously as we debarked at Vao; he knew that we could get to Malekula from here with very little trouble.

Father Prin gave us a hearty if puzzled welcome. This dear soul who had worked among the savages of Vao for nearly thirty years was a volume in himself, and all the more so when one considered that the only discernible result of his labor was a mere seventeen converts.

It was here we rested and made our plans.

Father Prin gravely shook his head and confirmed the stories we had already heard of the cruelties practiced even on Vao; how much worse it must be on Malekula where even the most hardened recruiters feared to land, should, he said, be perfectly apparent.

But seeing that we would not be swerved, the good priest gave us every help in his power; and a twenty-eight foot whaleboat, together with a crew of five trustworthy Vao boys, was put at our disposal. Before sunup the following morning we were stowing our cameras, film and trade goods in the boat; then we pushed off for Malekula, with Father Prin giving us his blessing.

THE trip along the rocky shore was not very reassuring, for only now and then did we catch a glimpse of the natives, who vanished as rapidly as we approached. Their apparent timidity eased our fears for our personal safety, however, and when we reached the beach at Tanemarou, a strip of dazzling yellow sand separating the sea from the thick bush, we found it deserted, and stepped boldly out of the whaleboat.

Martin pantomimed the boys to take the trade stuff out of the boat; our one precious motion-picture camera he handled himself.

"Looks like a kind of trail into the bush over there," I said. Then I stopped short. "Oh!" I said.

A lone savage had appeared out of the jungle. Our boys, seeing him, moved back toward the boat—and with good reason; he was the most horrible looking creature I had ever laid eyes on. Coal black and incredibly filthy, his shock of greasy hair and heavy wool beard were probably the nesting place of every sort of vermin.

A gorget of pig's teeth hung around his neck, and the tails of pigs dangled from his ears. He wore a bone through his nose and he was entirely naked except for a large breach clout of dried pandanus fiber. As he came nearer I saw that his deeply creviced face was horribly distorted. It made me think of a grotesque mask—one I had seen on a theater program in New York, I think—representing "Tragedie." I moved closer to Martin.

The black spoke in a gutteral *bêche-de-mer* that astonished me with its scattering of English words.

"My word! Master! Belly belong me walk about too much!" He pressed his hands dramatically to his stomach.

I looked at Martin incredulously; we had come to Malekula warned of natives who dealt swift and savage death to intruders, only to be met by a whining black with a stomach ache!

We rocked with laughter — which doubtless was part relief—then I opened our kit and poured out a small handful of laxative tablets. Martin explained carefully to the gaping savage that he was to take part of them when the sun went down, and the other part when the sun came up. The black listened with apparent intentness to the end of the instructions, then opened his slobbery mouth and downed all the tablets.

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During this little comedy, several more savages had slipped quietly out of the bush—I think I counted ten in all—each as horrible in appearance as the first man, and each apparently as harmless. Martin lost no time in setting up his camera—which they dismissed after a casual inspection—and exposed perhaps a hundred and fifty feet of film.

The savages were carrying on what to me was an unintelligible jabber. Martin understood a little *bêche-de-mer* and with an air of complete casualness as he busied himself with the camera, told me what was up.

"They're saying that their chief is back there in the bush; he's been watching our boat—"

I saw how terribly he wanted to plunge into the bush with his camera, but that he was afraid because of me.

"I'll take some trade stuff and go ahead," I said as casually as I could. "I'm not afraid of these old natives and their stomach aches."

"Wait, Osa! I can't risk it. Not with you. I'll come back tomorrow."

I kept right on going.

"All right then, wait," he shouted after me. "I'll get one of these boys to lead the way."

Organized at length, with one of the Big Numbers men acting as guide, and our three carriers bringing up the rear with our supplies, we plunged into the jungle.

AFTER the glare of the beach I seemed suddenly blind, and slid and stumbled along a dark trail that was treacherous with hidden muddy streams and wet creepers. The heavy steaming breath of the swamps pressed down on us with the weight of something dead, and in it was the ominous smell of rot and slime. Then we started to climb; suddenly we were in the hot glare of the sun once more, and the slope was sharp and covered with tough cane. We climbed for what seemed hours; then abruptly we came on a clearing; a sort of plateau.

I began to look about me. Far below—we must have climbed at least three thousand feet—I saw the strip of beach and our whaleboat, a mere dot at the edge of the water.

Martin had drawn close and put his arm about me.

"You're a grand little sport," he said. "That climb was tough."

I couldn't say anything, I was so proud.

Just then there was a shuffling sound behind us and we turned. A score of natives carrying guns had moved in behind us. I saw Martin's face tighten.

"Don't let them see you're afraid, Osa," he said, quietly but firmly. "Leave the trade stuff on the ground and ease down the trail. I'll attract their attention with the camera."

I turned to obey, but the trail was cut off. There must by now have been a hundred armed savages in the clearing. From somewhere off in the bush came the low pulsing beat of the boo-boos. I glanced at our three carriers; they were fixed in attitudes of terror. There was neither movement nor sound until a huge parrot—a raucous blade of color and noise—slashed across the clearing. Then all hands turned, and there on the edge of the bush stood a figure so frightful as to be magnificent. His face, like those of the rest of the savages, was framed in a mass of greasy black hair and beard, a bone was thrust through the cartilage of his nose, he wore the large pandanus fiber clout, but there was a difference—the difference of a man of conscious power. There was power in his height, in the muscles that rippled under his glossy black skin, in his great shoulders, in the line of his jaw. His eyes showed intelligence, strong will and cunning. Here was a chief by every right of physical and mental superiority; here I knew was Nagapate.

He stared at us speculatively and moved slowly toward us. His men drew back as he advanced. To my astonishment, at this moment, I heard the purr of the camera-crank; Martin was photographing the chief's entrance.

"Remember, darling," his voice was low and quiet, "show no fear—smile—open up the trade stuff."

I shaped my face into what I hoped would pass for a friendly smile—Nagapate was coming straight toward me—was now within three feet.

"Hello, Mr. Nagapate," I said, and held some tobacco out to him. He barely glanced at it.

I saw four rings on Nagapate's hands; one a signet ring with a distinct crest. I felt a shudder creeping up my spine and wondered whether he removed the rings from the fingers of his victims before or after he cooked them.

"Try that piece of red calico," Martin urged, and I clung to the sound of his voice as to the one sane thing left in a world gone grotesquely mad.

"This is a very nice piece of calico," I said, loudly and distinctly, holding out the bright cloth to Nagapate. "A very nice color."

Nagapate reached out, but instead of



On location at the Busch Gardens in Pasadena, Laurence Olivier brushes up on his French for a few lines in that tongue in "Pride and Prejudice"

the calico, he took my arm in his great hand that felt like dry leather.

Martin's quiet voice cut through my terror: "Don't be afraid, Osa. He's just curious, that's all."

Curious! Apparently the whiteness of my skin puzzled the big black man. With gutteral grunts he first tried rubbing it off with his finger. This failing, he picked up a bit of rough cane and scraped my skin with it, and was astonished, apparently, when it turned pink. Shaking his head, he then took off my hat and looked at my hair. It was yellow and I suppose this also puzzled him.

"Try to get him interested in the trade stuff, darling. Put it in his hands." Martin's voice shook a little. I looked at him. The film continued to purr through the camera; he was turning the crank automatically.

I got some tobacco and pushed it into Nagapate's hands. He looked at it, then dropped it. I saw Martin rapidly remove the camera from the tripod.

"He won't take it, Martin! What shall I do?"

"Keep cool, darling—and whatever you do, keep smiling."

My husband then stepped between Nagapate and me, and forcing a grin clasped the chief's hand and gave it a hearty shake. This puzzled the black czar; apparently the gesture was new to him. He didn't like it, and scowled.

Returning look for look with the kingly savage, Martin spoke casually off to me: "Get on down that trail with the carriers, Osa. I'll follow. Do as I tell you and *hurry!*"

Nagapate was not to be diverted, however, and caught me as I turned away. He took my hand and shook it just as Martin had shaken his. My relief was so great at what seemingly had turned into a friendly leave-taking, that I laughed and heartily returned the shake. This may have been a mistake; at any rate, when I tried to withdraw my hand, he closed his fist hard upon it, then began experimentally to pinch and prod my body. I choked back a scream and looked wildly toward Martin. His face was bloodless, and fixed in a wooden smile.

Then, unexpectedly, I was released; Nagapate grunted an order and the savages retreated into the bush. Apparently we had won. Martin sharply ordered the carriers to shoulder the apparatus and we dashed for the trail. But suddenly there was a sharper accent in the beat of the boo-boos, our carriers with the apparatus fled at top speed down the trail and I found myself seized from behind. This time I abandoned all pretense at bravery and screamed my terror. On almost the same instant I heard Martin's voice shouting at me desperately to remember the pistol in my pocket, and shouting at the blacks to release him. I saw that he also had been seized.

"Martin!" I cried. I turned sick and faint and knew vaguely that I was being dragged backward toward the bush. I screamed again and again. I am no clearer on what happened next than a person is clear on the seeming happenings of a nightmare. I only know that the natives were suddenly quiet and staring down toward the bay. The boo-boos were still, and Nagapate stepped once more into the clearing. I followed the direction of his scowling gaze and saw what had silenced them; a British patrol boat was steaming into the bay.

Martin tore from his captors and faced Nagapate.

"Man-o'-war—Man-o'-war—Man-o'-war!" he shouted, threateningly.

Nagapate scowled at Martin, only half believing him, but my husband held his ground and reluctantly Nagapate grunted an order for our release, then with his men withdrew into the bush.

With a sob of relief I started on a run toward the trail, but Martin caught me and held me to a quiet walk until we were well out of sight of that fringe of bush where we knew Nagapate and his men to be, then began our race down the steep path.

AFTER what seemed hours, we came to a clearing above the bay and there saw the patrol boat slowly turning and steaming away. Then once more the sound of the boo-boos; Nagapate and his savages up on the plateau were also witnessing the departure of the gunboat.

Neither Martin nor I spoke; the dense jungle still lay between us and the beach. We plunged into it, the increasingly rapid beat of the boo-boos driving us recklessly over the slimy, treacherous trail. Thorns tore at our clothing and flesh. Once I fell in the mud and

(Continued on page 84)

★

Irene Dunne

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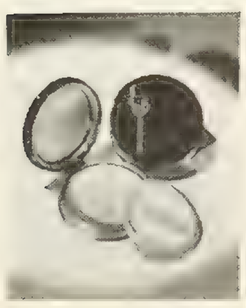


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(Continued from page 82)

slime of a morass, but more serious than this was the fact that we had lost our way. Martin pulled me out and held me close, slime and all.

My fall probably saved us, for instead of plunging farther from the trail in our panic, we stood a moment where we were and, looking around us, discovered the trail only a few feet off.

Added to the terrifying sound of the boo-boos, were now the shouts of the savages; they couldn't have been more than a quarter of a mile behind us. Neither of us spoke, we just ran, with branches, thorns and vines like enemy hands clutching at us, but at last the jungle ahead thinned; a few more steps and we were at the beach. The savages were now so close behind us we could hear the slap of heavy sodden leaves on their bare flesh.

The glare of the sun was almost a physical impact after the deep gloom of the jungle and the thick sand clogged our feet. Martin took my arm and I felt his hand shake. Soon we felt hard packed sand under our feet, then shallow water and next, with the hands of the Vao boys reaching out to us, we were dragged across the gunwales of the whaleboat. I raised my head and looked back; Nagapate's men were just emerging from the bush.

The tropical storm through which we then fought is another story. Martin got to his feet and went to work, glad of the skill he had acquired in handling the *Snark*. My usefulness in what doubtless was a hazardous trip began and ended in bailing our small open boat and protecting our camera and film as best I could. Reaching Vao finally, we were gratified to find that we—including our carriers—had clung doggedly to every piece of apparatus and even most of the trade goods, and that the camera and film were unharmed by water.

We had been back at Vao only a few days when the British patrol boat, the *Euphrosyne*, put in with a letter for Martin from the Resident Commissioner for the New Hebrides. It read:

"Matanovot, 10th November, 1917
"Dear Sir:

"I have been endeavoring to find you with a view to warning you against carrying out what I understand to be your intentions. I am told that you have decided to penetrate into the interior of this island with a view to coming in contact with the people known as the 'Big Numbers.' Such a proceeding cannot but be attended with great risk to yourself and all those who accompany you. The whole interior of this island of Malekula is, and has been for a considerable time, in a very disturbed condition, and it has been necessary in consequence to make two armed demonstrations in the 'Big Numbers' country in the last three years. For these reasons, on the part of the Joint Administration of this group, I request that you will not proceed further with this idea, and hereby formally warn you against such persistence, for the consequences of which the Administration cannot hold itself responsible.

"Yours faithfully,
"(Signed) M. King,
"H.B.M. Resident Commissioner for the New Hebrides.

"In any case I trust you will not take your wife into the danger zone with you.

"M.K."

Broadway, the Dog

(Continued from page 53)

either gratifying or alarming, depending on your viewpoint.

That's one reason why road companies are being sent out before the end of a Broadway run, so that the film version may be released at the earliest possible moment. A glance at the pictures on pages 52-53 and the current theatrical season they represent illustrates this. It also shows how Hollywood's stars are invading Broadway to take advantage of this fine show case for their wares.

The season opened late this year, and with caution, because of wars overseas and threats at home of the biggest strike in theatrical history. Yet there was a phenomenally high percentage of hits which will undoubtedly reach the screen.

Let's skim over a play-by-play report, starting with some of the successful holdovers from the previous season.

ROBERT SHERWOOD'S "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," which won the Pulitzer Prize as the best American drama of 1939, enjoyed a highly successful run with Raymond Massey in the title role, first on Broadway and then on tour. RKO's film version, with Massey repeating his incomparable performance and with the talented Ruth Gordon making her cinema debut as Mary Todd, has already been triumphantly launched.

Philip Barry's "The Philadelphia Story" brought Katharine Hepburn back, not only to Broadway, but apparently to Hollywood. M-G-M's contract for the screen rights is said to stipulate that she will appear in the film version, which may also feature Joseph Cotten and Van Heflin (who was in a previous Hepburn picture, "A Woman Rebels") of the original cast.

Lillian Hellman's "The Little Foxes" gave Tallulah Bankhead her greatest role to date. Samuel Goldwyn is reported to have paid $100,000 for the play and to have engaged Miss Bankhead to play her original part.

Sidney Kingsley's "The World We Make," featuring the movies' own Margo, was purchased by M-G-M for a reported price of $100,000 as a possible starring vehicle for Norma Shearer.

The new Kaufman-Hart play, "The Man Who Came to Dinner," enjoyed simultaneous runs in New York, Chicago and the West Coast, with first-rate companies playing all three. Neither Monty Woolley nor Theodore Newton, who play the title role and the romantic lead, respectively, in the Manhattan cast, is a stranger to Hollywood. Film bidding on this smash success was still brisk at latest reports.

CLARENCE DAY'S "Life with Father," made into a play by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, featured the former playwright and his wife, Dorothy Stickney, as the parents, in New York, and offered the screen's beloved Lillian Gish in the feminine lead in Chicago, at the same time.

Samson Raphaelson's "Sky Lark" teamed Gertrude Lawrence and Donald Cook, both familiar personalities to film-goers, and it's reported that Paramount paid $85,000 for the picture rights to star Claudette Colbert.

James Thurber's and Elliott Nugent's "The Male Animal" gave us Mr. Nugent, successful in Hollywood as actor, writer and director, in the masculine lead. Warner Brothers purchased the film rights for $150,000.

"My Dear Children" heralded John Barrymore's return to Broadway (after an absence of seventeen years), where he was rejoined by his wife, Elaine Barrie, in the leading feminine role.

Maxwell Anderson's "Key Largo" offered that great actor, Paul Muni, a triumphal return to the footlights.

Cole Porter's latest musical, "Du Barry Was a Lady," offered not only one, but four, screen favorites—Bert Lahr, Ethel Merman, Betty Grable and Kenny Baker. Among the bidders for screen rights is Universal, seeking it as a vehicle for Mae West, for whom the show was originally written.

George Abbott's current Broadway farce, "See My Lawyer," featured Milton Berle of screen and radio, and was staged by Ezra Stone, who will soon make his film debut in Paramount's "Those Were the Days."

William Saroyan's "The Time of Your Life" offered Julie Haydon, wistful heroine of Noel Coward's picture, "The Scoundrel," in the feminine lead.

Charles MacArthur's and Ben Hecht's "Ladies and Gentlemen," teamed Mrs. MacArthur—the famous Helen Hayes of both stage and screen—with Philip Merivale, both on Broadway and on tour.

John Van Druten's "Leave Her to Heaven" returned not only Ruth Chatterton to the stage, but also the handsome Edmond O'Brien, romantic lead of RKO's "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Ernest Hemingway's "The Fifth Column" offered Franchot Tone another fine opportunity to follow up his personal success on Broadway last season.

Elmer Rice's "Two on an Island" brought back Betty Field from Hollywood after her sensational cinema debut—and may return her to the screen to do her stage role for RKO, which studio purchased the film rights. John Craven and Luther Adler co-star with Miss Field, and just why they have not been starred on the screen is a mystery.

AT least five other personalities as yet unknown to picture audiences but with picture possibilities have been noted during this fruitful season of theatergoing: Uta Hagen, of "Key Largo"; Hubert Rudley, of "The World We Make"; Teresa Wright, of the original "Life with Father" cast; John Hoysradt of the New York company of "The Man Who Came to Dinner"; and Miss Gene Tierney of "The Male Animal." These people should make valuable contributions to future photoplays.

It might be noted that nearly all the great successes of the Broadway season were comedies. Yet, of all the plays reviewed, the deadly serious and intensely unpleasant "The Little Foxes" seems, to this reviewer, the best material for a great motion picture as yet unreleased.

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Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 71)

wanted to sing with the new band (when it got organized) for nothing—until he could get going.

But now he's married and any dream that little Judy might have had isn't even worth dreaming any more. So, remembering our own youth (in the dim, distant past) and how things *hurt*, at sixteen, it isn't Greg Bautzer and Betty Grable we feel sorry for in the Turner-Shaw drama, but young Judy Garland.

First Love Story—II

SPEAKING of kids who carry torches, there is Jane Withers' "crush" on Gene Autry which started when she and Gene were making "Shooting Stars." Of course, Janie is only thirteen and Gene has been happily married for nine years, so naturally it can't be serious and we're not hinting otherwise. What we're really doing is pointing out what a nice, considerate chap the "Singing Cowboy," Autry, is.

Instead of ignoring the fact that he had suddenly and overwhelmingly become Jane's Ideal, as many a guy would have, Gene played up the whole time they were working together. He was gallant and attentive; deferred to her opinions; took her to lunch; sent her flowers; gave her a swell wrist watch when the picture was finished.

But more than that, he is still being nice to her. He telephones her every so often; sent her an elegant Valentine; shows her that here is a friend who is really going to last.

Palpitating Papa

THE set phone rang at nine o'clock in the morning, just as Henry Fonda stepped onto the sound stage for work. With nervous fingers, Henry clutched the receiver. His wife's voice, coming over the wires from New York said,

"Henry, we're having our baby today. It will be a Caesarean operation. Don't worry, dear. I'll call you back—they're coming for me now."

A nervous young man paced the set



Caught in the act of telephoning at Ciro's (and, incidentally, in the booth itself, when the door jammed, as reported by Cal)—Joan Blondell

of "Lillian Russell," while a sympathetic crew looked on.

Twenty minutes later, another call came.

"It's a boy, Mr. Fonda," the nurse's voice sang, "and Mrs. Fonda is doing splendidly."

Maybe that day wasn't a day to be remembered, with Alice Faye and the whole cast helping Hank to celebrate.

The Fondas already have two little girls, one the child of his wife by a previous marriage.

The March of Diamonds

SO it's Leap Year again! You can't say Hollywood isn't doing its bit to help the girls along, by the power of suggestion. Much of the sparkle of cinematic glamour has always come from diamonds, but never—so far as Cal can remember—has the traditional engagement stone played such a large part in the current movies. Over at 20th Century-Fox, for instance, a lot of the glamour in "I Was an Adventuress" stems not only from the presence of the scintillating Zorina but also from the fact that the plot hinges on diamond smuggling. On the same lot, "Diamond Jim" Brady is making a return appearance in the person of Edward Arnold for many of the sequences in "Lillian Russell," in which Alice Faye has the title role.

Aside from their unquestioned appeal as beautiful adornment for the beautiful, there's sheer drama in the story of the world's most highly-prized gems themselves. Part of the story was told in Paramount's "Adventure in Diamonds," which starred Hollywood's George Brent and Isa Miranda, but prominently featured South Africa's great diamond mines. Through the courtesy of the De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., actual mining processes—from the time the diamonds are taken from the blue ground, three thousand feet below the surface, until they are graded according to color and carat size in the sorting room—were filmed near Kimberley, for the first time, as background shots.

If present plans go through, Paramount will bring out another diamond drama, portraying the life of Barney Barnato, one of the early directors and a life governor of De Beers, and the exciting part he played, with Cecil Rhodes, in forming that company. So—if your best beau can't take a celluloid hint, or you can't nerve yourself up for a Leap Year proposal during current movie-going—lady, the case is hopeless!

Last Laugh

NOW this *is* news! Spencer Tracy may be banned from what promised to be one of the most important productions of his career! It's the family movie, written, directed and now being filmed by Spencer's son John, who also plays the lead (Spence has a minor role). John's been having more than his share of trouble with the production. First of all, Susie, the daughter of the house, who was to play the lead, came out flatly and refused the honor. Susie just does *not* want to be an actress. "I don't care what was in the papers," she told her father, when he pointed out all the publicity she was getting, "I still won't do the part!" Then, when the first sequence was being shot, Spencer laughed so at John's delineation of the principal character that he completely ruined the first "takes"—and now John threatens to ban Spence from the production.

Roosevelt Rift

THE news of the James Roosevelt's divorce, which broke across newspaper headlines last month, was no surprise to Hollywood. For months the town has been aware of Jimmy's devotion to his pretty nurse, Romelle Schneider. Her sister, lovely Phyllis Schneider, is Jimmy's secretary.

Cal observed Jimmy and Romelle as they sat across from us at the Brown Derby the other day. Carefully Jimmy's hand would steal under the table to find

(Continued on page 88)



We like Myrna Loy's new hairdress, we like her husband, Arthur Hornblow—in fact, we dote on Myrna herself (all to be seen at Ciro's)

PERC WESTMORE SAYS: "Why not have on YOUR dressing table the same make-up we use for the stars" —



— *Westmore Cosmetics*

Perc Westmore creates make-up for Bette Davis.





WESTMORE FOUNDATION CREAM is the first step in every make-up the Westmore brothers create for the stars ...in the great Hollywood film studios, and for private life, too. Alluring make-up is completed with Westmore Cream Rouge, Eyeshadow, Powder, Dry Rouge, Lipstick, color-keyed to the Foundation Cream. Now *you* can buy these very cosmetics at your drug or department store, 50¢... Smaller sizes at variety stores.



PLAYING THE LEAD ON A BIG DATE? You'll be a standout in the crowd, center of all eyes, with Westmore make-up, as used by Hollywood stars. Begin with Westmore Foundation Cream. It's non-drying, covers little blemishes, shadows, differences of coloration. It's skin-tinted, in four glowing tones (one of which matches your skin) with powder to match each tone and to complete the velvety smooth look! Truly the make-up base for glamour!

Bette Davis, Warner Bros. star... twice Academy Award winner... will soon star in the Warner Bros. picture, ***"All This and Heaven, Too."*** Miss Davis says: "I consider Perc Westmore tops in his field." And naturally, as always, Perc Westmore creates Miss Davis' make-up for her newest starring role.

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HOLLYWOOD

A MAKE-UP PATTERN to bring out the greatest loveliness in your face... the same make-up pattern the Westmores use for the star of your face type! Found in "Perc Westmore's Make-up Guide"... **SEND FOR IT!** Only 25¢.



If not at store near you use this coupon:

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Please send me Perc Westmore's Make-up Guide, for which I enclose 25¢.

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These unique Suction-Grip Gloves actually won't slip—made of long-wearing Latex—save your dishes as well as your hands



(*Below*) Under microscope, CUPTEX Surface reveals thousands of actual suction cups.

"Patrician" Gloves are lined with soft, absorbent *Stockinette*. "Ruff-N-Reddy" and "Hercules" Gloves—smooth Latex-lined.

● Afraid of "dropping things" when you wear Household Gloves to protect your hands? Then here are just the gloves you've been looking for. Over their soft, pliant surface are thousands of tiny suction-like cups which really *grip* wet, soapy dishes, etc. They're *comfortable,* too . . . you hardly know you're wearing them. They slide on and off easily, without binding . . . and how they wear! Not only for dishwashing—but for dusting, cleaning, gardening.

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The SEAMLESS RUBBER Company

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Specialists in Fine Rubber Goods for 65 Years

Romelle's hand. Their eyes told the story of two people in love despite all obstacles. (So don't be surprised if Mr. Roosevelt takes a new bride after his wife's divorce becomes final.)

As soon as the first news was printed, the mailbags bulged with letters all asking the same question:

"Did Hollywood break up James Roosevelt's home?"

And some of them were pretty nasty to the movie village and its inhabitants.

Well, for once, at least, Hollywood has a clean slate, for even before young Roosevelt arrived in Hollywood, faint rumors preceded him that all was not well. Mrs. Roosevelt did not accompany her husband to the Mayo clinic, it was remembered, but only flew to his side when his case proved more serious than supposed. Neither did she accompany her husband to his new job in Hollywood, paying only one brief hurried visit.

Mr. Roosevelt has proved to be one of the hardest workers in the industry and won everyone's good will with his easy approachable manner. So—again we say: Hollywood played no part in this separation and should, therefore, not only be exonerated but applauded for the way it has minded its own business in the matter.

Bette, Bumps—and a Baby

WHEN you see Bette Davis wearing a severe black dress with white collars and cuffs, in her role of governess in Warners' "All This, and Heaven, Too"—it will be the same frock (remodeled, of course) she wore in "Juarez," for the famous mad scene. She told us that she had felt so at ease and so comfortable in the gown she decided to have it made over when she discovered that a black costume was listed for this picture. She also felt it would be a lucky omen for her. Incidentally, Bette is gradually going around a bit more these days socially. She was much amused with herself as we talked, for among the things she found she never knew 'til now was how to do a rhumba, and she's determined to excel in that as she has in everything else. At home, her time is very much taken up with the new baby in the house—her sister's child, who Bette told us very seriously (while going into details about the baby's perfections and lovable traits) is *not* going to be spoiled! "Of course not," we murmured to ourselves, "not *much!*"

On the Record

OVER at the waxworks, "Pinocchio" is still doing the big box-office business. Best record effort is Victor's. In a Technicolor album (P-18), you'll find recordings of six musical scenes from the film. The complete musical story is here with all the main characters stepping up to sing and talk.

Not to be overlooked is Decca's "Pinocchio" collection (Album 110) with eight musical numbers. The star bandsmen are also working for the puppets. Guy Lombardo with "Turn On The Old Music Box" and "When You Wish Upon a Star" (Decca 2969), Hal Kemp sweetly playing "Give A Little Whistle" and "I've Got No Strings" (Victor 26466), and Bob Chester lightly swinging the same duo (Bluebird 10566).

Next in line is "Road To Singapore," Bing Crosby's new opus. Over on pages 44-45, you'll find the complete lyrics of all these hit songs. You'll know how good they are when you hear either Johnny Green (Royale 1839) or Tommy Dorsey (Victor 26500) play two of them: "Too Romantic" and "Sweet Potato Piper."

And talking of Crooner Crosby, if you want to make your phonograph needles happy, get hold of "Between 18th & 19th on Chestnut Street," which Bing sings with Connie Boswell (Decca 2948). On the back is Harry Lillis' "Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams."

Two of the main attractions of Paramount's "Buck Benny Rides Again," are a brace of tunes: "Say It" and "My! My!" An up-and-coming batoneer by the name of Van Alexander has done a very nice recording job on them (Varsity 8172). New, too, is "My Son, My Son." Henry Russell, of the Horace Heidt organization, sings caressingly this United Artists film's title song and couples it with the pleasant "Last Night's Gardenias" (Vocalion 5363).

Running fast and well in photoplay's hit parade are the Cole Porter works from "Broadway Melody of 1940." In the vocal department, there's Dinah Shore who turns a Dixie accent and a smooth voice loose on "I've Got My Eyes On You" (Bluebird 10592). Twentieth Century-Fox's Mary Healy also does the "Eyes" number, as well as "I Happen to Be in Love" (Columbia 35365). Over in the baton division, trombone-playing T. Dorsey performs the optician's theme, too, along with "I Concentrate On You" (Victor 26470).

(*Continued from page 86*)

Life's all smiles again for Addison "Jack" Randall and his leading lady, Louise Stanley, at Ciro's. Married and divorced in rapid succession many months ago, the pair were recently remarried at Yuma, Ariz.





Extra, added attraction at Ciro's: Hat-check girls in their cancan outfits. Innocent bysitter: Jimmy Ritz

That Hollywood Training!

JUST to show you that there is never a dull moment around the household of Joan Davis, the comedienne, listen to this latest tale of her small daughter, Beverly Wills. Beverly, you know is the little lass who is always bursting out into such ditties as: "My name is Beverly Wills, I live in Beverly Hills." Recently, during one of the "California mists," she and her mother were caught in the shower and had to race for shelter. As they ran, lightning began to flash—something Beverly never had seen at quite such close range before. Looking at her mother, she shouted, "Mama, what's that? Is God taking a flashlight of us?"

Man Proposes, but—

FORREST TUCKER, who gets his first break in "The Westerner" with Gary Cooper, is having a terrific time with his romance with Helen Parrish. While the troupe was on location, Helen and her mother visited the company and Tucker brought out every argument he could think of to convince Helen that they should be married. But Helen said no; she's just starting on her career and she doesn't want to think of marriage for some time. However, Tucker hasn't let a little thing like about fifty turndowns bother him. He figures she can't say "No" indefinitely.

Hawaiian Honeymoon

(Continued from page 27)

"I'm getting somewhere. I'm getting into the bathtub."

Ann came out on the balcony to find Randy still concentrating. He had his eyes closed and his brow was wrinkled. "Mac something. Mac. MacVickers."

Peering over the balcony, Ann said, "There's a man down there waving at you. At least I think it's you."

The bronzed giant beneath the balcony cupped his hands and yelled, "How do you feel this morning?"

"What's it to you?" Randy said.

"How about coming out to the plantation this afternoon?"

"What plantation?"

"You wanted to see the pineapples! We can go to the canning factory too."

Randy scrutinized the upturned face. "Is your name Mac something?"

"MacBride!"

Saying, "He looks quite different in daylight," Randy made waving motions, instructing MacBride to stay where he was. A moment later, watching, Ann saw him join Mr. MacBride, clap him on the back and after a short conference they disappeared in the direction of the bar. She wandered back in and sat on the edge of the bathtub watching Caroline languidly splashing soapsuds. Caroline said, "Is there any reason why you can't be alone for one second?"

"I feel as though I didn't belong to anybody," Ann said. "It makes me feel empty and sick inside. Did you ever feel that way?"

"Just before I came down with ptomaine." The telephone rang in the bedroom. "Answer it," Caroline said. Ann went to answer it. It was David.

"I thought I might find you there," he said.

"Well, you did." Ann wondered why she couldn't say something graceful, something that would make him want to leave whatever he was doing and come to see her. No, not Ann. "Well, you did." That was the best thing she could think of to say to the man whose loss made her feel empty and sick inside. She floundered helplessly, trying to think of something pleasant to say. Finally she said, "Where have you been?"

Immediately the voice chilled a little. "I had a swim." Desperate, Ann thought: 'He thinks I was prying. He thinks I am jealous.' She said, "It isn't that I *care*, David. I just said it for something to say. I mean. . . ."

"I thought perhaps we'd better lunch together. It looks a little odd, don't you think?"

"It *is* a little odd, isn't it?"

He said, "Aren't we friends?"

Ready to cry with pent-up nerves, disappointment and frustration she said, "Why shouldn't we be?"

"If you don't want to lunch with me, say so. I'd like to forestall any gossip, that's all."

She said, "Of course I'll lunch with you, David. I'll meet you on the terrace." She hung up the receiver, went back into the bathroom and started, in silence, to powder her nose. Caroline splashed thoughtfully. "Sounded like a good beginning," she said. "You were positively scintillating. Those few clever retorts should make a man simply pant with eagerness to be with you."



Between two eras: Dick Barthelmess, idol from silent days — Alice Faye, crown princess in this talkie reign

Ann snapped her compact shut. "I'm not like some women. I'm not clever. I don't know just what to say when I ought to say it. All I know is I love him and I've lost him and I'm miserable. It's not so easy to be asked for lunch just to keep people from talking."

"Well, you have to eat somewhere. Where's Randy?"

"Where do you think?"

"Bar?"

"With a man named MacBride. They're going to go and inspect pineapples this afternoon. They're going to watch pineapples growing and then watch them cut up and crammed into tins. Is there anything more I can do for you before I go?"

"You can stop looking as though the millennium is approaching," Caroline said. "It gives me the vapors."

"It's not approaching. For me, it's here." Ann went out and slammed the door.

"My God," Caroline said, regarding the soap, "love is an awful thing."

ALL the way downstairs Ann tried to get herself in hand. The harder she tried, the more out of hand she seemed to get.

Her hands were trembling and the palms were moist. She felt, passing through the lobby, that everybody was staring at her. Probably they were already talking about him and Laurel and feeling sorry for her. She forgot, in her emotional uncertainty, that people had always stared at her because she was Ann Adams, one of the most photographed women in the world; because her house and her income and her opinions and career had been splashed from coast to coast in print and in pictures.

It was a pretty meeting, a handsome young husband coming forward, smiling, to take the hand of a fragile girl who had been endowed with everything her heart could desire. Some of the women watching sighed a little bitterly and turned away their eyes. Who was she to have so much happiness?

For the first time since they'd met, David and Ann were ill at ease with

ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO, A BRIDE . . . TODAY, DO YOU FACE

Heartbreak Age?





You were such a shining bride! Are you still starry-eyed, still safe and happy in your love? Or are you a woman, afraid? A woman in flight from the grim gray shadow of Heartbreak Age?

Heartbreak Age! The time of the first gray hairs. Then you do not need sympathy—but the swift transforming wonder of Inecto-with-Lustrium. Amazing hair coloring and conditioning treatment!

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"Passengers not allowed in the pilot house," barked the man at the wheel. "Okay," said I meekly, "but before I go, won't you have a stick of my Beeman's Gum? The flavor's grand! Zippy as a breeze off the bay!"

"Humph!" grunted the helmsman, but he sampled my Beeman's—and say! His grouch evaporated like dew in the morning sun. "Lady—that's flavor! Smooth as a fair weather passage. Refreshin' as a dash o' salt spray. Hey—don't go! Rules or no rules, Miss, ye're welcome in my pilot house as long as ye want to stay!"

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

each other. Avoiding each other's eyes, they applied themselves assiduously to the menus. "A poi cocktail, I think," Ann said, "and a fruit salad with great hunks of pineapple and papaya."

"I can't very well ask a waiter for great hunks of things," David said, smiling.

Her frayed nerves made Ann say, "It doesn't matter what you order. I can't eat anyway."

David said, "You're not being yourself."

Ann's underlip trembled dangerously. "How do you know what I'm being? How do you know this isn't me? You haven't taken the time or the trouble to find out anything about me. Look at me, David. I'm just sitting here cracking up. Can't you understand it?"

He said softly, "Ann, stop it."

"Nobody can hear me. Don't worry. I'm smiling. If people are watching us they'll think we're an ideal couple. Look, I'll hold your hand on top of the table if you like."

"That won't be necessary," David said shortly.

"But it's necessary for us to be seen together; it doesn't matter how I feel or what's happening to me inside."

"It's your public and your career as much as mine." David's voice was controlled and quiet.

"*Am* I important?" Ann said. "Am I really? I feel very unimportant. I feel . . . isn't it funny . . . like a wife who's been deserted on her honeymoon. And there isn't, there couldn't be, any more useless feeling than that, could there, David?"

"Oh, my God," David said, quietly smiling, "I thought I was doing something that was best for both of us. I thought you'd see how important it is not to make this a Roman holiday for every gossip writer from here to New York. And I have to sit and take this. Because I can't get up and leave you in the middle of luncheon, now can I?"

"Why not? You can get up and leave me in the middle of our honeymoon. But if you leave me at lunch, people will talk. Don't let people talk, David. It's all right to break somebody's heart, but it's unforgivable to be talked about."

He said, "You're hysterical."

Then Ann said something awful. She tried to stop it but it popped out.

"Who wouldn't be hysterical—Laurel?"

David said, "If you mention Laurel again, I'll have to leave the table."

A voice said, "Why shouldn't she mention me? I think it's only natural. May I meet your wife, David?"

For a moment Ann thought she would snatch the poi cocktail from the waiter's hand and throw it in Laurel's face. She looked so sickeningly poised and sure of herself, standing there. But Ann's voice was quite steady as she said, "Sit down, Miss Crane. No, not there. The sun will be in your eyes."

David held a chair and Laurel sat down. Without looking at Ann she fingered a colorful, sprawling branch of bougainvillaea in the center of the table and said, "You shouldn't, really, hate me. Why do you?"

"Why do you think?" Ann said.

David drank his papaya juice and stared, smiling pleasantly into space. He hadn't even the freedom of action which allows a man, caught in the cross fire of a woman's quarrel, to look miserable and ashamed.

"Well, you see," Laurel said, "I haven't done anything."

"You haven't done anything except break my life in bits," Ann said. "There are a thousand places you could have gone, but you had to come to Honolulu."

"Well, Honolulu was the only place where David was," Laurel said.

"That's what I mean," said Ann.

David's smile was a frozen grimace. "Will you two stop this?"

"As I approached," Laurel said, "you were threatening to leave the table. Why don't you? That enigmatic smile of yours is making lines in your face."

THE marines landed in a breathless group and, unscrambled, turned out to be Caroline, Randy and Angus MacBride. Angus MacBride was carrying an armful of leis. He draped a half dozen strands of tiny pikaki blossoms, around Ann's neck, saying, "Pikaki is for brides."

Ann choked out, "Thank you very much."

Laurel was duly decorated with a wreath of huge gardenias. Caroline kept adjusting a lei of ginger flowers as though it were a necklace that hurt. She ranged herself alongside Ann with a look of defiance in Laurel's direction. Laurel looked right through her, smiling.

After a few moments of desperate polite conversation, Caroline, suddenly staring across the terrace, had the expression of a woman who has seen a giraffe lolloping across a glacier. Presently she said in a strangled tone, "That *couldn't* be Alastair Decker . . . or could it?"

Randy said, "The old demon columnist himself. But how did he get here?"

Angus MacBride said, "He came in on the *Matsonia* this morning."

Ann said, as though she wanted to run, "He's . . . he's coming over here."

Alastair Decker, dapper and happy, draped his arm over David's shoulder. "How are the newlyweds? We've missed you back in New Athens." Then he looked at Laurel. Laurel smiled serenely. "Oh," Decker said. "Hello." There was a world of conjecture in that hello.

Alastair looked at Ann then. "Well," he said "Well. Hello, Ann."

"Well," Angus MacBride said to Alastair, "now that you're here, we've got the whole week-end party. We'll start tonight at seven. We'll fish off the island of Molokai. We can have breakfast at the Chinaman's at Kaunakakai. It's simpler than struggling with the galley." He turned to Ann. "Be sure to take a couple of warm sweaters." And then to Caroline, "Are you a good sailor, Miss Hathaway?"

"If it's not too much to ask," Caroline said, "what are you talking about?"

MacBride turned to look reproachfully at Randy. "Didn't you tell them?"

"What should I have told them?" Randy said.

"About the week-end trip. You accepted an invitation for all of them last night. At the Rathskeller. Just after you did the hula, don't you remember?"

"I don't," Randy said, gloomily.

Angus looked like a little boy who has been told at the last minute, that the circus detoured. "You can come, can't you?" he said anxiously.

David said heartily, "Of course we'll come."

"Of course," Randy said. "Drunk or sober, I keep my promises."

"Then, let's see." Angus took out a little pad and started writing things down. "There'll be Alastair, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, Miss Hathaway, Randy." He looked up at Laurel. "And you? You'll come, won't you Miss. . . ."

"Crane," Laurel said smiling, "I'd love it, thank you."

Back at home, as Ann gave way to hysteria, David paced up and down. "You j-just *sat* there! You . . . oh how could you? A week end of this hell . . . watching her look at you as though she owned you . . . acting as though I hadn't any right to your name."

"Ann, I'll call Angus up and say we can't come."

She raged, "You'll call him up and say we can't come! And Laurel will go and she'll tell Alastair everything! That's the way she is! We have to go now . . . there's nothing else to do!"

He tried to calm her by taking her in his arms. She wrenched free, crying, "Don't touch me. Don't touch me! You just *sat* there!"

"What did you expect me to do, get up and run around the table?" David put his two hands in his hair and pulled toward the ceiling. "This," he said, "is going to be one hell of a week end!" And he didn't know then how right he was.

In Hawaii anything can happen—and does—to those who are in love. But even Laurel, who thinks she knows everything about nature, couldn't expect the violence that she and Ann and David have to face—as you'll discover in the June PHOTOPLAY.



Third time's the charm: John Wayne and Claire Trevor, of "Stagecoach" and "Allegheny Uprising," duet again in "The Dark Command"

Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 12)

lines away from the eyes, and fill in the tiny triangle at the outer corners with very light foundation cream, approximately, as nearly as possible, the color of the 'whites' of the eyes. Then apply mascara only to the upper lashes, since darkening the lower one also would tend to narrow the eyes."

JACK DAWN, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's make-up expert, who makes up such stars as Joan Crawford, Myrna Loy and Hedy Lamarr, has a lot of wonderful theories about the use of eye shadow. He says firmly that eye shadow is for correction and never for attraction.

"Don't detract from the beauty of the eye itself by garish green, purple or lemon-yellow eye shadow. Try to use all make-up to emphasize your natural coloring, and this is especially true in the use of eye shadow. Nature never used such colors in the pigmentation of a woman's skin. Use blues and browns. But, use them correctly. If the skin tones of the eyelid or under the eye or in the depth between the eye and nose are blue, then blue eye shadow is the color to use, regardless of the color of the eyes themselves. If those skin tones are brown, then use brown."

Being the inquiring type, we asked Mr. Dawn what eye faults can be corrected by artful use of eye shadow and how it's done.

"Eyes which have grown tired with age," says Jack, "are clothed in shadows. Go nature one better by highlighting these shadows with eye cream. Do it skillfully by blending in the cream with nature's own shadowing."

If your eyes squint, there is little space between the eyelid and the brow or the eye. Then you place shadow as near the eye as possible, leaving as much space as you can between the lid and the brow. The dark line, then the light skin, creates a space of light which gives width.

For abnormally round or prominent eyes, you reverse the procedure. Deepen the shadow by narrowing the distance between the eyelid, the brow and the eye. You do this by use of a wide sweep with eye shadow and heavy mascara on the upper lashes.

If your eyes are heavy-lidded, then you shadow deeply at the corners of the eyes and continue the eye shadow as far out toward the temple to a point where brow and lid would meet if a line were drawn from the curve of the brow and from the end of the eyelid.

For no-lidded eyes, you can create one by artificial lashes or extra heavy use of mascara and carry the shadow far up to the brow.

IF your problem is a puffy eye, you leave the shadow off the lids entirely and use it only where the puffiness occurs. Use it carefully to conceal rather than emphasize this "drooping" skin.

"These rules apply to both day and night. There's no difference in the colors to be used under artificial light or in the sunlight. The skin tones are still the same," Jack Dawn says. "If there is any change to be made, use a heavier make-up in the sunlight, because the sun, with its bright reflection, has a tendency to blot out color. Artificial light or electric light adds to the shadows of the face, and in this instance, make-up should be in lighter tones."

Jack told us, too, how to create ideal eyebrows. "Never should the brows be painted, arched, or shaped into an angle. Brows should follow the contour of the upper eyelid. A shaping of the brow curve is permissible, but pointed brows, or pencil lines or elongated, drooping lines are very aging to the face and never should be used."

For instance, Lana Turner has a full face. Her eyelids have a definite, round curve, so Jack makes up her brows in a curved high arch. Jeanette MacDonald's lids do not have quite the same high curve as Lana's, so her brows are only slightly curved. With Hedy Lamarr, to emphasize the wide spread between her hazel eyes, the brows start far from the center of her face and blend into a slight, graceful arch.

PARAMOUNT'S make-up expert is Wally Westmore. Wally, like Jack Dawn, emphasizes naturalness in making up eyes.

Large eyes, like Patricia Morison's, for instance, can stand a much higher brow than a girl with smaller eyes. The closer the brow to the eye, the larger it appears, and the greater distance from the eye, the smaller.

"For creating the illusion of larger eyes," Wally explained, "when using mascara on the lashes, mascara just the tips of the lashes. Never bead the lashes heavily, regardless of whether the eyes are small or large. And always remember that there should be one-tenth the amount of mascara on the lower lashes as on the upper, at all times.

"To make the eyes appear larger, take a pencil and draw a soft shadow directly under the lashes of the lower lid. Then take your finger and rub that line until it is rubbed almost completely off. You will thus create a soft shadow and form a frame to the eye, giving the illusion of more eyeball. If your eyes are close together, mascara is most effective if applied heavily at outer corners.

"For an example, Dorothy Lamour's eyes are a little deeper set than Madeleine Carroll's eyes. So, in making up Dorothy, we use more eye shadow on the eyelid proper, to reduce the fullness of the upper lid. And on Madeline, we use one-third as much eye shadow as on Dorothy. In mascaraing Dorothy's lashes, lots of black mascara is used. Madeleine requires much less and since she is so fair we use brown mascara for her."

Perc Westmore, too, gave us much good advice on how to bring out the beauty of eyes. He says that prominent eyes such as Bette Davis' are made even lovelier by putting mascara lightly on the entire upper lashes and by drawing a normal eyebrow that follows the line of the eye and is neither too heavy nor too thin. He blends eye shadow carefully over the prominent part of the upper lid and uses as dark a shade as possible, carrying it very lightly up to the line of the brow.

"Do not outline the eyelids of prominent eyes," Perc advises. "Carry rouge well up to the eyes so there will be no white space between cheeks and eyes to accentuate their size."

Perc, too, says the perfect brow is one that conforms to the shape of the eyelid and starts on a line even with the inner corner of the eye. "Beware of angular brows that give a masculine look to the face, of winged brows, or of little skyhooks that make eyes look smaller, of arrow brows that swoop up from a low inner corner to a high outer."

Remember that beauty and glamour are no more than the sum of your personality, and all these tips should help you make up your eyes and brows so that they express the full seventy per cent of your personality.



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Alvin WATCHES

Round-Up of Familiar Faces

(Continued from page 29)

and, fastening Bill with a look of disgust said, "I hope you felt as silly doing that stuff as I felt sitting watching you."

That was all. There wasn't any more.

His ideal girl, Bill says, is one who can talk intelligently if she has something to say, but who doesn't talk just to show she's intelligent. And then, like a problem in mathematics, he sums up the whole girl question by stating Maggie Lindsay is his idea of something special in beauty and brains.

He was a good kid, he remembers, was four years a member of the Boy Scouts and participated in all school activities. One schoolday incident sticks in his memory. The school, for some reason, didn't include Bill in its annual play and, hurt beyond words, he couldn't bear to tell his mother. "Oh, sure, I'm in it. I lead the orchestra, that's why I have no lines to rehearse," he told her. With great ado and after much bragging to others, his mother showed up at the entertainment. Bill, of course, wasn't in it and to this day the incident has never been mentioned.

He hasn't enough energy to get real hopping mad about anything, but boy, did he rant when they called him "Dimples" in school. He still has 'em in both cheeks—the dimples, not the rants—and his heavy blond hair is the envy of every "thinning" male pate. He likes to read. He reads in bed and never puts a book down until it's finished. Loathes getting up, of course. Plays golf and goes duck hunting with Dennis Morgan, and eats all Morgan's sandwiches and his own. He lives by one code: "Be decent." After years of piano practice, he plays exactly sixteen measures of the "Desert Song," and not another note. Likes Wagner for heavy music, Victor Herbert for light. And tweeds for any and all occasions.

Test Pilot

Mary Howard, the *Ann Rutledge* of "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," had a success scheme that other young starlets had overlooked. She asked Test Director Freddy Wilcox of M-G-M to be allowed to aid other stars with their tests. She figured by repeating lines with Gable and Tracy, or testing with Taylor and Crawford and Shearer, she'd learn more than all the drama teachers could give her. And she was right. Mary, the Test Pilot of M-G-M, as she called herself, learned voice inflection, technique and camera tricks, from those who had arrived. Her work was rewarded when small roles in short subjects grew into a small part in "Marie Antoinette." Her best part on that lot was in "Four Girls in White" and off the lot in "Nurse Edith Cavell," and "Abe Lincoln in Illinois."

Mary's career has an upside down quality in that she'd already been featured in the Ziegfeld Follies before she began in the lowest ranks of camera aspirants. It happened when she and her twin sisters, older than Mary, were studying with Albertina Rasch. When Miss Rasch one day pointed out to her visitor, the great producer Ziegfeld, the three beautiful sisters, he was so impressed he gave the girls a dancing spot in his latest revue.

Mary was fifteen, and like two determined chaperons, her older sisters, Virginia and Meredith, looked after her welfare. They felt responsible for Mary in that they had really started her on her career road at the terribly tender age of three. Feeling very proud of their baby sister, the twins, then ten, taught Mary a cute little song and on a Saturday afternoon, when their mother was out, proudly marched her off to the amateur contest at a local movie house, where she walked off with the first prize. Father Howard, a building contractor, was horrified, but Mother insisted that Mary have proper training, and promptly enrolled the baby and the twins in dancing school.

Mary has worked hard and earnestly. In New York, under the coaching of Jack Donahue and the famous Eddie Dowling, she progressed rapidly. For an interval, she did some commercial photography modeling for John Powers, and fashion modeling for Anton Bruehl, but "Life Begins at 8:40" with Bert Lahr, found her back on the stage, dancing.

Mary was born in Independence, Kansas, on August 24th, but the family moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma, shortly after her birth. Another five-foot-fiver, Mary has all the vigor of an athlete. While in school she won the diving championship of the state of Oklahoma.



Clarence Brown, directing the second film about the great inventor, watches as Spencer Tracy, portraying "Edison, the Man," installs a tin-foil "record" in an 1877 talking machine (exact replica of the original invention)

Her coach, an Olympic champion, Herbert Henrici, considered Mary Olympic material, but Mary's heart was set on a stage career, and in pursuing it she found no obstacle too difficult to overcome. When a teacher pointed out to Mary her voice lacked resonance, she thought up the ingenious plan of hiring a deaf maid and soon put all the volume she needed into her voice.

Her conversation is bright and gay with stories of her own blunders, showing her awareness to life and to people. Her dimples are the most pronounced in all Hollywood. She loves fussy hats, and her very best beau is Director Ed Marin.

Recipe for Charm

Mr. Alan Marshal's charm is a special and unique brand all his own, and one any star might covet. Behind the most remarkable hazel eyes in existence (they should pass a law against a man owning such eyes), Mr. Marshal laughs with others at himself, refuses to take them or himself too seriously, is delighted to be involved in Hollywood, and comes nearer, in our opinion, to being the ideal normally charming hero that motion pictures are constantly trying to depict, and are always just missing. Missing, because instead of being the fellow that gets the girl, his career in pictures has been a monotonous round of die-in-the-last-reel-and-never-get-the-girl-at-all, or get-the-girl-and-die-in-the-first-reel, or maybe if he gets the girl and still lives, he doesn't want her after all.

He's an Australian who has been in America since he was six months old. His parents, who were Shakesperian actors, brought him to New York at that age, and he spent all of his boyhood in private schools while they toured the country.

He left Hamilton Preparatory School to join Fritz Lieber's Shakesperian troup, he became *Lorenzo* in "The Merchant of Venice," with George Arliss and he participated in a whole flock of Broadway shows that flopped with monotonous regularity. Then came the test that landed him, by way of a Selznick contract, into the desert waste of Yuma, Arizona, buried under five inches of sand for eight hot (and I do mean hot) weeks for "The Garden of Allah." For fifteen weeks thereafter, he did nothing but play tennis across from the Roosevelt Hotel and wait for Selznick's to put him in another less sandy opus.

That was three years ago, and he's still waiting, for Selznick's have loaned him about like a neighborly cup of sugar, to every other studio in town. For eight solid months he acted like mad in "Conquest" with Garbo, and came the preview there was Marshal opening a door and saying, "Madam," and closing it again. He made "Parnell" and "After the Thin Man," for M-G-M; "I Met My Love Again," for Walter Wanger; has just completed a good role (in which he gets the gal and gets shot too) in "Irene;" and is all set to leap off a cliff in "Tree of Liberty."

In real life he did get the girl—a San Francisco socialite whom he married two years ago. During the courtship, Alan, who loathes planes, spent half his life up in the air, flying up to San Francisco. Christopher, their three-months-old baby, is his pride and joy and is destined to be an actor, too, Alan feels, because he screams like fury when taken away from a mirror.

Dick Cavell, who invented the Australian crawl, taught him to swim when he was a mere babe. He lives at Santa Monica, next to Ian Hunter, who also never gets the girl, and he still swims.

What, No Southern Accent?

Wanted: Showgirls, five-feet-six-inches tall for chorus sequence in

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production. Apply Casting.

Lynn Bari, currently gracing 20th Century-Fox's "The Life and Loves of Lillian Russell," who was in her usual pre-breakfast mood of speak-to-me-and-I'll-take-off-your-head, stared at the item in a Los Angeles newspaper. "'Five-feet-six,'" she murmured, "Why, that's me." Ten minutes later Lynn, who had never seen a showgirl in her life, and her mother, who wasn't even sure what a showgirl was, were on their way to Culver City. Crowds of girls of assorted sizes and coloring were milling before the casting office—that, remember, was back in the Joan Crawford, "Dancing Lady" days, and long before studios began advertising for showgirls to please stay *away* from their doors—but shortly the number had dwindled to three—and one of the three was Lynn.

She stayed on at M-G-M, dancing in such musical productions as "Stand Up and Cheer" and "Coming Out Party," which turned into a real coming-out party with Lynn coming out of M-G-M and signing a contract with 20th Century-Fox. For two years Lynn studied dramatics at that studio, playing small roles in "The Baroness and the Butler" and "Walking Down Broadway." Then came "Mr. Moto's Gamble," with Lynn playing the romantic lead and crowding into the home stretch.

Roanoke, Virginia, gave her birth. For a while the family lived in Lynchburg, Virginia, and then finally moved to Boston. Lynn doesn't remember much about the "ole Souff" but recalls that the Boston kids used to gather around her and her brother and yell, "Go on and say something. Gee, you sure have a funny way of talking."

Today, Lynn is a forerunner of tomorrow in Hollywood. Intelligent, unaffected (she loathes show-offishness), quiet and genuine, she is advancing in such pictures as "Hotel for Women," "Earthbound" and "Lillian Russell." For some reason she always plays a meanie on the screen. If only once the hero would pause to take one good look at the way Lynn's mouth quirks at the corners, we're sure the heroine would be out of the running.

Lynn has a sense of humor, loves shoes, steak, potatoes and anything chocolate, wears beautifully tailored clothes and is mad over perfume. She's a staunch advocate of California and its climate and has been since she, her mother and brother, now a student at UCLA, moved there several years ago.

She's been married to Walter Kane, an agent, for a year. For six months Walter had carried around their license, hoping Lynn would have a free moment between pictures for a honeymoon. One night while they were having dinner at Lamaze, Walter looked up from his steak and said, "Let's get married right now."

"But I have a six o'clock call in the morning," Lynn protested.

"Well, when haven't you a six o'clock call?" Walter protested. Lynn couldn't tell him, so calmly and deliberately they arose from the table and set out to find a preacher. None was available at that hour, and just when it looked hopeless, Walter had a bright idea. He pulled out a traffic ticket he'd received that day and on the ticket was the name of the traffic court judge. One hour later, as man and wife, Lynn and Walter returned to the Lamaze and calmly ordered their dessert.

Actor-Extraordinary

IT was war time in America. Training camps for soldiers dotted the landscapes. In one, down in Camp Lee, Virginia, a too-tall, lanky boy of thirteen, son of the Commanding Officer, Colonel Albert Van Dekker, U.S.A., used to go dashing through the camp on his horse. We watched him ride more than once, with a little prayer of thanks that he at least was too young to soldier. A score and two years later we sat opposite that boy, now an actor (still overgrown) and we, an interviewer, our paths crossing again in life's strange pattern.

At the studio's suggestion he dropped the Van from his name when he left years of stage work behind to come to Hollywood. He doesn't mind the change in name. He thinks plain Dekker is a common denominator sort of name that could belong to any of the nationalities he plays — German, Swedish, even French. And he has something to say about playing people of different nationalities, too. It's not so much the perfect accent, as the ability to catch the lilt, the rhythm of a language. Whatever the reason, we claim Dekker is the finest character actor to come knocking on our doors in recent months. Watch him in the lead of "Dr. Cyclops." Recall him as *Schwartz,* the German, in "Beau Geste," as the king in "Man in the Iron Mask," as the Cockney who wrestles with Gable in "Strange Cargo." I tell you he's marvelous.

He gloats over his rather plain face. "I can transform it into any type face I want." He likes the ever-so-slight slant to his eyes. "They had to watch me closely in 'Cyclops,'" he says, "or I'd go Oriental on them." In our opinion he went Karloff with a slight dash of Scare-the-daylights out of *King Kong,* simply by shaving his head and affecting thick glasses.

He was graduated in a pre-medicine course at Bowdoin College in Maine, but a friend who remembered the boy's appearances in school theatricals, was convinced that he had talent and gave him a letter to Alfred Lunt. Lunt, in turn, sent him to Stuart Walker in Cincinnati, and Dekker became an actor.

A Hollywood talent scout saw him on tour with the stage play, "Parnell," and brought him to Hollywood.

He married Esther Guerini, whom he met on the stage in 1929, and they have, as he puts it, one and a half children. Their new baby will be born this summer. Jan, their little daughter, is two and one-half years old. Albert's father is his greatest fan. Goes to all his plays and says to his neighbors, "Do you like him? That's my son." His only brother is a famous physician in Newfoundland.

His voice is quiet, his bearing one of assurance, and we're sure he's amused at Hollywood, but loves it, remember. Wouldn't go back to New York (where he was born) for a farm. The farm he owns in San Fernando Valley. He wields his own sickle and scythe, cutting his weeds and clearing his land upon which he will build his house, a ranch with a copper roof that will green with age.

We're rather awed over the fact that once we watched a tall gangling boy, ride through a soldiers' camp and now we're watching a tall handsome man actor ride over a stony road to fame. Makes us feel cozy, darned if it doesn't.

Madame, That Figure!

THERE'S a grapevine system in Hollywood through which word somehow always travels to the male contingent when something pretty special hits town. The day Russian Irina Baronova, M-G-M's newest glamour find, was to execute a ballet number for "Florian," the men on the lot, one by one, came slipping in. Did they care for ballet dancing all of a sudden? Oh, no. They'd heard the lady had a figure that's terrific!

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The most cosmopolitan of ladies, the sweetest and most sincerely natural, is this great danseuse, friend of the great the world over. She is actually that glamorous heroine on the stage and the screen that one seldom sees in real life. But, now, here she actually is in Hollywood, and wild about riding on roller coasters while eating peanuts.

When she was a baby her parents fled Russia and the Revolution and went to live in Bucharest. Her father, who had been a lieutenant in the Imperial Navy, became a designer of theatrical scenery. Even then Irina had begun her dancing lessons and when the family moved to Paris her real training began. Four years later, Ballet Producer Colonel W. de Basil and Ballet Master George Balanchine selected her for the Russian ballet company at Monte Carlo. All over the world she went on her toes.

It was Winnie Sheehan, the screen producer, who remembered the fascinating Irina whom he'd seen in London and Paris when the role in "Florian" demanded a glamorous dancer.

A clipper ship brought her to New York and twenty-four hours later she made her first movie scene. *It was a take the first time.* Director Ed Marin said he'd never had it happen before. Her accent was heavy at first. "It was too full of borscht," Baronova laughs. But she worked hard at it and now speaks almost faultless English. Everyone loves her honesty. After a ballet number she advanced to Director Marin who sat entranced. "What I just did, steenks," she said. "Let me do it again."

Well does Hollywood remember the excitement a year or two ago when she eloped with Sevastianov of the ballet. Several screen lads did penance for a long while. Her husband and parents live with her in an unpretentious home in Beverly Hills.

Five feet four, she has blue eyes that twinkle at times and mourn at times. Her light brown hair grows close to her forehead. Her figure—well—she never diets—never has to, doggone it, what with her dancing. She always knows that no two things—good or bad—ever happen to her without the third event coming along. Everything happens in threes. Thirteen is her favorite number. She loves "Dorian Grey" and American mystery stories. And when she was a little girl like the miss in the rhyme, she was horrid. "If they say, don't do that, why I do it," she shrugged. And look how well she turned out. And sh-h-h — here's something else. She hated dancing when she began, but Mama made her stick to it.

Is Irina grateful!

Well Done—To a Crisp

Way back in the days when motion pictures began, a Scotchman named Donald Crisp began with them. Pictures and Crisp have marched along side by side ever since except for that four year period of 1914 to 1918 when the Scotchman went home to fight for his country in the World War.

Today, over a score and a half years later, Crisp remains a permanent and important fixture in pictures, figuring in such prominent pictures as "The Old Maid," "Dodge City," "Juarez," "Elizabeth and Essex," "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet," and his latest, "The Sea Hawk." He's been everything from villain to—yes, even a lover, wooing Fay Bainter (and giving the glamour boys a run for their money) in "Daughters Courageous."

In all Hollywood there is no more colorful, variant personage than Crisp. Shrewd, persistent, respectful of dollars, he has climbed through those turbulent years of colorful personalities that laid down their hearts and lives for a bigger and better Hollywood; climbed, not spectacularly but steadfastly and sanely, to an enviable, but still not too spectacular position. Today, he's a millionaire, and member of the advisory board of a great bank that passes on loans to motion picture companies. No amount of persuasion can force Crisp to yield when he doubts the advisability of a loan. His is the last word. He's a yachtsman who holds his master's papers, and can sail the seas with the best of them. And for all of this, he still puts on his spectacles and his old straw hat and, with market basket over his arm, carefully scrutinizes the price lists of advertised bargains in the neighborhood grocery. Yes, a Scotchman to the core of him, he is that.

He came to this country in 1907 purposely to view the remains of San Francisco after the fire and earthquake. The young man hadn't realized the city was way over to t'other end of the wide United States, and required considerable passage money to get to. So he stayed in New York and took the first job that came his way, that of stage manager for the Fisher-Reilly opera company, doubling in brass when the tenor needed replacing. In that year, 1907, he took into his arms the babe called "movies" and appeared before a camera for the first time in a "Mustascope" offering called, "The French Maid." He'd had enough traveling from one end of the country to the other with the opera company, so he settled down to movies, and that in those days was a make-shift business indeed. Early in 1912 he came to Hollywood, an orange grove on either side of a dusty road, and with the Gish girls, Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh and D. W. Griffith he made movie history.

Directing seemed a good idea along about then, and to his charge was given the direction of all battle scenes for "The Birth of a Nation." After his war interlude, he became director of one up and coming actor in such pictures as "The Mark of Zorro," "Don Q," and "The Black Pirate." Yes, Doug, Sr., was flashing across the camera screen under this man's directorial guidance. It was all color, clamor, raw and wonderful in those days, but through it all moved Crisp, thrifty, wise, shrewd—to turn once again to acting; to marry writer Jane Murfin, and live comfortably in a Hollywood hillside home.

Yes, the story of Crisp is the story of Hollywood, right down to today when an actor sits among his bank trustees and says "No" (of all things) to Hollywood!

"THE LIFE AND LOVES OF LILLIAN RUSSELL"

A book-length novel about the incredible-but-true experiences of one of the most fascinating women of all time, as portrayed in the 20th-Century-Fox film starring Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Henry Fonda.

IN JUNE PHOTOPLAY

Time Out for a Lullaby

(Continued from page 74)

to the wise maintenance of a very happy marriage. Twice before she has slipped off home to the peace of Ireland, when remaining in Hollywood would have speeded stardom. And now, at the very moment Hollywood is about to break into the chorus of its theme song to fame in her honor, Geraldine is taking time out to sing a few lullabies behind the curtains of her private life which she drew aside for me in a provocative interview not long ago.

IT would take one of the lyrical poets of her own Ireland to do justice to Geraldine Fitzgerald. To say her beauty is typically Irish would be like dismissing the Taj Mahal as a sample of Indian design.

No camera could ever capture in black and white the rare quality of her beauty, so much of which is in her rich coloring; the dark red of her flowing hair, worn in a long bob; the deep green of her very knowing eyes.

She has all the intellectual's love of good talk and a vast impatience with stupidity. Her speech is rich in colorful adjectives and she has the Gaelic gift of gaiety and a quick, imaginative sense of the dramatic.

Geraldine Fitzgerald is one of those rare souls born to achieve. She could have been a fine painter, a poet perhaps, or a musician. She chose to be an actress because, she says, the stage presented a better opportunity to satisfy the streak of the exhibitionist which Geraldine declares is a part of every creative person.

But Hollywood isn't going to pin a tag on Geraldine Fitzgerald and label her, "Glamour Girl, Type C." Not if Geraldine has anything to say about it.

"That habit of typing everything and everyone is the one thing I don't like about Hollywood," the intensely individual actress told me. "You have to fight to retain your individuality. And often they will pick out a character for you and build up a public legend that is completely foreign to your real self.

"I had fun the first few months there because they decided I was to be the 'typical Irish actress.' The publicity boys admitted they didn't have the faintest notion what a 'typical Irish actress' was, beyond her having red hair and a fiery temper. So I pretended a lot of temperament, tried to justify my red hair, and everyone was happy.

"But aside from the tendency to label you, Hollywood is a love of a place. I like its busy tempo, its eager curiosity, its quick confidences and its friendly welcome to strangers. The people are vivid, intelligent and ambitious. I'm fearfully ambitious myself and other ambitious people interest me."

Ambition is a family trait with the Fitzgeralds. Her father is Edward Fitzgerald, a brilliant barrister of Dublin. Her mother was the daughter of Justice Richards, a noted jurist.

The spirit of Ireland is half magic, half music. It entered the soul of Geraldine Fitzgerald when she was quite young. Her natural artistic temperament first found expression in a childhood bent for painting, and the fall she was fourteen years old, she entered the Dublin School of Art.

One of her teachers was Sean Keating, perhaps the best known of contemporary Irish artists, and it was to Keating, when her course was completed, that Geraldine went for advice.

"Where shall I go now?" the eager girl inquired.

Keating looked from her drawing board to her bright, appealing young beauty, and his response would have crushed a less dauntless spirit.

"Go off and get married!"

But if no one else believed in her ability as an artist, Geraldine herself was still convinced she would some day be collecting thousand pound fees for her portraits of famous folk. And so off to London she went.

Geraldine packed an ordinary lifetime of exciting adventures in the next two years. She tried her hand at commercial art. She modeled. She sold dresses in a swank Regent Street shop. For a time, she lived alone in a houseboat on the Thames.

And then one night, a thunderstorm and a toothache combined to keep her awake in her little houseboat cabin. She sat up all night and reshuffled her plans for the future.

If she couldn't dramatize people in paint, perhaps she could in person, she thought. "That's what I'll be. I'll be an actress," she cried.

Back in Dublin, her aunt, Shelah Richards, the very lovely and talented star of the Abbey Players, lent a sympathetic ear to her aspirations and a helping hand into a scholarship with the Abbey's School of Acting, where Geraldine spent six months of a rigorous apprenticeship.

It was with the Gate Theater, the Abbey's rival stock company in Dublin, however, that Geraldine made her professional debut as *Isabella* in "Wuthering Heights," the same role she later was to play so brilliantly in Hollywood.

During the summer of her second season with the Gate Theater, Geraldine went to London to attend a ball and was recruited by one of those little independent English film companies.

After a minor bit in her first film, the Irish actress was given the lead in four straight pictures, none of which qualified as a cinematic masterpiece. "They were all quota quickies," Geraldine ruefully recalls, "and were uniformly poor. Then came a real opportunity in 'The Turn of the Tide,' one of those artistic little miracles that every now and then challenge the attention of the film world. Next, I had the lead in 'The Mill on the Floss.'"

Both pictures were doomed to poor releases and Geraldine was discouraged.

Her dissatisfaction reached a crisis when "The Mill on the Floss" was given its London première and no one even bothered to send her a ticket, neglected even to notify her of the opening. She decided to desert films and return to Ireland and the Gate Theater.

BUT if the movie moguls were paying her scant attention, there was one gentleman in London who had eyes for no one else.

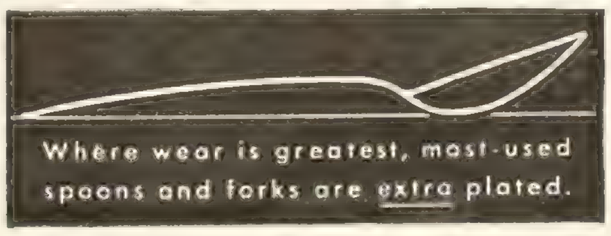
Edward Lindsay-Hogg was a rich, romantic-minded young man whose vocation was training horses and whose avocation was writing music. Shortly after leaving college, Lindsay-Hogg had gone to Ireland to buy horses and had fallen so in love with the lush land, he had become a naturalized citizen of the new Free State.

In Dublin he met Geraldine and more than ever was convinced that Ireland must be heaven. One evening, shortly after her rebuff by the producers of "The Mill on the Floss," Geraldine was recounting to her tall, young admirer, this second stymie of her career. She narrated how her first ambitions had been quashed by Keating, her art teacher.



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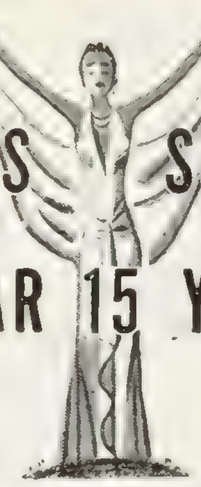
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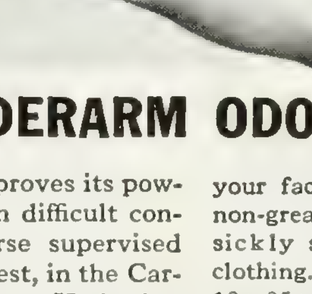
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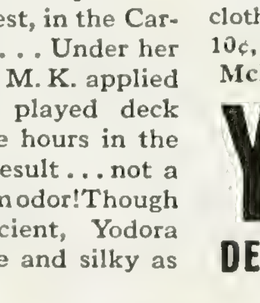
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"You know," said Lindsay-Hogg, "I think Keating had something there."

"What do you mean?"

"That business about going off and getting married. Let's."

They did, just two weeks later.

New York was to have been merely one of the high spots of a protracted wedding trip but when they arrived in Manhattan, Geraldine began to feel the tug of a trouper to be back on the stage and went into the lead in Orson Welles' production of "Heartbreak House" which brought her to the attention of Hal Wallis, executive producer of Warner Brothers, who promptly offered her a Hollywood contract. Geraldine wasn't sure she wanted it, but finally she agreed to a test.

THEY had hardly developed the film of her tests in Hollywood and were just clearing their throats to make an offer when Geraldine packed off to Ireland. Before she actually sailed from New York, they had pushed a contract into her hand, but when she'd be back, in fact, if she would be back at all, Geraldine wouldn't say definitely.

Whether or not it was Irish acumen, it was an act that impressed. The cables between Hollywood and Dublin hummed. Geraldine hemmed. And the result was that instead of being shunted into a few unimportant roles for a try-out, the sagacious actress was offered the second lead in "Dark Victory" as her first American film. "Wuthering Heights" and the lead in "A Child Is Born," followed in quick succession and then once more Geraldine halted her march down the road to film fame to take a six-months vacation in Ireland.

Lindsay-Hogg had just bought a charming old country house in County Kildare, a short canter away from one of Ireland's most famous race courses, and picking out the wallpaper for rooms, built in Cromwell's time, appealed to Geraldine more than staying in Hollywood.

When she came back to America, late last fall, Geraldine was met with the news that Warner Brothers were planning to star her. An impressive schedule of vehicles was lined up, the first of which called for her being co-starred with Laurence Olivier in "Disraeli."

Geraldine listened to the plans and then announced that stardom would have to wait until she filled a previous commitment with the Lindsay-Hogg nursery. With Geraldine's baby due in May, production of "Disraeli" was postponed and she was cast in a supporting role of " 'Til We Meet Again," featuring George Brent, Merle Oberon and Pat O'Brien.

Geraldine is back in New York now, happily awaiting the most important première of her life. Lindsay-Hogg, is just about the proudest prospective papa who has ever inspected a toy store. It was from him that I learned that Geraldine fully intends to pick up her screen career after she has filled her engagement in the more important role of a mother.

"It is a role that will become her beautifully," said Lindsay-Hogg, and picturing Geraldine as a radiant mother, we were in complete agreement.

Memo on Melvyn

(Continued from page 25)

God actors now in Hollywood. Briefly, you may have seen him in any small town in the Middle West playing any Shakesperian character in tights; or, if you are a resident of Madison, Wisconsin, you may remember him as the star of a stock company that gave you a new show every week. The point is, he got ready for Hollywood the hard way.

The first time they brought him to Hollywood they yanked him out of a Broadway show called "Tonight or Never." This play has one of the hottest love scenes on record. During its run on Broadway, Douglas married Helen Gahagan, the girl with whom he played the scene—and an elderly lady subsequently commented that it was the only decent thing to do. Anyway, they brought Douglas to Hollywood and filmed the play, with Gloria Swanson in his bride's role. Out of respect to his bride, the bridegroom again did the only decent thing: He laid an egg.

A few months later he was back in New York, and he was happy again. But he wasn't happy long, for right away Hollywood called his bride to star in "She," and Douglas told her to go ahead and find out what he had found out. Pretty soon she was back in New York, and she was through with pictures and the stage, too, because she had a secret. She told Douglas after they had boarded a Japanese boat for a world cruise. She was going to have a baby—and soon.

The world cruise could have been fun if Douglas hadn't tossed through long nights wondering if his child would be born on the boat and automatically become a Japanese citizen. It didn't—but it came so close to it that Douglas cringes at the mention of sukiyaki.

Well, the kid now is six-and-one-half years old, and his name is Peter, and there's this newer bundle called Mary Helen. Hollywood has found out that Douglas is head man if you'll give him a part that will fit the humor in his eyes. And Mrs. Douglas is concerned first about the children and secondly about her relief work, and she has put away her make-up box without remorse.

Off-screen Douglas has Hollywood baffled. Some want to pin a Communist label on him because he has liberal political leanings, but then he confuses them by willfully taking part in a picture which slyly pokes Stalin in all of his alloted ribs. The fact that Garbo played opposite him in "Ninotchka" was simply whipped cream on his pudding.

The man's own statement is this: He is an American with a deep-rooted interest in his government.

And now back to Hollyood. We have finished shooting "Too Many Husbands." Everybody shook hands with everybody and said how swell it was working together. Douglas shook hands with MacMurray and said that tomorrow he was going to be interviewed on how it feels to work in a picture with Fred MacMurray. He half-closed his eyes and started quoting himself from this lousy imaginary interview.

"I'll never forget," he said, "the moment that Fred MacMurray first walked on the set. He was much taller than he seems on the screen. I was quite disappointed to learn that he was married, and that his chin veers definitely to the left. He also has a dark beard, which photographs in the afternoon."

MacMurray grinned and swung at Douglas, hitting me. This brought me to Douglas' attention.

"We'll have to get together," he said. "My wife and your wife would hit it off perfectly."

I said yes, we'd have to get together. And we will.

But, for the time being, that's all I know about Melvyn Douglas.

Which Romance Rumors Are Fakes?

(Continued from page 23)

and if the work gets too heavy I might move back to it for a while."

Such a statement makes everything much, much too simple, as Errol very well knows. But, as a continual study in how people can separate and not be separated, he and Lili deserve a special Oscar from the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Marriages.

THEN there is the case of Mr. Randolph Scott and Miss Natalie Draper, who was but recently Mrs. Tom Brown. There is also a Mrs. Randolph Scott, whom Hollywood persistently forgets. Nevertheless, the lady does exist, and she is a lady, too, just as Randy is a very real gentleman.

For the past few months, nonetheless, the word has flown that Randy and Natalie were about to get married. They said—the great anonymous they—that Randy had filed his action for divorce. Well, what Randy said—Randy himself, not anyone anonymous—is, "I have not filed any action for divorce, nor will I file one. If any divorce action arises between Mrs. Scott and myself, she will be the one who will file it. But Mrs. Scott is not filing a divorce." So there you are on that one.

Now you have probably also been reading about the sudden though deathless love of Director Anatole Litvak for Bette Davis. Maybe if you read two papers you have almost at the same time read about the sudden but deathless love of Mr. Litvak for Ann Sheridan. And maybe, if you read a third paper, you have read, also at the same time, about the sudden but deathless love of George Brent (who is supposedly pining away for Miss Davis) for Ann Sheridan, too. Well, if all this confuses you a bit, I do wish you would sit back for a moment and realize that Messrs. Litvak and Brent and Mlles. Davis and Sheridan are all under contract to one studio.

In the above cases, the facts are these. Tola Litvak is a charming, intelligent man. Ditto for George Brent. Tola had dated both Bette Davis and Ann Sheridan. Ditto for George Brent. From personal observation, I have seen Tola in the past month dating five diffent other girls in the space of that many nights at Ciro's, the spot where everybody goes these evenings. I can't say ditto on that for George Brent, since George immediately upon the completion of his most recent picture went to Honolulu, and when he is working, he never goes anywhere save home.

However, if you have ever heard of two people freshly enamoured of each other, putting thousands of miles between them, the instant they were free to enjoy a vacation, don't tell me about them. They sound much too detached for my taste. Merely for the record, though, I wouldn't consider Brent and Sheridan as the detached type, would you? Before I get off this subject, I would also like to add that Mr. Litvak, even as Mr. Scott and Miss Crawford, is still married—in his case, to Miss Miriam Hopkins, with whom he has also been rumored as reconciling.

There are, however, two divorces in the offing and one current romance that do seem to be as printed. At long last Ginger Rogers has filed suit to divorce Lew Ayres. Why now and not several years ago, I don't know. Ginger and Lew have always been close-mouthed and they are still being close-mouthed. The people who know a friend who knows a friend scurry around and announce that they know the man Ginger is interested in (two months ago that, supposedly, was William Powell—you remember, the one who married Diana Lewis) and that Lew is fascinated by little Mary Beth Hughes.

It looks authentic that Brenda Marshall will sue for divorce in May. If she does, that will make her free in May, 1941. Possibly then she will marry William Holden. Possibly she won't. A year is a long time in Hollywood when you are young and your career is just developing.

But there are rainbows around the shoulders of Richard Greene and Virginia Field. The home fires burn in their enchanted eyes. You never see Richard with any other girl. You never see Virginia with any other boy. They are a continual twosome They are always alone together, whether they are in a crowd of fifty thousand at the races or in a racing car built for two. Even at that Virginia says she and Richard won't be married "right now." She states that Richard is too busy at his career, that he must give so much of his time to it, that they can't, then, think of matrimony.

Well, you and I know that it's love, old-fashioned, grade-one love, particularly when unselfishness comes into it, and two people who think as one begin thinking first of the happiness of the other. So, no matter what fine statements they make, I'll give you odds on the eventual Greene-Field nuptials. Still, I never made a cent gambling, so maybe I'll lose this time. But I don't think so, even though the Hollywood heart is a very, very strange ticker.

Hollywood's "Extra Racket"

(Continued from page 19)

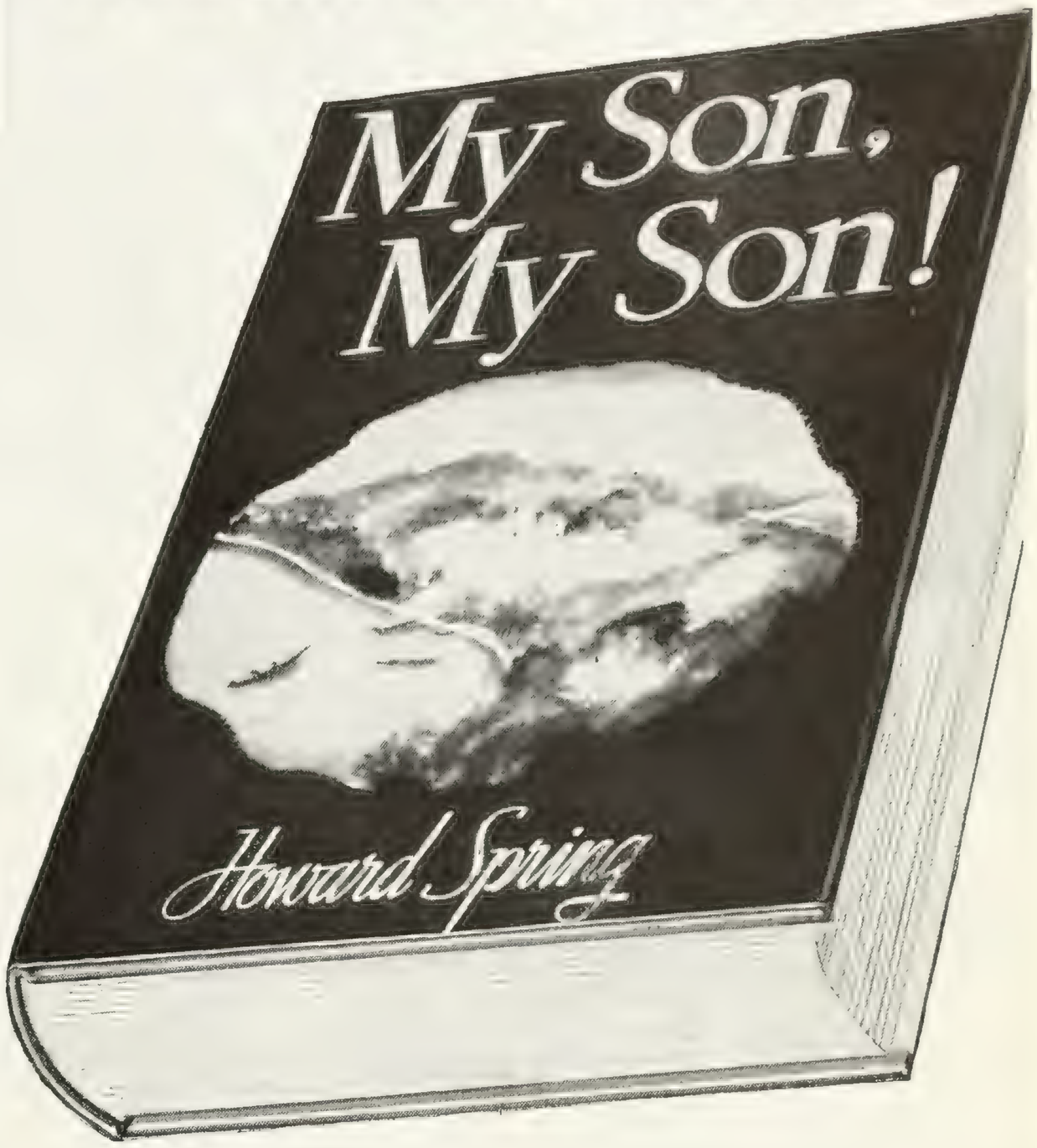
Before Hymie came to Hollywood a bright gang of petty larceny mobsters somehow got a list of extras who were in considerable demand. They waylaid these men and women. They offered to protect them from facial injuries and bodily disabilities which might bar them from life, liberty and the pursuit of stardom. The fee was nominal. It ranged from five to ten dollars a month.

And just to show they meant business, two dozen extras mysteriously got their faces battered and their bodies bruised and torn during the next two weeks and their injuries were so severe they couldn't report for work. Some of the victims hadn't heeded the offer of "protection." Some had never even been approached.

For some weeks, possibly for months, the little gang reaped a steady harvest of five and ten dollar bills. The extras used to get instructions to drop their "dues," sealed in plain envelopes, through the open back window of a sedan parked about as far from Hymie Miller's delicatessen as you could throw a racing form.

One day the sedan was not there. Overnight the mobsters had moved on. They were out-of-towners, mostly, trading in nickels and dimes. But lit-

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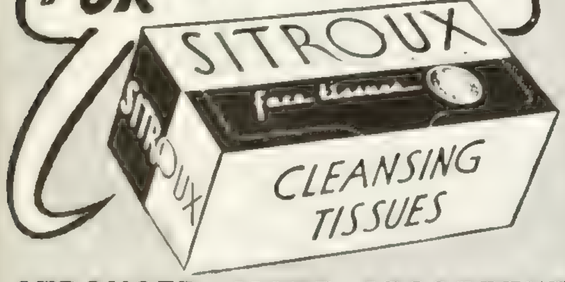
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tle mobs can become big mobs—trading in nickels and dimes. And Los Angeles' powerful downtown gambling and vice interests had too much at stake in Hollywood and environs to risk an embarrassing investigation of the territory caused by some squawk from an extra over a five dollar bill.

So the little mobsters grumbled and dissolved and left. And some of them didn't go willingly.

That particular mob was dead, but the idea wasn't. Three or four new groups straggled out of the gutter. In their ranks were disgruntled former extras. Starving. Sore at the world.

The beatings continued sporadically. Hardly a month has passed in the last five years in which there has not been a report of some extra or extras getting beaten. For nickels and dimes. Three weeks ago *Daily Variety* reported that goon squads were again attacking the extras. Some of these attacks took place right on the sets. The beatings were severe.

The mobsters aren't all there is in this sordid picture of extra oppression. A Guild spokesman admitted a few days ago that 300 of the 5,600 extras listed seem invariably to be preferred when the studio calls for extras and Central Casting places them. How do the 300 get favoritism? *Variety* also reported that it was rumored certain extras have presented gifts to someone responsible for casting and have been presenting these gifts with a regularity suspiciously akin to bribery.

Attacks outside and in. Bribery rumors have been in the public prints and in street corner conversation in Hollywood almost monotonously. Rumors that extras have to buy their jobs, buy favor. It isn't buying a $2,500 a week job. It's buying a five or ten dollar call—buying a break that may mean the month's food and lodging.

There have been uglier rumors. Rumors of extra girls having to sell themselves—for "protection," or a job. Hollywood still remembers the sensational Dave Allen case. Allen was head of Central Casting. He was tried on the charges of an extra girl that she had been forced by him to submit to moral compromises as the price for a job in the movies. She told a story of being lured to parties, of other girls in Allen's "clique" who sought out new converts for Allen. At the first trial there was a hung jury and subsequently the charges were dismissed. Allen resigned as head of Central Casting.

Is Central Casting favoring a certain clique of extras? Is someone in Central taking bribes—financial or physical? Executives at Central Casting would like to know. They say that the Atherton Detectives have not yet been around to quiz them officially. They say their books are as open as their consciences. They realize that outside gangs are apparently beating up extras. But that, they point out, is hardly the affair of a placement agency such as Central Casting. Time alone will give the answers to these problems.

In their own words, Central Casting is a sort of extras' employment agency. A clearing house. It is not a public enterprise, nor is it engaged in public service. It is a private corporation, backed by the producers. It acts as official representative of certain studios in selecting persons it believes suitable for the needs of these studios, as expressed by the studios' orders for extra talent. In performing this selection Central Casting acts on its own judgment. At no time has Central Casting promised work to anyone, nor does it acknowledge any obligation to hire any particular person, no matter what his needs, experience or influence may be. The mere fact of registering with Central Casting is no guarantee of employment. It is merely a convenience to the extra and the studio. Central Casting charges no commission to those it places in extra work; its service is free.

If, in its judgment, certain persons are unsuited for any reason to the work it has to offer, Central exercises the right not to engage those persons.

In other words, when a studio needs fifty extras, it doesn't have to go to all the trouble of calling fifty individuals, finding some at home, some not. It simply calls Central Casting and Central calls the extras. It's a convenience to the studios and the studios support Central Casting and pay its bills.

Letter after letter from extras to newspapers charge Central Casting with playing favorites. The Screen Actors Guild wants to know whether Central is really playing favorites.

And if so—why?

And to discover the answers to these questions, and to the racketeering question and to the question of whether casting directors or their assistants are playing favorites—and why—the Guild some weeks ago hired the Atherton Detective Agency, composed of former G-men, to make the investigation.

The detectives will have their full report ready by the time this issue of PHOTOPLAY is on the stands.

The Guild doesn't want any playing of favorites. Central Casting submits to the Guild daily a list of all extras used that day. If the same name was on too many lists there would be trouble. For it would, unless it could be explained away, indicate favoritism.

The Guild wants to find out whether all the people named on the daily work sheets actually went to work. Whether they were ever even notified to go to work—or whether some favored extra got the job that day and somebody else's name was used on the list.



Smile provided by Norma Shearer—tickets provided by George Raft—event provided by "Grapes of Wrath"

Will the detectives uncover enough evidence to back them up? That's the question Hollywood is asking today. It is a sympathetic Hollywood, thoroughly sick and disgusted with the miasma of rumor that has overhung the extra situation for entirely too many years.

Certainly not all of the charges and complaints are valid. Some come from crackpots. Some are obviously unreasonable from people with grudges.

Miraculously, thanks in large part to Guild protection, most extras have been untouched by mobsters or graft, except so far as attacks and bribes endanger the existence of them all.

A few years ago anybody could be an extra—and almost everybody was. Today only Guild members can get jobs—and the Guild books have been closed. Fourteen thousand of them dropped off when dues were imposed. Somehow the rest, paying God knows how out of their average of $30 to $50 a month, manage to keep up their dues, feed themselves, keep a roof over their heads, clothes on their backs—and hang on.

The Guild has done much for the extras. It removed many abuses, set up decent wage and hour schedules, improved working conditions. But in settling the extra problem—the problem of too many extras—the Guild decided to employ the rule of the survival of the fittest. The Guild didn't want to be accused of favoritism in selecting those they thought best fitted to be Guild members. So it left the whole thing up to chance.

Those who could pay dues, hung on. Those who couldn't, dropped off.

The fittest haven't all survived, as usual. I have heard producers and Guild members insist that it was imperative to keep as many extras on hand as possible in order to ensure new talent. And to protect pictures from showing the same extra faces over and over again. But new talent has continued to flood Hollywood, extras or no extras, and the new talent doesn't usually come from extra ranks. And if it is true that 300 extras have been favored out of the 5,600 or 9,849, apparently pictures haven't suffered from a sameness of the 300 faces.

That's the extra situation in Hollywood. Except this—

After Hymie Miller's death the police worried about reprisals. They thought it was a gang murder. Police detective J. A. Page, who helped investigate the case, says Hymie Miller was not the head man. There seemed, he said, to be a gang of racketeers always hanging about Hymie's delicatessen.

The head man, Page says, probably worked in Central Casting or The Screen Actors Guild or at some major studio.

Page and his investigators were convinced the extras had been paying off. But they couldn't gather enough evidence to make any arrests or drum up any kind of a case.

Once each week, for the past few weeks, the Atherton Agency men have been presenting to Guild directors facts uncovered during the preceding week. The information discovered thus far has been kept secret. The complete Atherton report, as I write this, is about ready for submission.

Central Casting executives say definitely that there *are* cliques who have been milking the $5.50 a day extras of their small pennies. They muscle onto sets where there are a hundred extras working for $5.50 a day. They collect fifty cents "protection" from each extra.

And in Hollywood $50 thus collected is just a few minutes' work in a town that last year spent more than $3,000,000 on so lowly an item as extra players.

How much of that three million went to line the pockets of dishonest officials and employees, in the form of bribes? How much to line the pockets of racketeers for "protection," for these already starving extra folk?

Who killed Hymie Miller?

Who were the mobsters who beat up scores upon scores of humble extras so badly that they couldn't answer their rare, pitiful calls for work?

Do casting directors take physical or financial bribes from these penny-paid folk?

Is there fire behind the smoke of all these rumors, charges and complaints?

Hollywood wants to know. The Guild is determined to find out.

The Atherton report will show.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 73)

WOMEN WITHOUT NAMES—Paramount

AS low-budget prison pictures go, this one goes well; the performances are good, the story is sympathetic and there is plenty of suspense. Plot revolves around a boy and girl convicted of a murder on circumstantial evidence. Robert Paige and Ellen Drew have top roles and Judith Barrett's a heavy.

BLONDIE ON A BUDGET—Columbia

BLONDIE'S yen for a fur jacket and *Dagwood's* desire to join a trout club he can't afford are hardly important enough problems to make you care. *Blondie* budgets, and *Dagwood* has his worries because an old girl-friend, of whom his wife is jealous, comes to town, and *Baby Dumpling* dumples engagingly, and that's all there is. Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake, Rita Hayworth and Larry Simms do what there is to do.

★ NORTHWEST PASSAGE—M-G-M

THIS picture, done on epic lines and in Technicolor, is so big and beautiful that it's all a little too much to take in one evening. It covers the first half of Kenneth Roberts' book, that portion which deals with the journey of *Rogers' Rangers* through the wilderness to attack the Indian stronghold, St. Francis. Essentially, it's the story of one man, *Major Rogers,* whose indomitable will carries the entire expedition over seemingly insurmountable barriers and on to bloody climax. Faithful history is combined with magnificent action scenes to create entertainment worthy of superlatives. Spencer Tracy, as *Rogers,* has never given a finer performance, Robert Young, playing his young aide, does excellent work and all the rest of the cast live up to the demands of Director King Vidor.

SEVENTEEN—Paramount

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S famous story of teen-age love, brought up to date, is an amiable little thing with Jackie Cooper playing *Willie Baxter.* The crush he gets on Betty Field, the ruthless siren from Chicago, nearly drives him frantic and you will ache for the boy. All the troubles Tarkington wrote into his book—the tuxedo, the horrid little sister, Norma Nelson, the parents—are here. Young Cooper gives his role reality. Miss Field is a perfect choice for the ingenue.

MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY—RKO-Radio

TAKE Joe Penner. Give him a complex, started in the cradle, so that whenever a pretty girl kisses him he gets hiccups. Make him the son of a millionaire. Send him to a resort hotel where there are scores of pretty girls, all on the make. And there you have this picture, which will be immensely funny, to all Penner fans. Linda Hayes is the girl who finally cures him.

BLACK FRIDAY—Universal

FRIDAY the Thirteenth is the date of beginning, and results in an accident to Boris Karloff's best friend. Karloff's a doctor with a formula for transplanting brains, the friend's a professor, the driver of the accident car a criminal. Dr. Karloff puts the criminal's mind into the cranium of his friend and starts a trend of events that will keep you enthralled to the bitter end. Such an imaginative setup is a natural for horror and suspense; you can't stand it, until you find out what's going to happen. That's suspense as *is* suspense. Bela Lugosi, troupes along, while Stanley Ridges as the professor walks calmly off with almost all the honors. Anne Nagel provides the spot of beauty.

BULLET CODE—RKO-Radio

THE Perennial O'Brien is still galloping over the sage brush, righting wrongs and saving homesteads. In this case he thinks he's killed a young man and goes to break the news to the deceased's father and sister. These two are about to lose their ranch to a gang of rustlers. Virginia Vale plays the sister, and George O'Brien has not changed during the years. There's plenty of action.

THE GHOST COMES HOME—M-G-M

FRANK MORGAN'S incomprehensible attempts at speaking consecutive English sentences and Billie Burke's vaporings are all very well as comedy relief. But in this it's all too much. Morgan is supposed to be a kind of Mr. Average Man who is nagged by his wife, Miss Burke, into energetic action. He goes too far, turns into an unpleasantly dominant person. Ann Rutherford and John Shelton are in the cast.

THE MARINES FLY HIGH—RKO-Radio

REMEMBER when a picture featuring Richard Dix and Chester Morris would have been really big-time entertainment? Not this one, though—it's overdone and embarrassingly melodramatic. Two marines are after the same girl, Lucille Ball. She's a plantation owner on a wild island, and needs the marines in their professional capacity because of bandits in the neighborhood.

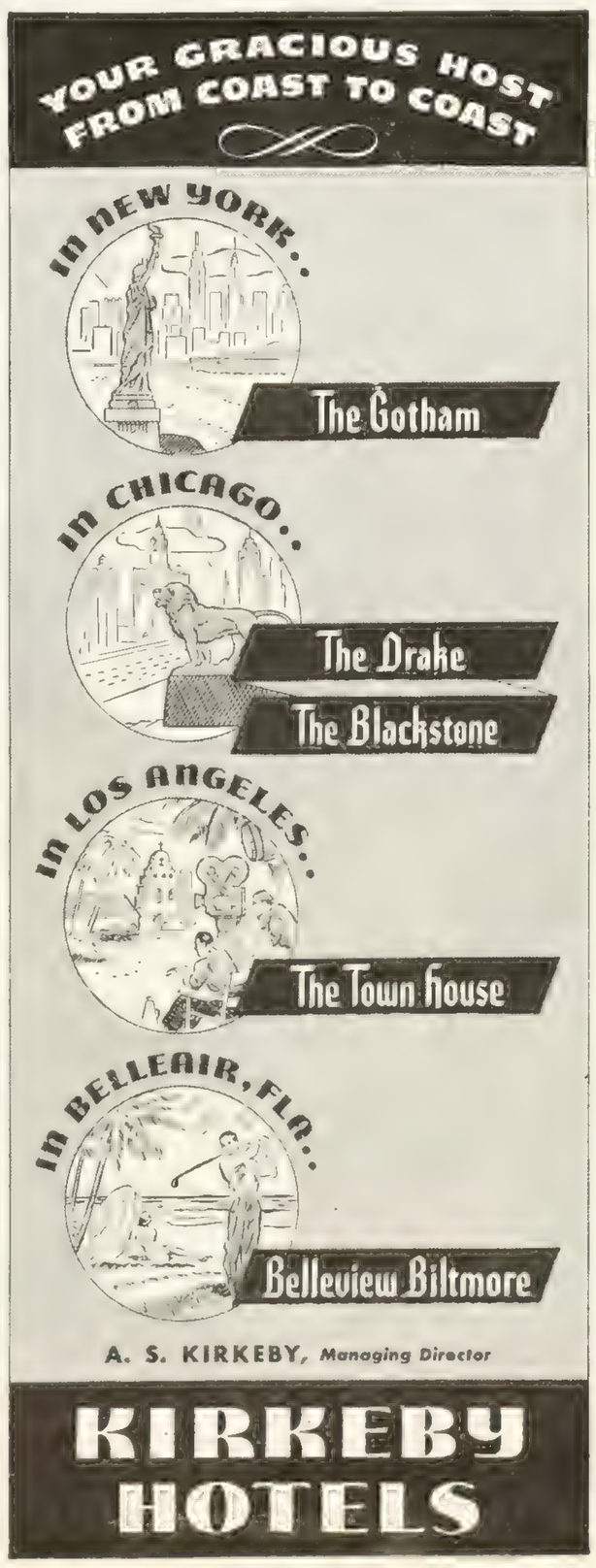
STRANGE CARGO—M-G-M

THE original name of this was "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep," and it referred to graves people dig for themselves. There is much of death about the film. It is a weird, allegorical preachment having to do with escaping convicts in the jungles surrounding a tropical prison camp. Clark Gable plays the toughest of the convicts, Joan Crawford a brothel gal. She is kicked off the island, has no money for steamer fare, and joins the band. Through all the tribulations of these miserable people strides a Christlike figure in the person of Ian Hunter, who struggles to bring about their regeneration. Miss Crawford gives a superb dramatic portrayal and goes off the glamour standard for the first time. Hunter looks benevolent and Gable seems a little embarrassed with a role that would embarrass practically anybody. Peter Lorre is *M. Pig,* and most expressive about it.

HALF A SINNER—Universal

SPRING is in the air, so schoolmarm Heather Angel buys a glamour ensemble, and goes out into the big world to seek adventure. She finds it with a capital A in the shape of a stolen car, a mysterious corpse, a series of cops and robbers and a handsome young man, John King. Constance Collier and Walter Catlett add comic touches. In a mild sort of way, this will be good for what ails you.









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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

★ DAY-TIME WIFE—20th Century-Fox

The old secretary-wife-husband triangle, done very entertainingly. Tyrone Power is at his gay best as the erring husband. Linda Darnell registers as his wife, Wendy Barrie as his pretty secretary, Warren William complicates the plot, and Binnie Barnes helps to straighten it out again. (*Feb.*)

★ DESTRY RIDES AGAIN—Universal

This honey of a Western has Brian Donlevy as a frontier crime king, with Marlene Dietrich as his honky-tonk queen. Enter Jimmy Stewart in the title role, determined to clean up the town without shootin' irons. Festivities are also helped along by Una Merkel, Mischa Auer and Irene Hervey, but Jimmy, Marlene and Charlie Winninger are something terrific! (*Feb.*)

★ DR. EHRLICH'S MAGIC BULLET—Warners

Edward G. Robinson takes full advantage of the greatest chance of his career, as the brilliant doctor who fired the first effective shots in the battle against diphtheria and syphilis. It's another of Warners' moving documents of medical history, with Ruth Gordon outstanding in a splendid cast. (*Apr.*)

★ EARL OF CHICAGO, THE—M-G-M

Something new—and it's grand. Robert Montgomery, a Chicago gangster, inherits a title and estates from an English ancestor and goes abroad to liquidate them. Up against tradition, you watch the conflict between the man he is and the man he might have been. Edward Arnold plays the financial adviser Montgomery double-crosses. There's no love interest. (*March*)

★ ENTENTE CORDIALE—Glass

Victor Francen does superb work in the role of Edward VII of England—that royal playboy whose love for Paris brought about the friendly alliance between his country and France. Wise and witty, with Victoria faithfully portrayed by Gaby Morlay. (*March*)

EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT NIGHT—20th Century-Fox

Ah, the pity of it! Sonja Henie skates only once in this triangle story—this time Ray Milland and Robert Cummings—who chase her all over Switzerland's icy mountains. (*March*)

★ FIGHT FOR LIFE, THE—United States Film

Inspired by Paul de Kruif's book of the same name, this Pare Lorenz documentary film about the heroic work of the Chicago Maternity Center in the face of almost insuperable odds is unsparingly realistic, possibly shocking, but undeniably powerful and moving. (*Apr.*)

★ FIGHTING 69th, THE—Warners

The story of New York's famous regiment has Jimmy Cagney giving a memorable performance as the toughy who cracks up under shell fire. George Brent is excellent, but it's the performance of Pat O'Brien, as the beloved Father Duffy, that will leave a lasting impression. Jeffrey Lynn, Alan Hale, Dick Foran, Dennis Morgan, William Lundigan, "Big Boy" Williams, Frank McHugh and Sam Levene help make this more than just an evening's entertainment. (*March*)

GERONIMO!—Paramount

Nicely authentic in feeling, this is the story of the cruel Apache Indian chief who ravaged the frontier in bygone days. Ralph Morgan is the general who sets out to fight Geronimo (Chief Thundercloud). Bill Henry is his son from West Point. There isn't much personal story, but there's a riot of action. (*Feb.*)

★ GONE WITH THE WIND—Selznick-M-G-M

So magnificent is this re-creation of the modern classic about the Civil War's effect on the South that it would take volumes to review it adequately. In brief: Full justice has been done the novel. Clark Gable IS *Rhett*. Vivien Leigh is magnificent as *Scarlett*. Olivia de Havilland does her best work as *Melanie*. Leslie Howard (*Ashley*) and the others fulfill all expectations. The whole film is overwhelming, even to the finest Technicolor yet. (*Feb.*)

GRANNY GET YOUR GUN—Warners

May Robson is cast as an indomitable old woman who fights for the safety of her granddaughter (Margot Stevenson), when her divorced husband (Hardie Albright) is murdered. It's much ado about people who aren't very nice. (*March*)

★ GRAPES OF WRATH, THE—20th Century-Fox

Steinbeck's unforgettable *Joad* family lives and breathes with startling reality in the screen saga of migratory workers who fled the Oklahoma Dust Bowl in a vain search for jobs among the orange groves. Fine acting of Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell and the entire cast is on a par with the uncompromising news-reel quality of the whole film. (*Apr.*)

★ GREAT VICTOR HERBERT, THE—Paramount

With *that* music—and plenty of it—how could it fail to please? Not a biography of the composer (Walter Connolly), but the love story of two of his stars, fictional characters played by Allan Jones and Mary Martin. They're both great, in voice and acting—as is young Susanna Foster. (*Feb.*)

★ GREEN HELL—Universal

Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is exploring the South American jungle for Inca treasure when Joan Bennett, widow of one of his men, arrives. Between the struggle over this one pretty girl in a group of rough men (grand actor all) and Indian hostiles, everybody has a most exciting time. (*Feb.*)





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★ GULLIVER'S TRAVELS—Fleischer-Paramount

Sweet music and the still-pungent satire of the original Jonathan Swift classic are only two of the many virtues of this full-length animated color cartoon. Story, of course, is that of *Gulliver*, shipwrecked among six-inch-high *Lilliputians*, and how he settles their foolish little war—with a *Lilliputian* romance thrown in for good measure. (*Feb.*)

★ HARVEST—Marcel Pagnol

Depth of spirit and soundness of characterization highlight this French glorification of the simple life. Gabriel Gabrio is a farmer who remains faithful to the good earth and becomes almost a hermit, until Orane Demazis joins him and they prove what honest labor can accomplish. (*Feb.*)

HE MARRIED HIS WIFE—20th Century-Fox

Joel McCrea, Nancy Kelly, Mary Boland and Cesar Romero are gay as all get-out, but they can't do much to lift this out of the doldrums. Nancy divorces Joel because of his penchant for horse races, alimony trouble sets in, and Mary, as a screwball matron, adds to the confusion. (*Apr.*)

HENRY GOES ARIZONA—M-G-M

Vaudevillian Frank Morgan inherits an Arizona ranch when his half-brother is murdered by a gang who wants the property. Virginia Weidler bosses the ranch while Frank sees that justice is done. There you have it. (*March*)

★ HIGH SCHOOL—20th Century-Fox

The first of a one-school-picture-a-year plants Jane Withers in San Antonio's famous Jefferson High where her uncle is principal. She thinks she's big potatoes till the kids snub her down to her size. Joe E. Brown, Jr. adds to the film's merits. (*March*)

★ HIS GIRL FRIDAY—Columbia

Ultra-modern version of "The Front Page," with Rosalind Russell as an ace reporter, divorced from editor Cary Grant. His attempts to keep her on the job with exciting assignments — and from marrying Ralph Bellamy — create complications, but it's the witty performances which put this over. (*Feb.*)

HONEYMOON'S OVER, THE—20th Century-Fox

Stuart Erwin and Marjorie Weaver are teamed in this unassuming but brisk and often amusing film. The two, as newlyweds, go into debt trying to keep up with the country-club set, with resultant situations straight from life. (*Feb.*)

★ HOUSE ACROSS THE BAY, THE—Wanger-United Artists

As a gambler's wife, Joan Bennett is whirled from the heights of luxury to the depths of despair when husband George Raft is sentenced to Alcatraz. Then Walter Pidgeon enters the picture. The social problems of a convict's "widow" make for compelling drama. Gladys George is excellent as Joan's friend. (*Apr.*)

HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, THE—RKO-Radio

Charles Laughton is the hunchback of Victor Hugo's imagination and emerges as the pitiful bell ringer who found in his warped soul a quality called compassion. Maureen O'Hara is pretty as the gypsy. Edmond O'Brien and Sir Cedric Hardwicke do excellent work. (*March*)

★ INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS, THE—Universal

It's fascinating, this monstrosity of a plot in which Vincent Price is to be executed for the murder of his brother. A doctor (John Sutton) uses a formula to make Price totally invisible. What happens after that will give you a permanent upcoiffure. (*March*)

INVISIBLE STRIPES—Warners

What happens when an ex-convict returns to the living and finds he isn't wanted is graphically portrayed with George Raft wearing the invisible stripes. The story has new twists—and Jane Bryan. William Holden plays George's weak younger brother. (*March*)

I TAKE THIS WOMAN—M-G-M

With lesser stars than Spencer Tracy and Hedy Lamarr—cast as a doctor and his wife, for whom he deserts his poor man's practice—this second-rate story might have been passable. As it is, Verree Teasdale contributes the only brightness to a dull film which should have remained shelved. (*Apr.*)

JOE AND ETHEL TURP CALL ON THE PRESIDENT—M-G-M

Joe (William Gargan) and *Ethel* (Ann Sothern) get pretty mad when their veteran postman gets fired, so they go right to Washington to protest. It's a bit dull in spots, but Lewis Stone is swell as the President and Annie's great, too. First of a new series? (*Feb.*)

LEGION OF THE LAWLESS—RKO-Radio

With the usual business about a lawless town, a horde of vigilantes, and a pretty girl (Virginia Vale), this latest George O'Brien Western turns out to be topnotch, full of pace and excitement. (*Feb.*)

★ LIGHT THAT FAILED, THE—Paramount

This new version of Kipling's novel is a four-handkerchief film. Ronald Colman, a successful artist, finds himself going blind from an old Sudanese battle injury, paints one last masterpiece of Ida Lupino—then she destroys it. Colman, Walter Huston (as his friend) and the photography are superb. (*Feb.*)

LION HAS WINGS, THE—Korda-United Artists

Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson and other British players contributed their services to this, which is frankly war-time propaganda showing what the Royal Air Force can do—but it's well-done propaganda and a reassuring lesson in preparedness. (*Apr.*)

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK—20th Century-Fox

Alice Faye and Fred MacMurray do some gallant trouping as a couple of happy-go-lucky water-

front people who help Robert Fulton (Richard Greene) launch his invention, the steamboat, but the net result is an opulent masterpiece of banality about the days when Manhattan was young. (*Apr.*)

LONE WOLF STRIKES, THE—Columbia

Warren William plays the not-too-reformed crook who steps back into his nefarious practices to help Joan Perry recover a string of pearls—and gets mixed up in a murder for his pains. It's the old formula, but it's still good. (*Apr.*)

MAN FROM DAKOTA, THE—M-G-M

There's a Civil War background for drama, Wallace Beery and Donald Meek for riproaring humor, Dolores Del Rio and John Howard for romance, and an exciting dash through the Confederate lines for some bang-up suspense. It's all a bit mixed up, but undeniably interesting. (*Apr.*)

MAN WHO WOULDN'T TALK, THE—20th Century-Fox

In this remake of "The Valiant," Lloyd Nolan does excellent work as the confessed murderer who refuses to reveal either his name or his reason for the crime. Jean Rogers is sympathetic and appealing as the sister who tries to make him talk. (*Apr.*)

★ MARRIED AND IN LOVE—RKO-Radio

This is the story of a married woman trying to get back an old sweetheart, and his struggle to keep faith with his unglamorous wife. Helen Vinson is the other woman; Alan Marshal the man, and Barbara Read the wife. It's unpretentious—and superior cinema. (*March*)

★ MEXICAN SPITFIRE—RKO-Radio

Pure slapstick, with no compromise. Lupe Velez comes from Mexico as the bride of Donald Woods, scion of a rich family who give Lupe the lorgnon treatment. Leon Errol is excellent in a dual role of an English lord and Donald's eccentric uncle. Elisabeth Risdon and Linda Hayes play the nasty aunt and previous fiancée. (*March*)

MUSIC IN MY HEART—Columbia

Tony Martin returns to star as a Broadway understudy who's threatened with deportation just as he gets his big chance. He crashes into Rita Hayworth's taxi—comes love—and the result is a pleasant little musical with nice tunes and Andre Kostelanetz to play them. (*Apr.*)

MY LITTLE CHICKADEE—Universal

Mae West is the little flower of the frontier, and W. C. Fields masquerades as a bold bad bandit and shoots Indians with a sling shot. The result is just about what you'd expect—ribald but genuinely comic, with both stars at top form. (*Apr.*)

NICK CARTER, MASTER DETECTIVE—M-G-M

—or, Dime Novel Hero Comes to the Screen at Last. Walter Pidgeon plays the title role and tracks down the missing rocket-ship blueprints, while Rita Johnson flies the plane for him, after a terrific gun battle in the desert. (*Feb.*)

NIGHT OF NIGHTS, THE—Paramount

Lugubrious Laugh-Clown-Laugh story with Pat O'Brien playing *Pagliacci* so his little girl, Olympe Bradna, won't know how low he's sunk. Pretty good until the last half, when it bogs down with its own pathos. (*Feb.*)

★ OF MICE AND MEN—Roach-U.A.

John Steinbeck's wormwood-and-sugar story remains gripping despite censorship. Burgess Meredith is *George*, the wandering ranch worker who befriends poor *Lennie*. (Lon Chaney, Jr.)—who doesn't know his own strength and winds up a murderer. They're swell, and so are Betty Field, Charles Bickford and Bob Steele. (*Feb.*)

OH, JOHNNY, HOW YOU CAN LOVE—Universal

A slap-happy little ditty in which traveling salesman Tom Brown gets mixed up with heiress Peggy Moran, gangster Allen Jenkins and a tourist camp. You'll remember Betty Jane Rhodes singing the title song. (*March*)

★ OUTSIDER, THE—Alliance

Tearful but compelling is this story of the hopelessly crippled daughter of a brilliant London doctor who goes to an arrogant, publicity-mad bone specialist as a last resort. Mary Maguire is the girl, George Sanders the specialist suspected of quackery, and the interplay of character is beautiful to watch. (*Apr.*)

★ PINOCCHIO—Disney-RKO

Collodi's fable of the wooden puppet who learns how to become a real little boy and a kind son to woodcarver *Gepetto* comes to the screen as the finest animated cartoon feature ever made. Characterizations, from tiny voice-of-conscience *Jiminy Cricket* to enormous *Monstro*, the whale, compare favorably with the finest human talent. You can't afford to miss this! (*Apr.*)

★ RAFFLES—Goldwyn-U.A.

It's the same old story, but it's still swell drama. This time David Niven is the suave *Raffles*, Olivia de Havilland his fiancée, and Dudley Digges the inspector. You remember, *Raffles* decides to reform when he meets Olivia, but her brother (Douglas Walton) is in trouble, so *Raffles* goes on the prowl again. (*March*)

REMEMBER THE NIGHT—Paramount

Even Fred MacMurray and Barbara Stanwyck can't pull this out of the average class. He's a District Attorney. She's a wayward girl whom he exposes to an old-fashioned Christmas back home in Indiana with Mother, Beulah Bondi—after which the anticipated reform sets in. (*Feb.*)

SAINT'S DOUBLE TROUBLE, THE—RKO Radio

This latest in the modern Robin Hood series gives you plenty of excitement for your money—at least three murders, and George Sanders in a dual role (because a diamond-smuggler goes around impersonating him). Helene Whitney is the girl in the case. (*Apr.*)



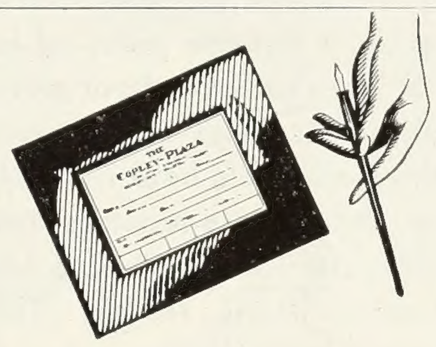
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★ SHOP AROUND THE CORNER, THE — M-G-M

This is a gem, packed with the inimitable Lubitsch touch. It's a simple story—about a boy and girl (Jimmy Stewart and Margaret Sullavan) who are working in a gift shop and find romance by writing to an unknown sweetheart through a correspondence agency. Of course they discover they are writing to each other. Frank Morgan is superb in a straight role. (*March*)

★ SIDEWALKS OF LONDON—Mayflower-Paramount

Vivien Leigh is a *Scarlett O'Hara* character (to Charles Laughton this time) in the story of a girl who, by ruthless determination, succeeds in rising above the lowly "busking" (those London sidewalk entertainers) profession. There are fine scenes between Leigh and Laughton. (*March*)

★ SLIGHTLY HONORABLE—Wanger-U.A.

Murder and comedy all mixed up, this has Pat O'Brien as the attorney plotting the downfall of political boss Edward Arnold. When Arnold's sweetheart, and then Pat's secretary are killed, things look bad for Pat. You'll be mad about Ruth Terry, the little singer who pursues Pat. (*March*)

SOUTH OF THE BORDER—Republic

Popular singing cowboy Gene Autry breaks into the Big Time as a Federal agent who sets out to foil a foreign-inspired revolution in South America. It's the best picture Gene has ever made. (*Apr.*)

★ SWANEE RIVER—20th Century-Fox

Here's the life of Stephen Foster, song writer, with Don Ameche playing the role of composer, Andrea Leeds contributing to romance and Al Jolson doing a grand minstrel man. (*March*)

★ SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON—RKO-Radio

Towne-and-Baker's first production adds a new opening theme to the childhood classic, with Thomas Mitchell packing up his family (Edna Best, Freddie Bartholomew, *et al.*) and moving them out of the London of Napoleonic days. But their famous adventures on the desert island on which they're shipwrecked are here *in toto*. (*Apr.*)

THAT'S RIGHT—YOU'RE WRONG—RKO-Radio

Kay Kyser brings his College of Musical Knowledge to the screen with a better story and better support than radio stars usually get. The result is pleasant and Kyser proves to be a screenable personality as the band leader whose group goes Hollywood on him. With Adolphe Menjou. (*Feb.*)

THOU SHALT NOT KILL—Republic

Religion is usually taboo on the screen, but this deals with a minister who takes the confession of a murderer when a priest can't get there to do it. Charles Bickford plays the minister. (*March*)

THREE CHEERS FOR THE IRISH—Warners

Thomas Mitchell plays the blustering Irish cop, ready to fight at the drop of a pin. His beat is taken over by a young Scotchman, who falls for one of *Casey's* lovely daughters. A good homey comedy with plenty of laughs and a dig or two at the politicians. Dennis Morgan as the Scotty, Priscilla Lane as the daughter, and Alan Hale as *Casey's* right-hand man take the other acting honors.

TOWER OF LONDON—Universal

English history turns out to be more gruesome than a modern horror film, with Basil Rathbone as King Richard, who spends his time killing off heirs to the throne, with Boris Karloff as his pet executioner. First-rate mellerdrammer. (*Feb.*)

★ TWO THOROUGHBREDS—RKO-Radio

Fine writing and beautiful acting prove once more what this studio can do with a simple, unpretentious story. Jimmy Lydon gathers honors as an orphan who finds a foal, then has to struggle with his honor when he discovers it belongs to people who later befriend him. (*Feb.*)

★ WE ARE NOT ALONE—Warners

Paul Muni is an English country doctor who befriends a young Austrian (Jane Bryan) at the outbreak of the last war. His wife (Flora Robson) dies, and Paul and Jane are accused of her murder. An uncompromising presentation of the James Hilton story, with fine direction, acting. (*Feb.*)

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 11 with these correct ones:

1. Three times
2. Helen Parrish
3. Rudy Vallee
4. Ginger Rogers
5. Cesar Romero, George Raft
6. Dick Powell
7. The Squaw Man
8. Wuthering Heights
9. Pat O'Brien, Rosalind Russell
10. Miriam Hopkins
11. Joan Crawford
12. Olivia de Havilland, Jane Bryan
13. Gene Raymond
14. Three years
15. Marion Davies, Carole Lombard
16. Jane Bryan
17. Warner Bros.
18. M-G-M, Selznick International
19. Gail Patrick
20. Linda Darnell



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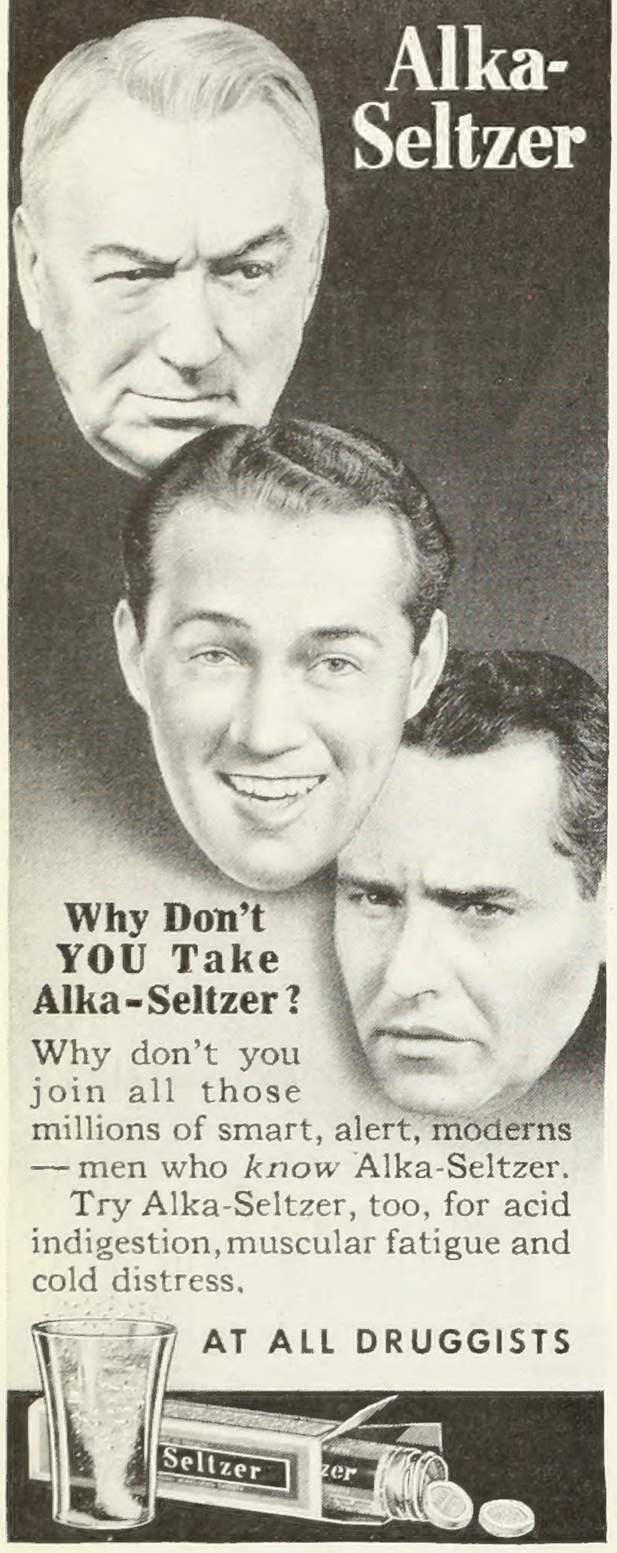


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Casts of Current Pictures

"BLACK FRIDAY" — UNIVERSAL. — Original story by Sam Robins. Directed by Arthur Lubin. Cast: *Dr. Ernest Sovac*, Boris Karloff; *Marnay*, Bela Lugosi; *George Kingsley*, Stanley Ridges; *Sunny Rogers*, Anne Nagel; *Jean Sovac*, Anne Gwynne; *Margaret Kingsley*, Virginia Brissac; *Miller*, Edmund MacDonald; *Kane*, Paul Fix; *Devore*, Ray Bailey.

"BLONDIE ON A BUDGET"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Richard Flournoy. From a story by Charles Molyneux Brown. Based upon the comic strip created by Chick Young. Directed by Frank R. Strayer. Cast: *Blondie*, Penny Singleton; *Dagwood*, Arthur Lake; *Baby Dumpling*, Larry Simms; *Daisy*, Himself; *Joan Forrester*, Rita Hayworth; *Alvin Fuddle*, Danny Mummert; *Marvin Williams*, Don Beddoe; *Mr. Fuddle*, John Qualen; *Mrs. Fuddle*, Fay Helm; *Mailman*, Irving Bacon; *Brice*, Thurston Hall; *Theater Manager*, William Brisbane.

"BULLET CODE" — RKO-RADIO. — Screen play by Doris Schroeder. Based on the original story by Bennett Cohen. Directed by David Howard. Cast: *Steve Condon*, George O'Brien; *Molly Mathews*, Virginia Vale; *John Mathews*, Howard Hickman; *Cass Clantine*, Harry Woods; *Scar Atwood*, William Haade; *Gorman*, Walter Miller; *Pop Norton*, Slim Whitaker; *Bud Mathews*, Robert Stanton; *Ware*, Bob Burns.

"DR. CYCLOPS" — PARAMOUNT. — Original screen play by Tom Kilpatrick. Directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack. Cast: *Dr. Thorkel*, Albert Dekker *Dr. Mary Mitchell*, Janice Logan; *Bill Stockton*, Thomas Coley; *Dr. Bulfinch*, Charles Halton; *Steve Baker*, Victor Kilian; *Pedro*, Frank Yaconelli.

"FARMER'S DAUGHTER, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Lewis R. Foster. Based on a story by Delmer Daves. Directed by James Hogan. Cast: *Patience Bingham*, Martha Raye; *Nickie North*, Charlie Ruggles; *Dennis Crane*, Richard Denning; *Clarice Sheldon*, Gertrude Michael; *Scoop Trimble*, William Frawley; *Emily French*, Inez Courtney; *Victor Walsh*, William Demarest; *Shimmy Conway*, Jack Norton; *Tom Bingham*, William Duncan; *Mrs. Bingham*, Ann Shoemaker; *Monk Beldon*, Benny Baker.

"FREE, BLONDE AND 21"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Frances Hyland. Directed by Ricardo Cortez. Cast: *Carol*, Lynn Bari; *Jerry*, Mary Beth Hughes; *Nellie*, Joan Davis; *Dr. Mayberry*, Henry Wilcoxon; *Dr. Stephen Greig*, Robert Lowery; *Mickey*, Alan Baxter; *Adelaide*, Katharine Aldridge; *Amy*, Helen Ericson; *Gus*, Chick Chandler; *Vicki*, Joan Valerie; *Marjorie*, Elise Knox; *Linda*, Dorothy Dearing; *Mr. Crane*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Mrs. Crane*, Kay Linaker; *Inspector Saunders*, Thomas Jackson; *Lieutenant Lake*, Richard Lane.

"GHOST COMES HOME, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Richard Maibaum and Harry Ruskin. Based on a play by Georg Kaiser. Directed by William Thiele. Cast: *Vern Adams*, Frank Morgan; *Cora Adams*, Billie Burke; *Billie Adams*, Ann Rutherford; *Lanny Shea*, John Shelton; *Hemingway*, Reginald Owen; *Mortimer Hopkins, Sr.*, Donald Meek; *Roscoe*, Nat Pendleton; *Ernest*, Frank Albertson; *Tony*, Harold Huber; *Ambrose Bundy*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Myra*, Ann Morriss; "*Spig*," Don Castle; *Mortimer Hopkins, Jr.*, Tom Rutherford; *Sarah Osborn*, Renie Riano; *John Reed Thomas*, Richard Carle.

"HALF A SINNER" — UNIVERSAL. — Screen play by Frederick Jackson. From an original story by Dalton Trumbo. Directed by Al Christie. Cast: *Anne Gladden*, Heather Angel; *Larry Camerson*, John King; *Mrs. Jefferson Breckenbridge*, Constance Collier; *Station Attendant*, Walter Catlett; *Red*, Tom Dugan; *Officer Kelly*, Robert Elliot; *Snuffy*, Clem Bevans; *Granny Gladden*, Emma Dunn; *Handsome*, Henry Brandon; *Slick*, William B. Davidson; *Margaret Reed*, Fern Emmett; *Willy*, Sonny Bupp; *Mason*, Wilbur Mack; *Steve*, Joe Devlin.

"HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Lester Cole. Based on the novel by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Directed by Joe May. Cast: *Hepzibah Pyncheon*, Margaret Lindsay; *Jaffrey Pyncheon*, George Sanders; *Clifford Pyncheon*, Vincent Price; *Phoebe Pyncheon*, Nan Grey; *Matthew Maule*, Dick Foran; *Gerald Pyncheon*, Gilbert Emery; *Philip Barton*, Cecil Kellaway.

"MARINES FLY HIGH, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Jerry Cady and Lt. Commander A. J. Bolton. From the story by A. C. Edington. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr., and Ben Stoloff. Cast: *Lt. Darrick*, Richard Dix; *Lt. Malone*, Chester Morris; *Helen Grant*, Lucille Ball; *Teresa*, Steffi Duna; *J. Henderson*, John Eldredge; *Col. Hill*, Paul Harvey; *Monk O'Hara*, Horace MacMahon; *Corp. Haines*, Dick Hogan; *Lt. Hobbs*, Robert Stanton; *Mrs. Hill*, Ann Shoemaker; *Fernandez*, Nestor Paiva.

"MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Bert Granet and Charles Roberts. Based on an original story by Bert Granet. Directed by Leslie Goodwins. Cast: *Joe Zany*, Joe Penner; *Lois Marlowe*, Linda Hayes; *Bob Norman*, Russ Brown; *Gorta*, Fritz Feld; *Stafford*, Granville Bates; *Murph*, Tom Kennedy; *J. B. Zany*, Arthur Q. Bryan; *Eleanor*, Adele Pearce; *Betty*, Kathryn Adams; *Hattie*, Diane Hunter; *Jerry*, Grady Sutton; *Bertha*, Mary Milford; *Marie*, Dorine McKay; *Muriel*, Julie Carter; *Bell Boy*, Mantan Moreland; *Mrs. Barcomb*, Gwen Kenyon; *Truck Driver*, Si Jenks; *Nurse*, Rita Owen; *Aunt*, Maxine Leslie; *Mr. Jameson*, Clarence Wilson; *Zany's Secretary*, Luana Walters; *Cop*, William Haade; *Girl in Park*, Jody Gilbert; *Coach*, Arthur Loft; *Coach's Daughter*, Mary Jane Carey; *Radio Announcer*, Tom Hanlon.

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"MY SON, MY SON!" — EDWARD SMALL-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Lenore Coffee. From the novel by Howard Spring. Directed by Charles Vidor. Cast: *Livia Vaynol*, Madeleine Carroll; *William Essex*, Brian Aherne; *Oliver Essex*, Louis Hayward; *Maeve O'Riorden*, Laraine Day; *Dermot O'Riorden*, Henry Hull; *Nellie Essex*, Josephine Hutchinson; *Sheila O'Riorden*, Sophie Stewart; *Rory O'Riorden*, Bruce Lester; *Oliver, as a child*, Scotty Beckett; *Maeve, as a child*, Brenda Henderson; *Rory, as a child*, Teddy Moorwood; *Annie*, May Beatty; *The Colonel*, Stanley Logan; *Mr. Moscrop*, Lionel Belmore; *Captain Sawle*, Howard Davies; *Mrs. Mulvaney*, Mary Gordon; *Drayman*, David Clyde; *Butler*, Vesy O'Davoran; *Joe Baxter*, Pat Flaherty; *Pogson*, Victor Kendall; *First Jeweler*, Montagu Shaw; *Second Jeweler*, Leland Hodgson; *First Maid*, Mary Field; *Second Maid*, Audrey Manners; *First Landlady*, Sibyl Harris; *Second Landlady*, Connie Leon; *Sergeant Major*, Colin Kenny.

"NORTHWEST PASSAGE" — M-G-M. — Screen play by Laurence Stallings and Talbot Jennings. Based on the novel by Kenneth Roberts. Directed by King Vidor. Cast: *Major Rogers*, Spencer Tracy; *Langdon Towne*, Robert Young; *"Hunk" Marriner*, Walter Brennan; *Elizabeth Browne*, Ruth Hussey; *"Cap" Huff*, Nat Pendleton; *Reverend Browne*, Louis Hector; *Humphrey Towne*, Robert Barrat; *Lord Amherst*, Lumsden Hare; *Sergeant McNott*, Donald McBride; *Jennie Coit*, Isable Jewell; *Lieutenant Avery*, Douglas Walton; *Lieutenant Crofton*, Addison Richards; *Jesse Beacham*, Hugh Sothern; *Webster*, Regis Toomey; *Wiseman Clagett*, Montagu Love; *Sam Livermore*, Lester Matthews; *Captain Ogden*, Truman Bradley.

"PRIMROSE PATH"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Allan Scott and Gregory LaCava. From the play by Robert L. Buckner and Walter Hart. Directed by Gregory LaCava. Cast: *Ellie May Adams*, Ginger Rogers; *Ed Wallace*, Joel McCrea; *Mamie Adams*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Gramp*, Henry Travers; *Homer*, Miles Mander; *Grandma*, Queenie Vassar; *Honeybell*, Joan Carroll; *Thelma*, Vivienne Osborne; *Carmelita*, Carmen Morales.

"REBECCA" — SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Robert Sherwood and Joan Harrison. From the novel by Daphne du Maurier. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Cast: *Maxim de Winter*, Laurence Olivier; *Mrs. de Winter*, Joan Fontaine; *Jack Favell*, George Sanders; *Mrs. Danvers*, Judith Anderson; *Major Giles Lacy*, Nigel Bruce; *Colonel Julyan*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Frank Crawley*, Reginald Denny; *Beatrice Lacy*, Gladys Cooper; *Robert*, Philip Winter; *Frith*, Edward Fielding; *Mrs. Van Hopper*, Florence Bates; *Coroner*, Melville Cooper; *Dr. Baker*, Leo G. Carroll; *Chalcroft*, Forrester Harvey; *Tabbs*, Lumsden Hare; *Ben*, Leonard Carey.

"ROAD TO SINGAPORE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Don Hartman and Frank Butler. Based on a story by Harry Hervey. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. Cast: *Josh Mallon*, Bing Crosby; *Mima*, Dorothy Lamour; *Ace Lannigan*, Bob Hope; *Mr. Mallon*, Charles Coburn; *Gloria Wycott*, Judith Barrett; *Caesar*, Anthony Quinn; *Achilles Bombanassa*, Jerry Colonna; *Timothy Willow*, Johnny Arthur.

"SEVENTEEN"— PARAMOUNT. — Screen play by Agnes Christine Johnston and Stuart Palmer. Based on the story by Booth Tarkington and the play by Stuart Walker, Hugh Stanislaus Stange and Stannard Mears. Directed by Louis King. Cast: *Willie Baxter*, Jackie Cooper; *Lola*, Betty Field; *Mr. Baxter*, Otto Kruger; *Mrs. Baxter*, Ann Shoemaker; *Jane Baxter*, Norma Nelson; *May Parcher*, Betty Moran.

"STRANGE CARGO"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Lawrence Hazard. Based on the book "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep" by Richard Sale. Directed by Frank Borzage. Cast: *Verne*, Clark Gable; *Julie*, Joan Crawford; *Cambreau*, Ian Hunter; *M'Sieu Pig*, Peter Lorre; *Hessler*, Paul Lukas; *Moll*, Albert Dekker; *Flaubert*, J. Edward Bromberg; *Telez*, Eduardo Ciannelli; *Dufond*, John Arledge; *Grideau*, Frederic Worlock; *Marfeu*, Bernard Nedell; *Fisherman*, Victor Varconi.

"TOO MANY HUSBANDS"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Claude Binyon. Based upon the play by W. Somerset Maugham. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Cast: *Vicky Lowndes*, Jean Arthur; *Bill Cardew*, Fred MacMurray; *Henry Lowndes*, Melvyn Douglas; *George*, Harry Davenport; *Gertrude Houlihan*, Dorothy Peterson; *Peter*, Melville Cooper; *McDermott*, Edgar Buchanan; *Sullivan*, Tom Dugan.

"WOMEN WITHOUT NAMES" — PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by William R. Lipman and Horace McCoy. Based on a play by Ernest Booth. Directed by Robert Florey. Cast: *Joyce*, Ellen Drew; *Fred MacNeil*, Robert Paige; *Peggy*, Judith Barrett; *John Marlin*, John Miljan; *Millie*, Fay Helm; *Ferris*, John McGuire; *Ivory*, Louise Beavers.

"YOUNG TOM EDISON"—M-G-M.—Original screen play by Bradbury Foote, Dore Schary and Hugo Butler. Based on material by H. Alan Dunn, Directed by Norman Taurog. Cast: *Tom Edison*, Mickey Rooney; *Mrs. Samuel Edison*, Fay Bainter; *Samuel Edison*, George Bancroft; *Tannie Edison*, Virginia Weidler; *Mr. Nelson*, Eugene Pallette; *Mr. Dingle*, Victor Kilian; *Joe Dingle*, Bobbie Jordan; *Mr. McCarney*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Dr. Pender*, Lloyd Corrigan; *Bill Edison*, John Kellog; *Mr. Waddell*, Clem Bevans; *School Teacher*, Eily Malyon; *Captain Brackett*, Harry Shannon.

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